

THE MAN WHO OWNED MANHATTAN ISLAND

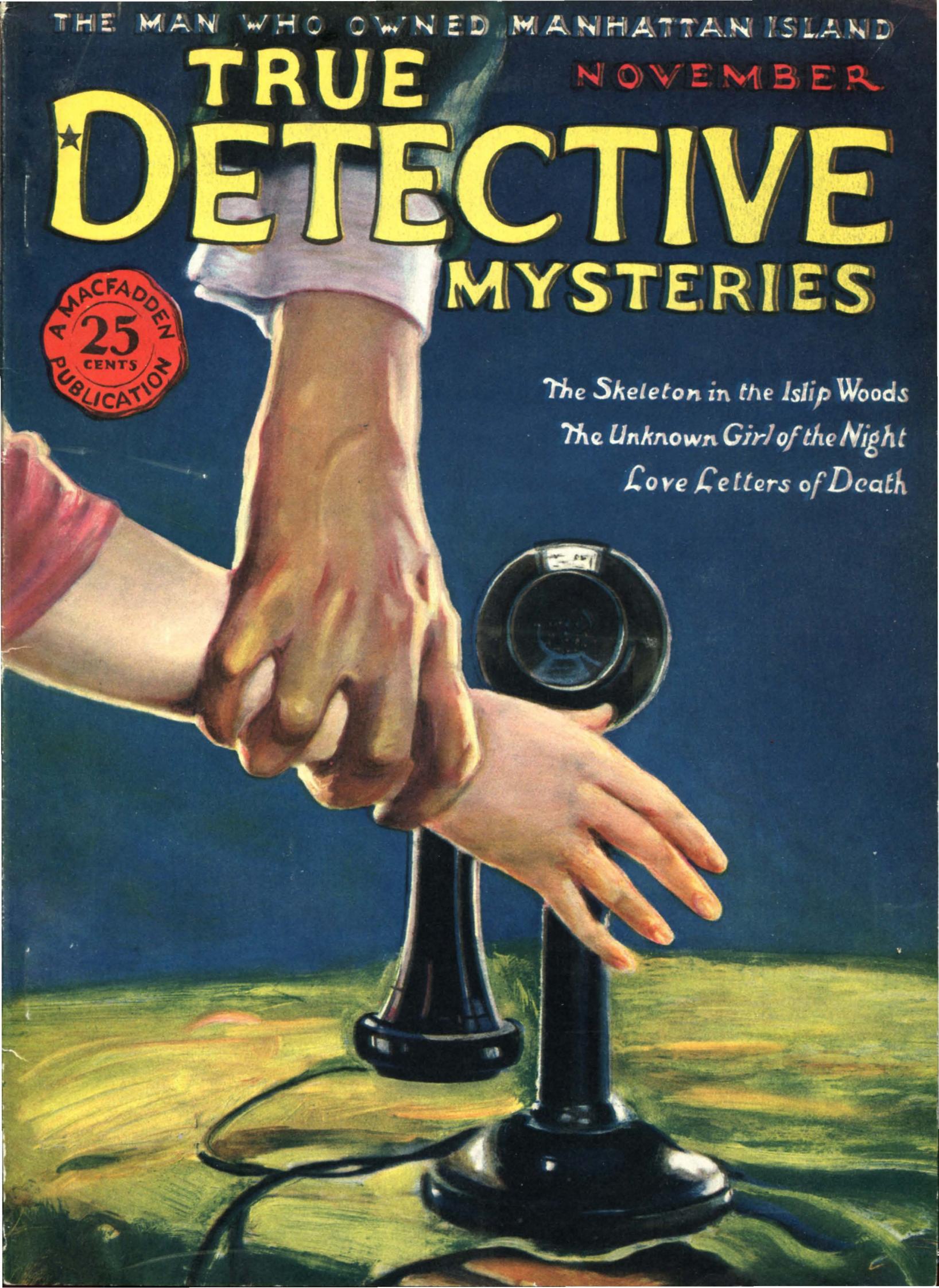
TRUE

NOVEMBER

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES



The Skeleton in the Islip Woods
The Unknown Girl of the Night
Love Letters of Death





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TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

Vol. IV

NOVEMBER

No. 2

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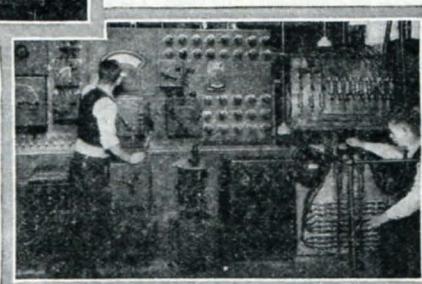


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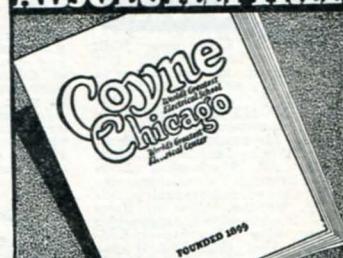
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By Detective Rene Thompson, of the Browne Investigating Bureau

A woman is set to catch prowling jewel thieves who haunt midnight supper clubs on Broadway. Here is her story, told in all its intimate, thrilling details.

THE WIDOW CHEATERS

By Michael Collins, of the Collins International Investigating Bureau

True story of the despicable swindle practiced on widows who have just collected their insurance money—and the work of a super sleuth in trying to land the swindlers.

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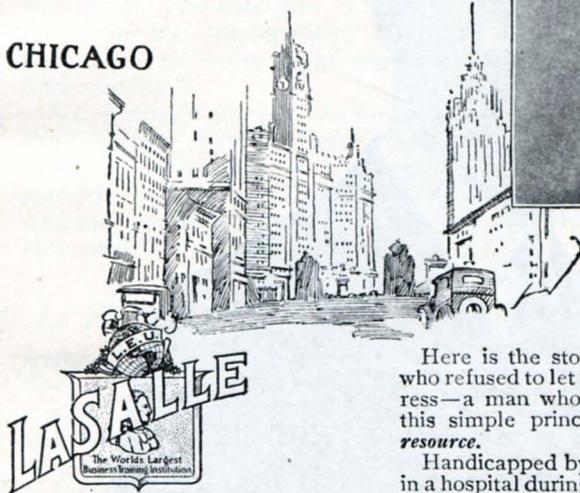
WATCH FOR DECEMBER ISSUE

WANTED: Men to Keep Pace with R.B. Cook

In 1919 R. B. Cook was a book-keeper—holding down a one-track job. In 1923—four years later—he was sales manager of the B. A. Railton Company, Chicago; and ever since that time has successfully directed a sales force of more than seventy salesmen, many of them with twenty years' experience.

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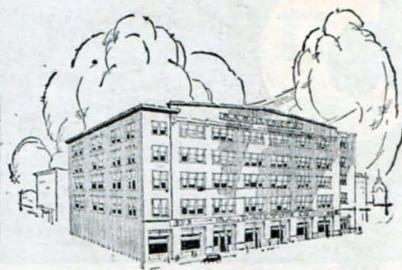
(—So writes R. B. Cook, the employee)
"The advancement I have made during the past five years to my present position as Sales Manager of the B. A. Railton Company was made possible thru your splendid training and the various services which I have used with much profit. Two years ago I wrote you saying that I would not part with the knowledge LaSalle training has brought me for \$10,000. Today I can say that I would not part with it for several times that amount."

(Signed) R. B. COOK, Chicago.

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(Signed) R. A. RAILTON, Chicago.



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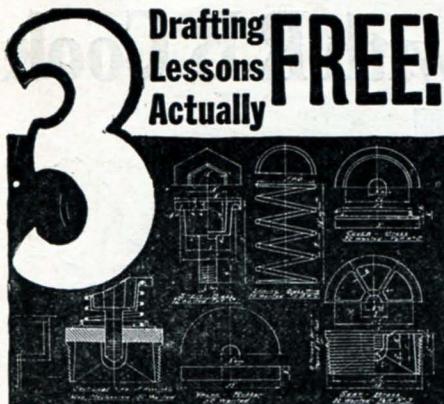
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THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

has had an interesting career, packed with activity and thrills. He says of himself:

"I am an American—all the way back—and was born in Utah. My grandmother crossed with the

mals. Broken horses in Texas. Free lance newspaper man. Have produced and directed several motion pictures. An actor in pictures, 'legitimate,' and vaudeville. Have lectured in 31 states of the Union.



Arthur Guy Empey, author of "Over the Top," "Told In a Graveyard," "The Great Wall Street Bond Theft," etc.

first wagon train into that country. My education was acquired in the West, Virginia, Canada, New York, and on a trip around the world! At seventeen I ran away to sea—before the mast. Was wrecked in the Straits of Magellan. I have been a United States Cavalryman. Served in the Navy—blown up on a battleship in the Gulf of Mexico. Was with a travelling circus, rough riding. Have trained wild ani-

"Have been employed as private detective by Dougherty Brothers and William J. Burns. Had my own private agency for three years until outbreak of war. Was then engaged by French Government for 'spy' work on ships transporting horses through submarine zone in 1914. Then went to London and joined British Army. Served as bomber, machine-gunner, then in Intelligence.

(Continued on page 11)

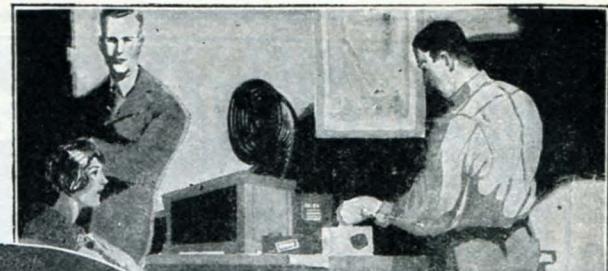


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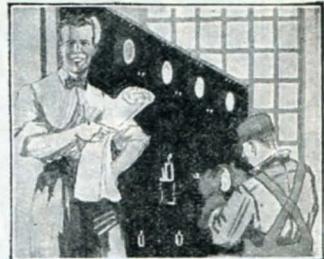
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Chicago Engineering Works, who has trained thousands of men for Big-Pay Jobs in Electricity.



\$125 a Week. "Depend on me as a booster," says A. Schreck, Phoenix, Ariz. "I make over \$500 a month. Your advertisement started me to success."



\$9,000 a Year Auto Electricity pays W. E. Pence, Albany, Ore. over \$9,000 a year. 58 men enrolled for this training on his recommendation.



\$700 in 24 Days "Thanks to you, I made \$700 in 24 days in Radio," says F. G. McNabb, 848 Spring St., Atlanta, Ga. "I recommend your training everywhere."

**Thousands of
COOKE TRAINED
ELECTRICAL MEN
RECOMMEND THIS
GUARANTEED
TRAINING TO
YOU**

these men
EARN:

\$3,500 to \$10,000 a year



**Be an ELECTRICAL EXPERT
Learn at HOME in your SPARE TIME!**

Don't you keep on working for \$25 or \$35 a week. Get into Electricity. Thousands of Cooke Trained Men who knew nothing about it a short time ago are now earning \$70 to \$200 a week as Electrical Experts—and they don't work half as hard as you do. Why stick to your small pay job? Why stick to a line of work that offers no chance—no promotion—no big pay? Get into the world's greatest business. Electricity needs you. I'll show you how to do it. Get ready for the big-pay job now.

Electrical Experts are in Big Demand

Even ordinary electricians—the "screw driver" kind—are making big money, but trained men—Electrical Experts who get the top salaries—are needed more now than ever before. Thousands of Cooke Trained Men easily earn \$3,500 to \$10,000 a year. That's the kind of a job you want—where you can plan and boss and supervise the work of others or go into business for yourself. Get started toward one of these big-pay jobs now. Learn to earn \$70 to \$200 a week—you can do it with Cooke training—recommended by more than ten thousand successful graduates. Just mail the coupon below.

Employment Service—No Extra Charge

I will train you for a big-pay job and then help you get it without extra charge. Hundreds of employers look to me for the electrical men they hire. Last year I placed over one thousand men at big raises in pay. Hundreds of others were promoted by their employers through the help of my Vocational Service. Still other hundreds went into business for themselves with the help of my special Business Training. Mail coupon for big free book which explains this service and fourteen other features, many of which can't be had anywhere else.

Age or Lack of Experience Bars No One

You don't need experience. You don't have to be a College man. You don't have to be even a high-school graduate. As Chief Engineer of this big two million dollar institution which does a general Consulting Engineering Business besides operating one of the world's greatest Training Schools, I know just what training you need to make a big success in electricity. Let me give you that training with

my simplified, complete home course—the world famous "Cooke" Training—built on my own 20 years of engineering experience with the help of nearly 50 other engineers. Learn to earn \$70 to \$200 a week—only spare time needed.

My Training Pays for Itself

You can start earning extra money a few weeks after you start my training. I give you special instruction for doing simple electrical jobs in your spare time—show you how to get these jobs and tell you what to charge. Many of my students make as high as \$25 a week extra this way while studying. My course more than pays its own way.

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed

I am so sure I can make you a big success in Electricity, just like I have done for the men whose pictures you see here and thousands of others who now boast my training, that I will guarantee your satisfaction with a signed, money-back guarantee bond. If my training doesn't satisfy you after you have finished, you get back every penny you pay me. A two million dollar institution stands back of this guarantee.

Get Started Now—Mail Coupon

Get my free book—"The Vital Facts About Electricity." Read about the success of hundreds of other men—men who recommend this training and whose names and addresses are given in my book. Get the real dope about your opportunities in Electricity. See how easy it is to get started on the road to jobs that pay \$70 to \$200 a week. Don't deny yourself this chance to make big money. Get the facts NOW—MAIL COUPON AT ONCE for the facts and my guarantee.

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1 Laboratory and Experimental Outfit
Complete material for interesting experiments.

2 Bell and Alarm Outfit
—Electrical apparatus, material and tools—a complete installation Kit.

3 Electric Lighting Outfit—Switches, Wire, Lights, etc.—everything needed to make up all complicated electric lighting circuits.

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5 Transformer Outfit
—Complete parts for building and winding this widely used equipment.

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Send me at once, without obligation, your big illustrated book and complete details of your Home Study Course in Electricity, including your outfit and employment service offers.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

The Cooke Trained man is the Big Pay Man

Who will be next to try my Piano Lessons? FREE



and Learn How to Play Music by Notes in Three Lessons

EVERY lover of music should send for these lessons. They are absolutely free. They will teach you more in one hour than you can learn in an entire week studying by any other method. Prove to yourself that you can become an accomplished pianist—or organist—without spending a single penny for the test. The lessons are for beginners or advanced players—they start you from the very beginning. No previous training necessary.

Why These Lessons Are Sent FREE

A great many music lovers who are anxious to learn piano or organ hesitate to start because they fear they are unable to learn. Every normal person is naturally endowed with some musical talent. The proper training can develop this talent to the utmost. There are a comparatively small number of teachers gifted with this art. Many would study music—but dread the many years it ordinarily requires to become an accomplished musician. Others cannot afford the hundreds of dollars it ordinarily costs to become an accomplished musician.

I have been teaching for more than thirty-five years—by the written method, and in the last

five years have enrolled more than seventy thousand pupils for my course. Thus I have been able to analyze the various types of music lovers and adapt my course accordingly.

Because I use scientific methods and inventions—which no other teacher can use—it takes only one-quarter the time to learn my way, and the cost is only a few cents a lesson.

If you will fill out and mail the coupon below—I will send you by return mail the first two lessons of my course. After you have studied them, you will then know why I can teach you the piano better, and in one-fourth the time ordinarily required. Remember, this does not obligate you in any way. The lessons are yours to keep, put them to any test you desire. I know you will be surprised and delighted to know how easily you can learn piano studying my way.

Free Book "How to Learn Piano"

With the lessons I will also send you an interesting free book—"How to Learn Piano." This booklet contains a lot of information valuable to every music lover. It also fully describes my methods, and will tell you of many people—giving their names and addresses—who have succeeded by my method. Among my pupils are children as young as ten years, and adults as old as seventy. Many who are engaged in business during the day, have found by studying only fifteen minutes each day they were able to realize their ambitions to become accomplished musicians. Many of my graduates are now teaching, or playing professionally. My booklet will give you other valuable information on how you may benefit by being an accomplished pianist. Be sure to mail the coupon today.

FREE LESSON COUPON

M. L. Quinn Conservatory of Music
Studio TS11, 598 Columbia Road, Boston 25, Mass.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ," free sample lessons and full particulars of your method.

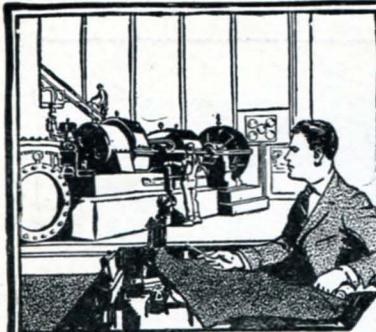
Mail This
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Address.....

Why My Lessons Are Interesting

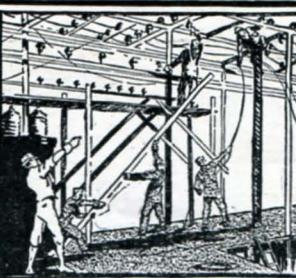
Unlike most methods, I do not give you tedious exercises to play. Beginning with the third lesson I actually start you playing a popular piece of music. Not only will you play it in the key in which it is written, but in all other keys. Ordinarily a pupil is required to study at least a year before being given a piece of sheet music to play. Thus, by my method, you actually begin to see results in less than a week's time. See for yourself how I make this possible by sending for the trial lessons at once.



Be Superintendent of an Electrical POWER PLANT



Own Your Own Electrical REPAIR SHOP

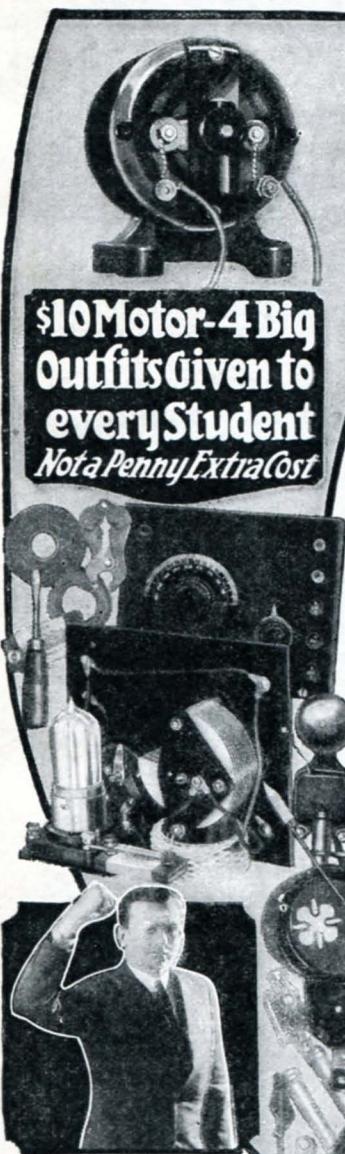


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Be an Electrical CONTRACTOR

Train At Home
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**ELECTRICAL
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Chief Engineer DUNLAP

**23 Training Built by
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This is not a one-man, one-idea school. 22 famous Engineers and Executives of the following corporations and universities helped me make Dunlap-training the most complete and up-to-date:

1. General Electric Co.
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Ask any well posted Electrical Engineer about the quality and standards of **AMERICAN SCHOOL** home-training in Electricity.

CHIEF ENGINEER DUNLAP, ELECTRICAL DIVISION
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Go into ELECTRICITY!

—the Business of a Million Opportunities

Be an Electrical Expert. Go into the one great industry where it's easy to get to the top, to make money, to make a real success. You don't need money in the bank or "pull" to get ahead in Electricity—all you need is training, honest, complete training, such as I guarantee.

BIG JOBS OPEN Everywhere!

Look at the building business. Thousands of Electrical Contractors are getting rich. Their men are making \$10 to \$20 a day. Look at the fortunes being made in Radio. Look at the great factories building every kind of Electrical machinery. Why, the work of the world is being done by Electricity and the call for trained men exceeds the supply!

If you're now earning less than \$40 a week

—if you want to be an ELECTRICAL EXPERT—if you want to step quickly into the class of men earning from \$60 to \$250 a week—write me at once! This million dollar school offers ambitious fellows their big opportunity to learn every branch of Electricity at home in spare time by a new, practical JOB-METHOD.

Learn Electricity Quick by Dunlap "Job-Method"

My training so simple a school-boy can grasp it instantly. Common schooling all you need. No previous experience required. But my students make rapid progress because I train them on actual Electrical jobs with standard-size tools and materials which I supply without extra cost. The first half of my training is APPLIED ELECTRICITY—a complete course in itself. In the second half I give you Electrical Engineering subjects. I give you Electrical Drafting, Radio, Automotive Electricity, and many other valuable subjects, all for one small price, and on easy terms.

Train for These Jobs

Power Plant Superintendent, \$5,000 to \$15,000 a year; Construction Foreman, \$3,500 to \$10,000 a year; Chief Electrician, \$3,000 to \$12,000 a year; Electrical Draftsman, \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year; Automotive Electrical Expert, \$3,500 to \$12,000 a year.

EARN MONEY WHILE LEARNING

Dunlap-training combines money-making practical experience and instruction **IN A NEW WAY**. I call this "JOB-METHOD" and it gets results—more quickly and easily than old-fashioned ways of teaching. Early in your training I give you special instruction in house-wiring, Radio-building, Electrical Repair Work, etc.

I show you how to get spare-time work—work you'll be well paid for.

THESE 4 BIG ELECTRICAL OUTFITS GIVEN

to you without one penny of extra charge. Not a "premium"—not something "FREE" to induce you to enroll. But costly, standard, full-size tools, materials and equipment. The man-size motor of the same type as the big-fellows in a power plant. Not a toy, but a regular power-motor. Runs on Alternating or Direct Current, or 32-volt farm electric system. Comes to you knock-down. It's part of your job to wind the armature and assemble it. That's the way you learn every branch of Electricity by the Dunlap Job-Method.

Get My PAY-DOUBLING OFFER!



Before you put your time and money into home-training, you want to know if it will lead to a better job and bigger pay. I will answer that in plain English. Get my catalog, my sensational new guarantee, my sensational offers—quick! Get the facts about your opportunities in Electricity when you are Dunlap-trained and when you have the backing of the American School. Before you enroll for any home-training, get the facts about my training, so you can compare it intelligently with others. Write me today!

MAIL COUPON TO-DAY

I WANT TO BE AN ELECTRICAL EXPERT!

Chief Engineer Dunlap
AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. E8264
Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago

I want to be an Electrical Expert. Please rush guarantee, job-service facts, complete information, money-saving offers.

Name.....

St. No.

City..... State.....



"She is Yours, Master!"

SICK at heart the trembling girl shuddered at the words that delivered her to this terrible fate of the East. How could she escape from this Oriental monster into whose hands she had been given—this mysterious man of mighty power whose face none had yet seen?

Here is an *extraordinary situation*. What was to be the fate of this beautiful girl? Who was this strange emissary whom no one really knew?

To know the answer to this and the most exciting tales of Oriental adventure and mystery ever told, read on through the most thrilling, absorbing, entertaining and fascinating pages ever written.

Masterpieces of Oriental Mystery

11 Superb Volumes by SAX ROHMER

Written with his uncanny knowledge of things Oriental

HERE you are offered no ordinary detective stories. In these books the hidden secrets, mysteries and intrigues of the Orient fairly leap from the pages. Before your very eyes spreads a swiftly moving panorama that takes you breathless from the high places of society—from homes of refinement and luxury, to sinister underworlds of London and the Far East—from Piccadilly and Broadway to incredible scenes behind idol temples in far off China—from hidden cities in the jungles of Malay along strange paths to the very seat of Hindu sorcery.

11 Mystery Volumes Packed with Thrills

Be the first in your community to own these, the most wonderful Oriental mystery stories ever published—books that

have sold by the hundred thousand at much higher prices—books you will enjoy reading over and over again. Handsomely bound in substantial cloth covers, a proud adornment for your table or shelf.

Forget Your Troubles— Relax—Enjoy Yourself!

These are the sort of stories that President Wilson, Roosevelt and other great men read to help them relax—to forget their burdens. To read these absorbing tales of the mysterious East is to cast your worries into oblivion—to increase your efficiency many times over.

Extraordinary Offer— Don't Wait a Minute!

Printing these volumes by the hundred thousand when paper was cheap makes this low price possible. Only a limited number left. Don't lose a minute!

Complete Sets on Approval— Send No Money!

Just mail the Free Examination Coupon Today Sure! Read them TEN DAYS FREE, without a penny down.



2 Beautiful Book Ends

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IF YOU MAIL COUPON NOW!

A limited quantity on hand of beautiful sphinx polychrome book-ends, will be sent without charge as a premium for promptness with the first orders from this Ad. After you have received your set for free examination, just mail your first installment within ten days and these two handsome book-ends (5 in. high) will be delivered to you without added cost—but send the coupon today!

Please send me on approval, all charges prepaid, your special set of Masterpieces of Oriental Mystery, in 11 handsomely bound cloth volumes. If after 10 days' free examination I am convinced they are the most extraordinary, most fascinating Oriental mystery stories I have ever read and are easily worth twice the price, I will keep them and \$1.00 a month for only 12 months; when you receive my first payment you are to send me promptly *without cost*, two beautiful polychrome sphinx book-ends. Otherwise, I will return the set within ten days of receipt at your expense, the examination to cost me nothing.

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IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO INVESTIGATE!

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THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS

(Continued from page 6)

gence Department (secret service). Was wounded three times altogether, the last being while in secret service on trench raid.

"Wrote 'Over The Top' and four other books, and about two hundred short stories and novelties. I am now engaged interviewing detectives for their experiences on cases, visiting prisons, and furthering my study of criminology. For my true stories of criminal life I mix freely in the 'underworld,' and have been in many tight places consequently."

Mr. Empey's story, "The Great Wall Street Bond Theft," on page 34, is written in his best manner. It is taken from the experience of Detective Alexander Heyward.

A. L. H. BUCKLIN

writes: "I must have caught the disease of following crimes and criminals while doing police work for the New Haven, Connecticut, *Journal-Courier*. Then received a further exposure as swing reporter for the Bridgeport *Standard* during the war boom days when a murder a day was small routine news.

"Later was news editor of The Grand Junction, Colorado, *News*. My friend Jeff Watson was Sheriff, and so I went right along taking an intense interest in crimes and crooks. During all these years such matters have had an ever-growing fascination for me.

"During the years I have been reporter and editor on many papers throughout the country I have made the acquaintance of some fine upstanding men, policemen, sheriffs, and criminologists. From these sources I hope to draw many fine mystery yarns for TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES."

WILLIAM D. RODDY

was formerly in charge of the Finger-print Department of the New York Police. During the time of his connection there he played a part in clearing up most of the important homicide cases that came within the jurisdiction of the Greater City's Forces. Recently Mr. Roddy has devoted his entire time to private and specialized investigations.

Don't envy Beauty —use Pompeian

HER whole evening had been a success. Everyone had wanted to dance with her—and it was wonderful to hear so many flattering things.

Perhaps all those dull times she used to know were gone forever! It was amazing to find out how completely a girl could change her appearance by "knowing what to do." She had Madame Jeannette to thank—for it certainly made a difference, now that she knew how to care for her skin.

She had learned from Madame Jeannette how to select the proper tone of Pompeian Bloom and to apply it correctly for youthful beauty.

SHADE { for selecting your correct CHART { tone of Pompeian Bloom

Medium Skin: The average woman who has the medium skin can use the Medium shade, the Orange Tint, or the new Oriental Tint.

Olive Skin: Women with the true olive skin are generally dark of eyes and hair—and require the Dark shade.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful-looking skin that has real pink tones. Medium or Light tone of Pompeian Bloom should be used. Sometimes the Orange Tint is exquisite on such a skin.

White Skin: If you have a white skin, use Light, Medium, or Oriental Tint.

\$1000.00

for best titles

Please help us get a title for this beautiful picture—the 1926 Pompeian Beauty Panel.

CASH PRIZES. 1st, \$500; 2nd, \$250; 3rd, \$150; and 2 prizes of \$50 each.

SUGGESTIONS. These titles may set your mind working—Beauty's Reward; Love's Hour; One or None; "I Love You, Dearest"; Beneath the Palms; Beauty Wins.

RULES

- Only one title from one person.
- Ten words or less for the title.
- Write title on one sheet of paper. Below title write only your name and full address.
- Coupon and coin for panel can be sent along with your title.
- Contest closes Nov. 30, 1925, but get your title in early.
- In the event of a tie for any prize offered, a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.
- Prizes paid Dec. 15, 1925. Winners announced Jan. 9, Saturday Evening Post.



Note. If you plan to get panel anyhow, you can send for it first and study it in full size and colors. Then send in your title. However, no one is required to get a panel to enter contest.

GET 1926 PANEL and Samples

THIS is the most beautiful and expensive panel we have ever offered. Executed by the famous colorist, Gene Pressler. Size 27 x 7 inches. Art store value 75c to \$1. Sent for two dimes along with valuable samples of Pompeian Bloom (for youthful color); Pompeian Beauty Powder; Pompeian Day Cream (powder base); and Pompeian Night Cream (skin nourishing). Clip the coupon now, enclose 2 dimes and send today.

Pompeian Bloom

for youthful color

The Pompeian Laboratories 2508 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
I enclose 2 dimes (20c) for 1926 Pompeian Beauty Panel and valuable samples.
Name _____
Street _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____
Shade of rouge wanted? _____

To Men Who Fear Baldness

I Guarantee You a New Growth of Hair in 30 Days-Or No Cost

By Alois Merke

Founder of Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

I DON'T care how scanty your hair may be—no matter how much of it is falling out daily—regardless of how many other treatments have failed to save it—I not only guarantee to stop your hair from falling out, but what's more, I guarantee you a luxuriant new growth of hair in 30 days—or else the entire trial will not cost you a single penny!

Nobody ever dared to make such an unconditional guarantee before. But in my case it's entirely different. I have seen so many thousands of cases of hair troubles ended with this wonderful method—that I am entirely willing to let you try it at my risk for 30 Days. Then, if you are not more than delighted with the growth of hair produced I will instantly and gladly mail you a check refunding every cent you have paid me. That's my absolute **Guarantee, and You Are the Sole Judge.** I take all the risk. You take none whatever.

Entirely New Method

My invention involves the application of new principles in stimulating hair growth. It proves that in many cases of baldness—the hair roots are not dead—but merely **dormant.** The reason tonics and other treatments fail to grow new hair is because they do not **reach** these dormant hair roots, but instead, simply treat the **surface** of the scalp.

To make a tree grow you would not rub "growing fluid" on the bark. Instead you would get right to the roots. And so it is with the hair.

Here's Proof!



"After six weeks' treatment with the Thermocap, my head was covered with short hair and it was no longer dull and lifeless. I kept up the treatment and in return I have as good a head of hair as anyone could wish."—Clarence Terpening, 158 South Cedar Street, Galesburg, Ill.



"After just a few treatments my dandruff was gone and in less than thirty days a new growth of hair was growing upon the 'bald spot.'"—Rev. Geo. D. Witthaus, Knob Noster, Mo.



"When I started your treatment my hair was growing so thin you could see my scalp in spots. Now my head is covered with new hair and which is much thicker than it has been for years."—Mrs. C. N. Stone, Box 231, Thomasville, N. C.



"Your Thermocap has done a wonderful thing in bringing back my hair where all other things had failed. The top of my head is now entirely covered with hair... and new hair seems to be coming in all the time."—Harry A. Brown, 21 Hampton Place, Utica, N.Y.



Coupon Brings FREE Book

No matter how thin your hair may be—no matter how many methods you have tried without results, send at once for the 32-page free book telling about this wonderful scientific treatment. It gives scores of reports from others which indicate what this treatment will mean to you. Merely fill in and mail coupon below and I will gladly send you the vitally interesting booklet giving full details about the famous Merke Thermocap Treatment. Clip and mail the coupon today. Allied Merke Institutes Inc., Dept. 12711, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,
Dept. 12711, 512 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, in plain wrapper, the free copy of the new booklet describing in detail the Merke Thermocap treatment.

Name (State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address

City State

No Excuse for Most Baldness

At the Merke Institute on Fifth Avenue, New York, I've treated scores of prominent stage and social celebrities—some paying as high as \$500 for the results my methods produced. Yet now, by means of the Merke Thermocap Treatment, adapting the same principles to home use—thousands of men and women everywhere are securing equally remarkable results—right in any home where there is electricity—and for just a few cents a day!

I don't say my treatment will grow hair in every case. There are some cases that nothing in the world can help. But since so many others have regained hair this new way, isn't it worth a trial—especially since you do not risk a penny? For at the end of a month, if you are not more than delighted with the growth of hair produced, you won't be out a cent. That's my absolute **Guarantee. AND YOU ARE THE SOLE JUDGE.**

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

NOVEMBER

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

1925

“How Can I Protect Myself?”

By George Wm. Wilder

WITH all you read in the newspapers and the magazines that publish true stories of criminals' exploits, the question has often come up in your mind: "How can I protect myself? How can I be sure that I won't be held up on my way home late at night? How can I be certain my house won't be robbed?" You probably have good cause for your fears.

The police of your city, your town, your community, are doing what they can to protect you. But you can help them. The part you play in protecting yourself is as great as theirs, if not greater.

Understand that criminals do not prey or plunder where they know no loot is at hand to steal. The pickpocket or thug never tries to steal from a man or a woman who does not look prosperous. The porch-climber never makes an entry into a home unless he is certain he will find rich reward for his effort and his risk. The bank burglar never tries to break into and plunder a bank or a warehouse without being aware that he will be amply rewarded for his pains.

You must not advertise your prosperity, ever. In city subways, in trolley cars, on crowded streets, do you display your watch-chain openly? Do you flash a roll of bank-notes? Do you boast in public of what you have with you—what wealth is yours? Then you lay yourself open to theft. A passing criminal, even an honest man sorely tempted, spots you for a mark and takes the first chance he gets to pluck you clean.

When you as a housekeeper leave your home, do you pull down the shades all 'round to a precise height? Then you advertise your absence, and lay your home open to any prowler who sees.

Are you constantly on the alert to make easy money? Do you tell those you meet that you are hungry to make a "killing"? Look out! You are fair game and sure victim for swindlers.

If your city or community is overswept by a "crime wave," you might well fear for your life—unless you know. Mark this: Few criminals are born killers. Those who are, quickly find lodgment in jail, segregated from Society. The thug or burglar who shoots and kills is a man impelled by a fear greater than yours. He shoots to get you before you can get him. You should never walk the streets carrying a deadly weapon. Let a thug know you have a revolver—and you expose yourself to instant, terrible death.

Be moderate. Let your boast be—not that you are prosperous or well fixed with this world's goods—but that you are healthy, sane, and happy. Then you have nothing to fear.

The *Mystery of the*

*They found him in the library of his home, dead
the single letter "I" in his hand.*

BLACK, impenetrable darkness. Darkness which hung like a pall over the contents of the room. The only stillness was broken by the musical chimes of a clock—one, two—then again silence reigned. From one of the deep window alcoves a shadow detached itself from other shadows and crept forward across the room.

The man's progress was slow. His feet did not move from the soft, thick carpet as they slid along; his fingers tingled with the electricity engendered by contact with the heavy nap. His forehead was damp with perspiration. Was that a faint noise behind him?

The man became a motionless shadow again. He felt the cords at the back of his neck contract; by sheer force of will-power alone he held himself rigidly erect; he dared not lose his sense of direction. Guided by the chimes of the clock, he had located the chimney-piece

—and what he had come to find lay somewhere before it.

Scarcely daring to breathe, he resumed his steady progress forward. God! He had not realized the size of the room. Suddenly he paused and dropped to his knees. He held that position for fully ten seconds, listening intently; the almost

inaudible ticking of the clock was the only sound to reach his ears.

Gathering courage from the stillness, he got on all fours and slid his hands this way and that along the floor. He had advanced a yard or more when his outflung hand touched human flesh.

At its cold contact, he drew in his breath sharply with a slight hissing noise, and his muscles arched themselves for flight; again mind conquered matter and after a second's appreciable pause, he pushed forward like some four-footed animal seeking its prey.

As he reached to the right his fingers closed over an extended hand, a soft, slender



**"Don't handle the dagger!"
cautioned Barlow**

hand. The blood drained from his heart, his knees crumpled under him and he lay extended on the floor. He had touched one hand on his left a brief minute before—and now to find this on his right! God! Where there two in the room where there had been but one?

By NATALIE

BLUE CAR

*—a dagger in his heart, a slip of paper bearing
Who killed Commodore Whitney?*

SUMNER LINCOLN

the man slid forward a few inches and this time his groping fingers found what he sought. Clutching the glove in an iron grip, he wormed his way down the room to the shelter of the alcove. The window swung open on oiled hinges and, as noiselessly as he had come, he regained the garden. He paused at the gate and made certain that the street was empty, then stepped outside.

Unhurriedly he walked up the sidewalk, quelling his insane impulse to run. He had covered a block without realizing it, his eyes half blinded by the lightly falling snow whipped about by the cold wind, when he spied his car in the distance. If only he dared quicken his pace!

He was panting when he reached the car, and once inside he sank back against the upholstered seat to recover his breath. As he leaned down a moment later to locate the transmission lock, he found the key in it. An hysterical chuckle escaped him; in his confused state of mind he had forgotten to lock the car!

It took some seconds to start the engine, and the gear-shifts stuck from the cold, but it was with a sense of exultation that he drew on his gloves before releasing the

Gathering himself together by a supreme effort,

clutch and slowly started up the street. His way took him up unfrequented streets, inadequately lighted, as are most of the thoroughfares of Washington City, the nation's capital. He had just swung into Wyoming Avenue from Nineteenth Street when a loud shout reached him.

"Hey, turn on your lights!"

"THANKS!" The answering cry was involuntary and the sound of his own voice stilled the thumping of his heart and steadied his nerves. As he turned on the cowl lights, he also switched on the small dash lamp and glanced hastily at the speedometer. Suppose he had been arrested for speeding!

He slowed up to cross Connecticut Avenue; another turn and he was driving down a narrow alley. He swung the car into his garage with practised skill and, getting

"You will find
my finger-prints
on the dagger,"
whispered
Harriet



out, closed the two large doors which gave admittance to it. The brick garage, which was large enough to accommodate two cars, was also electrically lighted, and the man turned on the switch. Under the glare of the arc-light he inspected himself before an old mirror which was stored in one corner, on top of several small trunks.

THE man brushed some dust off his coat, opened it and carefully scanned his evening attire. Except that his white tie was awry and his collar wilted, his appearance would pass muster at any entertainment, formal or otherwise. He was well over six feet, with shoulders broad in proportion, and was what the darkies termed "a presentable puson."

As the man turned away from the mirror and put up his hand to switch off the swinging electric light, his eyes fell on his car.

His car? Surely, but— He stood with arm upraised for fully a minute, his eyes devouring the coupé. His make of car, his type of car, but with a difference: his was a 1924 model, while this—this was the new model for 1925.

The man released the electric light and walked slowly around the car. At the back he paused, transfixed—then hurried to the front. The car was without license plates either back or front.

The man leaned limply against the wall of the garage and his numb fingers sought a half-filled flask in his hip pocket. As he drained it, a long-forgotten sentence flashed through his reeling senses:

"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad!"

A moment later the garage was plunged into darkness. Patrick Sullivan's eyebrows met in a frown at the sight of his wife carrying a breakfast tray down the back stairs. Without a word he took it from her and led the way into the pantry.

"Bad cess to it! There's no coffee left," he muttered, examining the pot. "Sure, he's drunk every drop—"

"And barely touched his breakfast," chimed in his wife, a troubled look on her comely face. "I greatly fear—"

"Pouf! There's nothin' to fear; the young master's as hard as nails," grumbled her excellent spouse. "But the hours he's keepin', not to say the comp'ny—" He shook his gray head sadly from side to side. "Hark, there's the telephone," and not waiting for any rejoinder, he hurried to the instrument in the hall. After a brief conversation, of which she caught only a word or two, his wife heard his heavy footfall ascending the staircase of the second floor.

"MR. TERRY, sor!" Sullivan's fist thumped on the partly closed door of the back bedroom. "There's a young leddy wishin' to talk wid you on the telephone. I've switched her to the library," modifying his tones, which had been raised unduly, as the bedroom door swung farther inward.

"Who is it?" asked Ned Terry, struggling with a refractory collar-button.

"She said as how you wouldn't remember her, and she'd rather spake to ye herself," replied Sullivan. "'Twas no voice I iver heard before," and he stepped back from the doorway to allow Terry to cross the hall and enter the library.

It was a large room, extending across the entire front of the house, and book-shelves lined the walls, except for space allotted to numerous windows and a huge stone

chimney. In its furnishings the library reflected its owner's excellent taste and affection for good literature. Especially in the dull glare of a January day, with a wood fire burning on the hearth, it appeared a most delightful spot in which to loiter and relax, at least such was Terry's thought as he dropped into an armchair next to the telephone cabinet.

"Hello!" he called cheerfully through the mouthpiece. "This is Mr. Terry. What is it?"

"Mr. Terry? Oh, thank God!" It was unmistakably a woman's cultivated voice speaking, and a very charming one, but there was a note of terror in the softly modulated tones. "I must see you instantly."

"SURELY," agreed Terry, and the heartiness of his response carried conviction. "Who is speaking, please?"

"Harriet Whitney. We have not met for years. I am the niece of Commodore James Whitney. I am telephoning from Uncle Jim's," her voice faltered. "He's—he's dead."

"Great heavens!" Terry sat bolt upright. "Whatever happened?"

"I can't give you details now, but for God's sake hurry—"

"I will." The promise was clearly spoken, and the receiver clicked back instantly on its hook, but it was fully five minutes before Terry replaced the telephone instrument in its cabinet and rose from his chair. He found Sullivan in his bedroom awaiting his return.

Sullivan, who supplemented his duties as caretaker by valeting Terry, found him more silent and distract than usual as he shed his dressing-gown, ad-

justed his tie and donned his coat.

"And whin did ye get the ilegant new car, Mr. Terry, sor?" he inquired. "I was took aback this mornin' whin I found it in the garage in place of the old wan."

Terry took his hat and gloves from Sullivan. "I got it in trade last evening," he said, laconically, walking toward the staircase. "Tell Mary I'll not be here for luncheon and, eh, call a taxi."

Sullivan's eyes opened. "Sure, and won't ye be usin' the new car?" he asked in surprise. "I ran it around to the front for ye, sor."

TERRY paused to let Sullivan assist him into his overcoat before answering. "The license tags—" he began, but got no further.

"They are on," announced Sullivan, and smiled at Terry's surprised stare. "The 1925 ones came by mail late yesterday, and before washing the car, I got them in place. Doesn't it look grand?" and Sullivan pointed with pride to the coupé standing at the curb. He had taken pride in his work and the belated sunlight sparkled on highly polished nickel and paint. "Here's the keys, sor; they were in the car."

"Much obliged!" But before opening the car door, keys in hand, Terry walked slowly around the machine and inspected it with critical eyes. There was not a blemish upon it. As he turned to enter the car he bumped against Sullivan at his elbow. The Irishman met his sharp look with a sheepish grin.

"I forgot, sor," he began confusedly, "to wish you a happy New Year."

"Thanks, Sullivan!" Terry's quickly extended hand was taken in a warm but moist clasp. (Continued on page 107)

SO many of the readers of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES Magazine have written in to ask us to run a fictional story that we have at last acceded to the popular demand. You will go far to find a more suitable story to contrast with the truth than this masterpiece by a master writer of detective stories, Natalie Sumner Lincoln.



"The first clue we found was a piece of cloth on a barbed-wire fence"

(This photograph was taken on the scene of the crime)

TALKING NEEDLES

Little Anna Nosko, loved by a whole countryside, was cruelly murdered on her way home from school. Who could want to kill a child?

IT was an evening of storm. A brisk wind rattled the windows and soughed through the trees. Snow pelted down, wet and clingy. I had just risen from the dinner table and had gone to the window. Looking out I contemplated the winter. I was at home after the day's work, thinking how snug it was indoors. There flashed into my mind the thought: "What a beautiful night for a murder."

And then the telephone bell rang insistently. An excited voice at the other end of the wire was telling me a story in a riot of words. Missing! Little Anna Nosko was strangely missing. The word had spread on winged feet through the little town of Battle Ground, some twenty miles northeast of Vancouver, Washington.

Anna had started home along the track of the Northern Pacific railway. But she had not arrived home. No train had passed. She had met with no accident in that manner. Where could she be?

I got into my overcoat and hurried out to the wreck of a machine which I drive. Uttering a little prayer that the

By A. L. H. BUCKLIN
of the *Sun*, Clarke County, Washington

thing would hold together until I got to the scene of Anna Nosko's disappearance, I stepped on the starter. I was away.

As I rode through the storm I revolved in my mind the meager facts of the girl's disappearance. One theory ran to kidnapping. Who would kidnap little Anna of poor parents? Who would abduct a mere child? The idea was preposterous. Vainly I sought a motive, and there seemed none at all.

I went up the steps of the Nosko home. In the very air about the house seemed a sinister thing, something intangible. Then and there I felt that Anna's disappearance was no mere incident in the life of a little girl. She had not gone home with her playmates without permission of her mother. I was sure of that.

Mary Nosko, her mother, paced up and down the length of her small sitting-room. She was extremely nervous, tears were in her eyes. She told me that Anna had not come home at all. It was Anna's custom to call at the Battle Ground post-office for the mail after school, then come home. Her two brothers usually came along a little later.

But this day the brothers came home first. Again and again Mrs. Nosko exclaimed, "Why don't she come!"

And then she slumped down in a chair. Her hands went to her eyes while her thumbs were pressing, pressing at her eyeballs.

She got up, started for the door.

YOU may believe in psychic phenomena or you may not.

I frankly do not. Yet this is a fact story and this is the evidence set forth by Mary Nosko.

In a breaking voice she told that she had dreamed the previous night that her little daughter, lacking four days of

being twelve years old, had been coming up the railroad right-of-way to her home when an evil-looking man had stepped out to accost Anna. He had struck the girl with his crushing fist. Anna had cried out in high alarm. Then the brute had whipped out a blackjack, or sap, from his pocket and had struck her a deadly blow on the head. At this point in her dream, according to Mrs. Nosko, she rose up in fright, wide awake.

Sound of someone outside the house stamping snow from shoes. Paul Nosko, father of Anna, opened the door. Excitedly Mrs. Nosko told him that little Anna had not yet come home from school. Her eyes were wild with apprehension.

He set off at once on a search for his missing daughter.

I left the Nosko home determined to do some searching on my own account. In Battle Ground Paul Nosko had told his story. Now men were gathering. Their faces were grim

and they carried weapons. Some had shotguns slung under their arms, others carried rifles. A few had armed themselves with stout clubs.

An eerie scene it was—men prepared for a man-hunt. The snow still fell. The wind still howled. Here and there through the white waste, lantern lights flickered. The countryside was prosecuting the search for the girl who had so strangely dropped from sight.

FOR some reason I went back to the Nosko home. If I could find a motive for the suspected crime I could better search for the girl. Mrs. Nosko was at home, expectant, fearful.

"I know she's dead," she wailed. "When she go to school this morning she skip down the walk, she pause and come back. She run to me and kiss me again. She say, 'Mother dear, I may never see you again.'"

How did this little girl, a mere child, sense that disaster was to befall? We'll leave the question for persons versed in psychic research to answer. This is a story of cruel facts.

Bert, younger brother of Anna, sensing that something was vitally wrong, said to his mother: "I seen a man dash out of the bushes along the railroad track this afternoon. He picked up an umbrella. I think it was Anna's. And then he run for cover again."

I asked the boy



Suddenly the leaders of the posse drew back—in the presence of death

what else he had seen, and he told me that there was nothing else except that nearby in the railroad cut was a dog, Eddie Whitfield's dog.

Here then was a clue, I considered. And yet, perhaps no clue at all. The testimony of a small boy under stress of excitement may not be reliable, and Eddie Whitfield's dog being in the railroad cut did not actually signify a thing. The dog would most naturally be there. The John Tuke homestead where Eddie Whitfield lived was adjacent to the track, and nearest house to the Noskos.

I went out now and joined the posse. Through the gloom every bit of the railroad cut was covered as with a fine-tooth comb. Still the search was unrewarded. Then a man in advance of the others cried out wildly and pointed. Upon a barb of a fence to the side of the railroad right-of-way was a piece of cloth. It looked as if it might have been torn from Anna's coat as she was dragged through the fence.

THE searchers followed through. Now there was an added tenseness about the hunt. Conversation dwindled. Men fingered their rifles and shot-guns. A low oath now and then. The temper of the crowd was beginning to get out of bounds. If murder had been committed, swift and arbitrary justice might be dealt.

An umbrella lay in the path; no doubt Anna's. The posse with quickened steps went on.

While Bill Thompson was taking preliminary steps to run down and arrest the perpetrator of one of the foulest crimes that ever stained the record of southwestern Washington, he was thinking back—back, pulling out odd bits of information that he had gathered through the years. He said to me: "Who fits this beastly crime? Who could have done it? A man of abnormal instincts, of course! Are there any abnormalities hereabouts?" Then: "Come on," he commanded. "I have a lead." We walked rapidly toward the old Tuke homestead. "I want to see and question George Edward Whitfield," he explained.

AS we walked, Sheriff Bill graphically reconstructed for me a scene enacted on July 24, 1922. At that time Sheriff Thompson, armed with a search warrant, had raided the Tuke house in quest of liquor. He secured the liquor, but that is aside from the story herein to be related.

As the Sheriff talked I could see him searching through a wardrobe trunk on the occasion of his visit to Eddie Whitfield's home. And he pulled from that wardrobe trunk many things of questionable character.

Articles of woman's intimate wearing apparel. Garters were there by the dozen. Silk stockings also in goodly number. There was more—much more, but enough has been recorded.

Along with the woman's wearing apparel were poems written by George Edward Whitfield. They were not poems

SAYS the author of this story:

"You may believe in psychic phenomena. I frankly do not. Yet this is a fact story, and this is the evidence as set forth by Mary Nosko, Anna's mother: 'I dreamed that my little daughter had been coming up the railroad right-of-way when an evil-looking man had stepped out and struck her with his crushing fist. . . . Then he had killed her.'"

Suddenly the leaders of the posse paused, drew back—in the presence of death.

Anna Nosko's little body lay beside a big rock, upon a natural couch of fir needles. One small, slim arm was thrown out from her side. The other arm was drawn across her chest, the hand resting on her breast.

Constable James Holland went down and telephoned Sheriff William A. Thompson at Vancouver. The Constable upon his return told me that Sheriff Bill was not in his office. But every effort would be made to get in touch with him at Heisson.

Then a message from the Sheriff came through. He had stopped at Heisson as he was returning to the county seat with three prisoners. This was about nine o'clock at night. Accompanying him were Thomas Kemp, his chief deputy, a very heady officer, and William Priest, a detective from a private agency.

Leaving their prisoners in charge of a guard, the officers hurried to Battle Ground. Here Sheriff Thompson investigated the few facts that were known. He sent the other officers ahead to the point where the body of little Anna had been found.

Coroner Victor Limber was called.

Seeing Bill Thompson in action on the night of the Anna Nosko murder, I am able to realize fully that there is a man who combines the nerve of the old Western sheriff with the keenness and cunning of the trained detective. He made no false move. He worked constantly from cause to effect and back again, sometimes from effect to cause with baffling speed.

which a man would want to read aloud in the family circle. They were not poems that small sons or daughters should read. They were vile, for the most part.

Sheriff Thompson told me, too, that Eddie was a bit of an artist. In his room were many pictures, all of one subject—a nude woman.

"That man's an abnormality," Sheriff Thompson declared emphatically.

We arrived at the Tuke homestead, but Eddie was not there. At the Tuke place Sheriff Thompson and I met Constable James Holland, Battle Ground officer.

Eventually the two officers and I went back to the spot where the body of Anna Nosko still lay. The searchers had built a bonfire, for the night was chill, snow still wafted down, and light was needed to survey the tragic scene.

I NOTED then that Bill Thompson's eyes went over the crowd, analyzing everyone there quickly, looking for some slightest evidence of guilt on the part of the killer, if he were there. Occurred to me those lines about the murderer being drawn back somehow, someway, to the scene of his crime. I had talked with Sheriff Bill about this return of a criminal to his scene of operations. I knew he believed in the unerring truth of the theory.

Sheriff Bill whispered to me: "It's peculiar that Eddie Whitfield didn't join in the search for the missing girl. He is the nearest neighbor of the Noskos, yet he made no move to help them in their extremity. What manner of man is he? Could he feel no concern? Could he manifest no grief?"



Anna Nosko and her schoolmates

(Anna is second from the left, bottom row)

I got to thinking that if Eddie Whitfield had done this horrible thing he would not show up at all. He might be on his way out of the country. But no!

Sheriff Thompson straightened up, and a glint came into his eye that criminals have learned to fear. I followed his glance.

Eddie Whitfield was there. He was leaning over a bit, one hand supporting himself on the big rock, straining to see the dead girl where she lay. He was in his shirtsleeves. He wore no hat. His hair was white with snow particles. The night was bitter cold. But Eddie seemed not to feel the cruel bite of the wind.

But Eddie did not long remain looking at the little girl who lay so still in death. The sight may have unnerved him.

He could not stand still. He jiggled back and forth where he stood. He moved from place to place. His mouth was twisted into a leering grin.

I saw Sheriff Thompson move toward Eddie Whitfield. Suddenly pulling his gun and shoving it into the pit of Eddie's stomach, he ordered: "Reach 'em high!"

In a moment Eddie was handcuffed and fastened to his brother, John Whitfield, who was also placed under arrest.

The arrest of Eddie Whitfield was a bold move. It may be asked why Bill Thompson was so sure that Eddie Whitfield had committed this ghastly crime which had snuffed out a little girl's life? I can only say that the Sheriff does not overlook little things.

A word about the gun play. The day of the old West has gone forever. Officers do not flourish guns in melodramatic fashion any more, and shoot out the gold fillings of their prisoner's teeth.

But Sheriff Thompson was arresting a man whom he believed to have committed the cold-blooded murder of an innocent little girl. He could take no chances. And the gun play was immediately plain to me: On July 23, 1922, two deputies from the Sheriff's office had been sent out to bring in Eddie Whitfield who was at that time charged with

being drunk and disorderly. The two deputies assert that Whitfield had the strength of ten ordinary men. He set upon them and sorely pummeled them until finally they got the tow rope from the Sheriff's automobile, lassoed him, and, thus bound, brought him into Vancouver as they were directed.

The first thing that drew our attention after Whitfield was placed under arrest was the back of Eddie Whitfield's right hand. There stood out on it abrasions and scratches. It seemed that the scratches had been inflicted by the little nails of Anna Nosko. The other slight cuts could have been made by the uneven ground just where the body was found.

"How'd you get those scratches?" the Sheriff asked Whitfield.

But the prisoner never tried to explain the cuts on the back of his right hand. He showed by his manner that he thought such a slight thing deserved no consideration whatsoever.

Sheriff Thompson now took his two prisoners to the Tuke house. He watched them as a hawk might watch a mouse all the way. He told me afterward that he feared that Eddie Whitfield might in some manner deliberately cut himself. Then if blood was found on him he could and would say that it was his own blood.

We escorted the Whitfield boys into the living-room of the Tuke home. Sheriff Thompson dominated the scene. It was as if he knew just what to do and had only two minutes in which to do it.

There were spots on Eddie's clothes, but not very distinct. Even at that time there could have been some doubt as to the spots being blood. But Sheriff Thompson demanded: "Where'd you get this blood on you?"

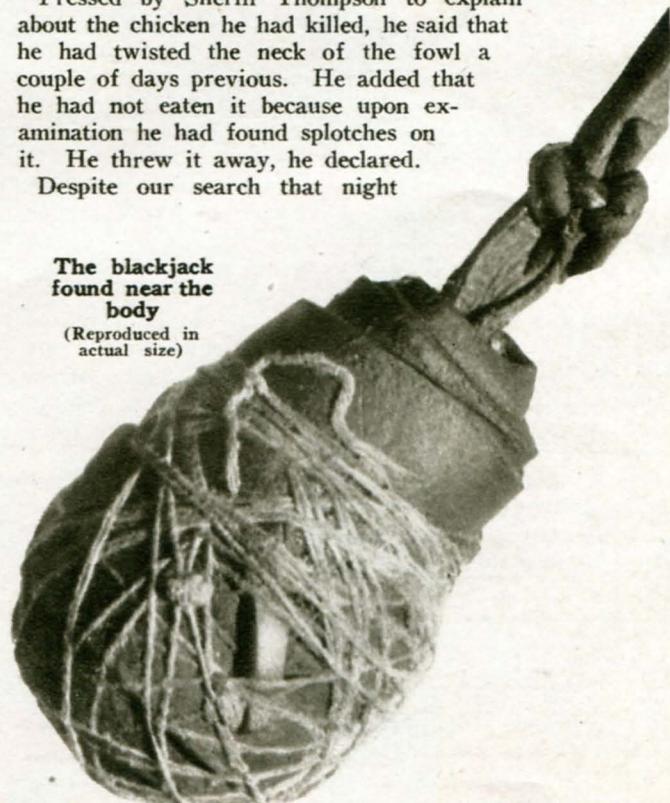
The pin-point eyes of Edward Whitfield glinted fire for the fraction of a second. His sensuous mouth twisted in a snarl. "I killed a chicken," he said. "Got blood on me when I twisted its neck," he explained. I thought: "Well, he's admitted that the discolorations are blood, anyway!"

Whitfield in a singsong voice maintained that he was in no way implicated in the murder—was no more guilty of it than the officers.

Pressed by Sheriff Thompson to explain about the chicken he had killed, he said that he had twisted the neck of the fowl a couple of days previous. He added that he had not eaten it because upon examination he had found splotches on it. He threw it away, he declared.

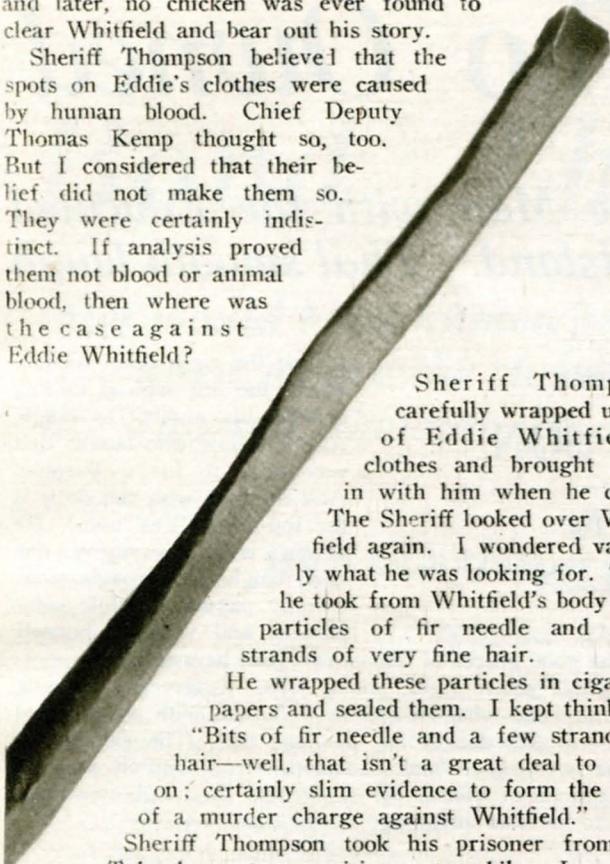
Despite our search that night

The blackjack found near the body
(Reproduced in actual size)



and later, no chicken was ever found to clear Whitfield and bear out his story.

Sheriff Thompson believed that the spots on Eddie's clothes were caused by human blood. Chief Deputy Thomas Kemp thought so, too. But I considered that their belief did not make them so. They were certainly indistinct. If analysis proved them not blood or animal blood, then where was the case against Eddie Whitfield?

 Sheriff Thompson carefully wrapped up all of Eddie Whitfield's clothes and brought them in with him when he came.

The Sheriff looked over Whitfield again. I wondered vaguely what he was looking for. Then he took from Whitfield's body little particles of fir needle and some strands of very fine hair.

He wrapped these particles in cigarette papers and sealed them. I kept thinking; "Bits of fir needle and a few strands of hair—well, that isn't a great deal to work on; certainly slim evidence to form the basis of a murder charge against Whitfield."

Sheriff Thompson took his prisoner from the Tuke home to a waiting automobile. In a few minutes the man was locked up behind the steel bars of a cell.

I tarried awhile in Battle Ground. A little girl beloved by everyone had been foully done to death. A man charged with the crime was in custody. Feeling ran high. Men gathered on street corners and discussed the case. "String him up!" was the cry.

"But Bill Thompson will protect his prisoner. I know that fellow." I heard this objection a dozen times.

The community was ripe for a lynching. To me it seemed that a leader was all they lacked to stage a grand little necktie party. But Bill Thompson forestalled this talk of a mob storming the jail and the impromptu hanging of Whitfield. On March 14th Sheriff Thompson took Whitfield to Tacoma for safe-keeping.

Feeling subsided somewhat, and on March 19th the accused was returned to the Clarke County jail.

In the meantime I attended an autopsy, performed on the body of Anna Nosko by Doctor Robert L. Benson of Portland, Oregon, assisted by Doctor J. B. Blair of Vancouver and Luke S. May, internationally known criminologist, of Seattle, Washington. To one side of the morgue stood Sheriff Bill Thompson, supervising the whole matter.

The doctors working in their white robes, their hands covered by rubber gloves, began to probe into the little body. From the body of the dead girl were removed certain particles of fir needle. But more of these later. Sheriff Thompson's face was lighted by a glow of enthusiasm. Evidently he had already, in his mind's eye, secured facts which would send the guilty man to the gallows. At the time, however, the evidence of the fir needles seemed almost inconsequential.

The doctors at the autopsy found that Anna had been dealt a terrific blow on the head with some blunt instrument—a sap or blackjack. Her skull was fractured. Doctor Benson gave it as his opinion that this blow would have produced death in itself had there been no other wounds.

The girl's throat was cut clear across. Apparently a jagged knife had been used.

I rode to the courthouse with Sheriff Thompson after the autopsy. He turned to me, his keen eyes aglow. "We got to find two things," he declared. "Where's the knife with which Anna's throat was hacked? And where's the sap or blackjack used to deal her the first stunning blow?"

With the idea in mind of securing the evidence needed to complete the case, Sheriff William Thompson, Thomas Kemp, the other deputies and myself visited and revisited the Tuke homestead where Eddie Whitfield had lived. We found several peculiarly smooth round stones which would have made the inner weapon of a lusty sap. We found some buckskin thongs, too.

And then one night the heavens flared. "Fire!" "Fire!"

My telephone jangled. An excited voice was crying in my ear: "Eddie Whitfield's place is burning down. Flames are leaping high in the air. Everyone's running to it."

I viewed the ruins the next day. The house had been utterly destroyed in the blaze. Even the ashes were scanty. As I stood there looking at the ruins I kept wondering who had set fire to the house. That, of course, will never be known. But it came to me then, and in conversation with Sheriff Thompson I find it is his idea, too, that the place



The man who was accused of the murder

was levelled by fire so that the Sheriff's office could gather no further evidence against Eddie Whitfield. Murder was not the only crime of which Whitfield was suspected. He was believed to have figured in several robberies. He was suspected as a moonshiner.

Again and again in the days that followed Sheriff Thompson grilled Eddie Whitfield. I was present at several of these third-degree sessions. Sheriff Bill tried to confuse him, to trap him into some admission. But Whitfield refused to be stampeded. His was a clever intellect. It had in it the elements of fox mind—cruel, cunning, ever alert.

Whitfield was charged with first-degree murder and a trial date was set. He told me that he (Continued on page 87)

The Man Who Owned

They called him "The Man with the Educated to sell Manhattan Island. That smooth laugh

I AM positive that no member of my father's family was ever even suspected of being insane or having a weak mind. On the contrary, the Grossmeyers are all considered sharp, shrewd business men. Or, at least, they were until this man Peyton put in an appearance and began telling his story. Now I think the whole bunch of them is crazy—or in any event they are money mad. And I'm certain Peyton is planning something that is going to work out to his own advantage only."

Young Dick Grossmeyer, a good-looking, likable chap of about twenty-three years, thus unburdened himself when he called on me at the office of my private detective agency one morning last June.

He had insisted upon seeing me personally, and when I found time to talk with him he immediately explained that some stranger who identified himself by the name of Peyton, and whom Dick suspected of being a crook of some sort, had visited Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and called upon every branch of the Grossmeyer family—and there were plenty of them—and told them they were the rightful owners of about half of Manhattan Island.

As young Dick explained it, he had the Grossmeyer clan "all steamed up" and already making plans for spending the money which they expected to recover from the present holders of the real estate in question. It appeared that all the Grossmeyers were thrifty and in comfortable circumstances, many of them wealthy in fact, but the dream of thousands and even millions of dollars of easy money had them all in a mental haze.

"Why do you suspect Peyton of being a crook? What has he done that is not right?" I asked.

"I just suspect him. That's all. So far as I know, he has done nothing that is illegal. He simply states that he is a New York attorney and interested in seeing them recover their property. The understanding, of course, being that he is to serve as their lawyer and represent the heirs in the legal action he advises them to bring."

NOTHING criminal in that," I explained, "and nothing unusual. There are any number of lawyers in this city who go out in search of business, instead of waiting for clients to come to them. It may be a bit unethical, but it's common practice. You must have some reason for disliking him, as I take it from your talk that you feel a positive antagonism. Why is it?"

"Yes, I more than dislike him. I hated him from the very first day I met him. Didn't like his manner. To begin with, he has an educated laugh, if you get what I mean."

I looked at him inquiringly. The educated laugh idea was a new one on me.

"You may not understand my reaction," the young fellow went on, noting my inquiring attitude. "But I have met numerous people whom I detested because of an educated laugh. This man Peyton always laughs just enough and

By Detective
J. R. THOMPSON

As Recorded By
MARK MELLEN

at just the right time—exactly where the one who is talking expects his auditor to laugh. And a fellow who laughs that way does it for a purpose. And the man who can do it is the top-notch 'Yes' man. He agrees with everything one says, laughs at the right time, thereby paying a subtle compliment and working himself

into the good graces of almost everyone he meets."

"I guess you're right, young man," I agreed, beginning to comprehend what he meant. "A man with an educated laugh is mighty dangerous. He isn't real. The chances are that he is trying to 'make' someone—work himself into the good graces of others for a purpose that will eventually prove to his own advantage rather than theirs."

THAT'S it exactly," heartily endorsed young Grossmeyer. "My people all are prosperous, or most of them are. Anyway, they've always been perfectly normal up to the present time. But this fellow came along with a story about one Rudolph Grossmeyer who financed and led a party of adventurers who came to America in search of gold and adventure before Broadway was even a cow path. The way Peyton tells it, Rudolph must have been a far-seeing gent and evidently drew a mental picture of the present Great White Way, for the astute Rudolph staked out and claimed all the most valuable sites of Manhattan Island, and they 'rightfully belong to him and his heirs and assigns forever by right of eminent domain, prior occupancy, justice and equity before the law,' as Peyton so glibly expresses it."

"Then, in your opinion, Peyton produces beautiful fiction," I ventured. "But what are the title guaranty companies for, if not to insure against this very thing?"

"Exactly!" agreed young Grossmeyer. "If Peyton sold his fiction to the magazines he could make plenty of money—and be in a safe, legitimate business. As it is, I want you to see to it that he gets no money from my people. And I want you to snare him if he's working outside the law. Why, according to Peyton, the original Rudolph Grossmeyer, long since gathered to his fathers, left all this valuable real estate, worth now probably ten or twenty billion dollars, and every Grossmeyer in Lancaster County will be a millionaire when Peyton has recovered the land. All he wants is advance retainers and fees from all of them."

"And I had another reason for coming to you. While most of the Grossmeyers can well afford to lose a few thousands, my old Aunt Sarah can't. She's one of the odd ones in the family. She had as much as the rest of them twenty years ago; inherited it. But bad speculation lost it for her. And she has great pride—won't let anyone 'make a charity aunt of her,' as she says."

"Well, she fell hardest for this Peyton's story of quick riches. Aunt Sarah sees it as a chance to make a pile in a hurry. She's sixty-three, you understand, and wants to compensate for her early blunders and make good in the eyes of the family. Anyway, she has only five hundred or so left, and she's ready to put every dollar of it into Peyton's

MANHATTAN ISLAND

Laugh," this swindler who went into Pennsylvania should have warned the Grossmeyers, but—

scheme—and I want to save it for her if the scheme isn't on the level, as I believe it is not! She won't listen to reason or persuasion from me, and the only way to save her is by showing up this Peyton. See?"

"I think I understand thoroughly now," I told the young fellow, for by this time I had a very fair idea as to what was being attempted. "This fellow Peyton is no doubt a slick confidence man, out to get what he can from your relatives. He selected them because they all have money—"

"And too great a desire for more," interrupted Dick, with a smile.

"Exactly! That's what makes it so easy for these confidence men to put over their crooked schemes. They excite the cupidity of their intended victims, and then the rest is easy."

"That's what that educated

laugh did," declared young Grossmeyer. "This fellow simply worked himself into the good graces of these people by 'yessing them to death' and laughing at their ancient jokes. Then he aroused their desire for more gold. Why, in the past they'd consider a matter and discuss it at length



"Poor Aunt Sarah fell hard for Peyton's line of talk"

before they'd loan money on a mortgage that was as safe as old wheat in the mill. Now they'll be taking the shoe-string off the old bank roll and passing it out in bunches—especially old Aunt Sarah, God bless her! And it's up to me to prevent it—or, rather, up to you."

"I'll see what I can do," I assured him. "If anything important happens, I'll let you know. In any event, you can come around again in a week or ten days."

"You'll have to step on the gas," he cautioned as he turned to go. "This Peyton is a fast worker."

After he had gone I called in Barney Grogan and Herman Wuebben, two of my best men—and not so good at that, for a case of this kind. They were typical detectives, good at shadowing and any kind of ordinary plugging. But I knew that up against a confidence man, the brainiest type of crook, they would not show to advantage. I had at first thought to put them on the case, but as I realized that Peyton would probably outwit them at every turn and thus reflect on my agency, I decided to handle the matter myself. I gave them information and instructions about several other matters which we were handling, and left for Pennsylvania.

I went immediately to Lancaster, the county seat and chief residential center of the Grossmeyers. If I knew anything at all about confidence men, I knew that they put up at the best hotels and lived on the fat of the land. There-

in a high-class office building on Madison Avenue. Grogan and Wuebben looked him up and reported to me at Lancaster by mail that his reputation was good.

"He can't be classed with the shysters who infest the cheap office buildings, six or eight in one office," Grogan wrote, in part. "We walked into his office after his clerks had left the other afternoon and while the cleaners were at work, and found that he had a nice suite of rooms and expensive furniture. We learned from the superintendent of the building that he has been a tenant for several years."

I couldn't get much encouragement from that report.

I COULD not but wonder why they had not gone to his office during business hours, inasmuch as they knew he was out of the city. By sneaking around at night they could only advertise the fact that they were detectives, and thus arouse suspicion. If Peyton was as slick as I thought he was, it was a safe bet that he had his office force and even the janitors well instructed to keep him informed as to everything that went on, and I feared that he would get word of this visit to his office and be warned by it. He might then take flight.

And then, just as I feared, that very thing happened. He disappeared right from under my eyes, you might say. And I was unable to get any trace of him.

I decided that he had motored back to New York—or else

I HAD to get into the Peyton home, but I couldn't get past his dogs, so I determined to fight fire with fire. I bought a vicious bulldog, the most vicious animal I could get. I was actually afraid of the brute . . . I dropped him over the Peyton fence. Instantly—"

fore, I went direct to Lancaster's hotel-de-luxe, the Simmington House. And there I found him.

He used the Simmington House as headquarters while he motored all over the surrounding country, visiting the prosperous farms and country estates of his "prospects." Every night he came back to the hotel, always driven in the same limousine from the best garage in the city.

Peyton was about forty years old and weighed around one hundred and ninety pounds, as near as I could judge. He had brown hair, slightly gray at the temples. He was a neat dresser, and, from the way he made himself affable around the hotel with his educated laugh, I judged him an excellent mixer.

BUT I did not recognize him as a confidence man who was known to the police, certainly not in my ten years of detective work.

I saw him almost every day, and frequently several times a day, but I invariably kept myself in the background, so that in case I had to trail him at any time he would not be familiar with my appearance.

Several times I thought of arresting him on suspicion, but that would be as good as tipping my hand and burning the case. I had to wait until I caught him actually operating unlawfully, or until I could prove that he was violating the law. I could not learn whether or not he was collecting any money in the hotel while I was there.

I had spent a week at the Simmington House and nothing had happened. So far as I could ascertain, Peyton was keeping well within the law.

A reference to the phone book before I left New York, showed John Alger Peyton listed as an attorney, with offices

suspected that he was being watched and possibly had left the country.

Disappointed and rather disgusted with both myself and my men, I returned to New York.

When I reached my office I called Mr. Peyton by phone, and all the information I could get from his office was that he was out of the city. My questions got me no additional information. It looked as if my men had scared him away.

So far as I had been able to ascertain, he had violated no law. Even if he had accepted money as a retainer, on which point I had no information, he would, no doubt, be slick enough to give a receipt, stating the terms under which he accepted it in such a way as to defeat any attempt to recover or push a criminal charge.

The case was getting on my nerves when young Dick Grossmeyer called on me again.

"What news?" he asked as he entered my private office, a serious look on his face.

"Not much," I replied, rather grouchily. "Do you know anything?"

NOT much," he echoed. "Not much—except that our man Peyton organized all the Grossmeyers into a society in order to bring suit for the recovery of about two-thirds of Manhattan Island. And he made every one of the three hundred and more members pay twenty-five dollars each to join—Aunt Sarah included. And in addition he took up a collection for preliminary expenses, raising probably twenty thousand dollars. Then he filled his gas tank, flashed his educated smile on every acquaintance he met, and faded out of the picture."

"I know," I sighed. "I saw him drive away."

"I knew you were in Lancaster, and I thought possibly you would have detained him," suggested the young man.

"No charge I could make," I replied rather sharply. "As far as I know he has done nothing that would justify the issuance of a warrant for his arrest. All we know is that he's making a claim that's likely to prove phoney."

"HE'S collected twenty thousand dollars from a lot of foolish Grossmeyers and given them nothing but a fairy tale in return for it," calmly suggested my client.

"Yes. And the receipts he issued are probably so worded as to absolve him of all blame in case he never even brings suit to recover title to the property in question," I added.

"It seems that he already has done that," replied young Grossmeyer, producing a morning newspaper and indicating with his index finger the caption of an article. The

confidence men and had frequently worked on cases which the victims brought to us. And I knew that the slickest con men in the country had a few old reliable plans which they worked year after year, modifying the form a little from time to time to meet changing conditions. The gold brick game, the Spanish prisoner fraud, the lost pocketbook trick, and the search for heirs to large estates, were all tried and true methods used by the crooks to separate boobs from their money. And this certainly looked to me like the old heir-to-a-large-estate game, improved and brought up to date.

I explained all this to young Grossmeyer, and acknowledged that I was somewhat at a loss to determine whether or not the case in hand was on the level or not. The newspaper article rather tended to convince me that everything was on the up-and-up—although I knew that money could buy even that.

Of a sudden I saw daylight!

"This fellow Peyton is a crook," I declared emphatically. "This newspaper article was inserted for the sole purpose of making things look regular. His disappearance doesn't look right, either."

"But he actually brought suit," protested my client.

"We'll see," I answered, turning to the phone at my side.

I called up Marty Burns, the clerk of the court, a personal friend during the many years I was on the force, and asked if the notice in the paper was correct.

"Yep! Some poor saps think they're going to own the Bowery and Broadway within a few weeks. They've instituted proceedings against the holders of about half the real estate in the city, I think," he explained with a laugh.

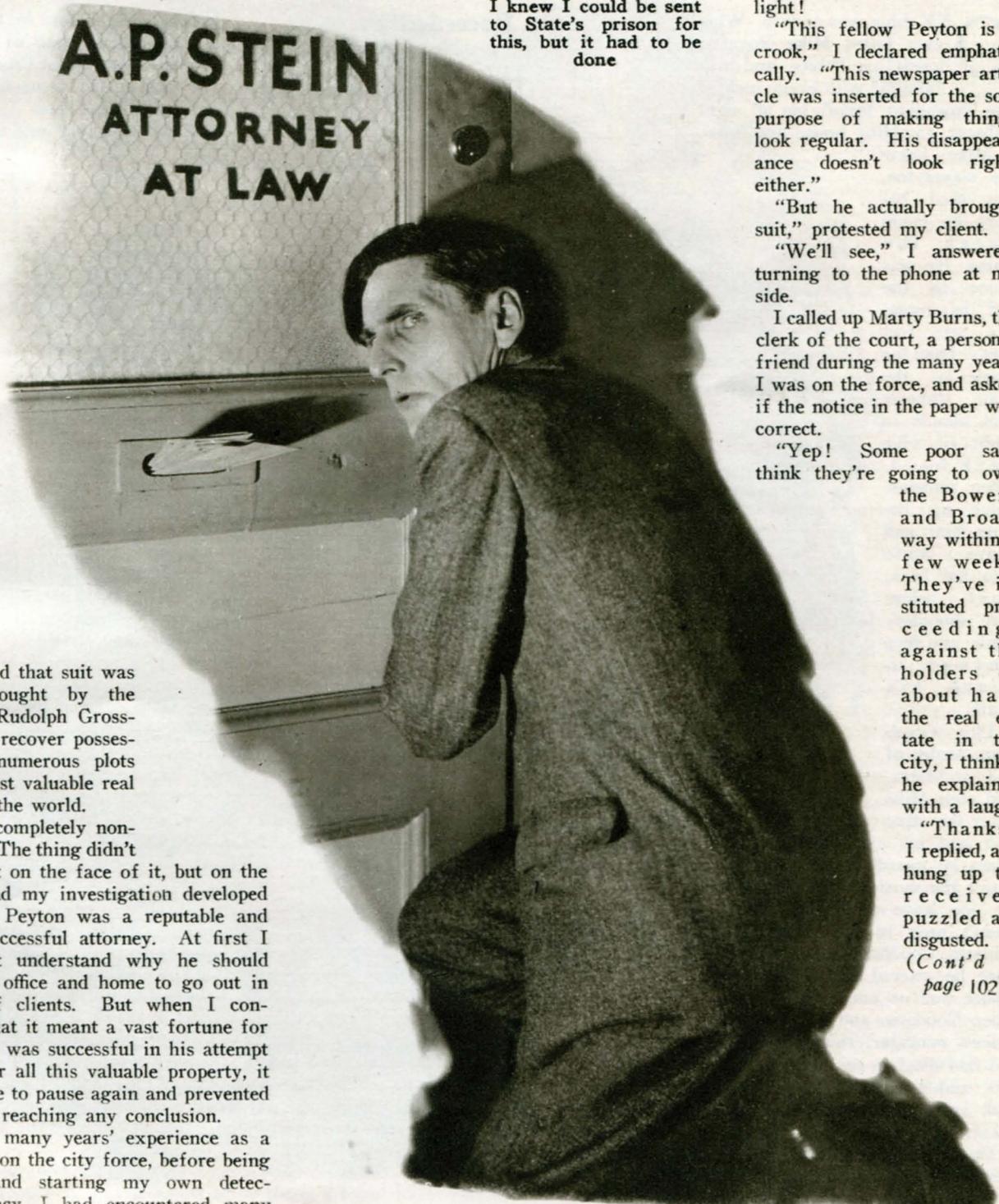
"Thanks," I replied, and hung up the receiver, puzzled and disgusted.

(Cont'd on page 102)

article said that suit was being brought by the heirs of Rudolph Grossmeyer to recover possession of numerous plots of the most valuable real estate in the world.

I was completely non-plussed. The thing didn't look right on the face of it, but on the other hand my investigation developed that Mr. Peyton was a reputable and highly successful attorney. At first I could not understand why he should leave his office and home to go out in search of clients. But when I considered that it meant a vast fortune for him if he was successful in his attempt to recover all this valuable property, it caused me to pause again and prevented me from reaching any conclusion.

In my many years' experience as a detective on the city force, before being retired and starting my own detective agency, I had encountered many



"I Killed *Mike Rogavoy!*"

At the height of his jazz revelry, Mike Rogavoy's death cry rang out. His murderer left no clue. For days the police worked feverishly—until there came that startling statement of guilt. Who did kill the Twelfth Ward political boss?

ONE thing was certain. Whoever killed Mike Rogavoy knew his habits, and was familiar with every inch of the Trocadero, Mike's big all night cabaret, gambling house and hotel.

Mike knew his slayer, too, but died before he could speak the name. He was alone in the old bar-room, not ten feet away from the stage of the main cabaret and almost in sight of the jazz band, when someone came up behind him and drove a knife into his back, just below the shoulder-blade and deep enough to reach his heart.

Like Goodman, leader of the orchestra, had seen Mike enter the office and had his eye on the door when he heard Mike's scream, above the music. He had seen no one leave or enter. Mike hadn't been in the room five minutes, Goodman was sure, before he uttered his death cry. There was no one in the room when Goodman and Vic Burke, Mike's manager, rushed into it.

I had lived in the old Twelfth Ward all my life, and I knew Mike and admired his big bulk and his ruthless power ever since I was a kid. It was Mike who got me on the force. It was Mike who pulled the wires that put me into the detective division. It was Mike who arranged my promotion to Captain, and only

As Recorded by
L. W. FEHR

a few weeks before he fell, he got me my job as Chief of Detectives of the Great Lakes City Police.

I was on the scene fifteen minutes after the crime.

There was only one explanation



open to me: The murderer was someone who had been in Mike's confidence. He had entered the rear room, unseen by any of the employees or patrons of the cabaret, through the masked door which Mike used to reach his apartment on the floor above. This door opened from the stairway by a plain knob, but was swung open from the bar-room side by turning what looked like an electric light switch a foot away.

The Great Lakes City newspapers devoted columns to the crime next morning. The unanimous newspaper opinion was that Mike had been slain in an underworld vendetta. Some of them leaned to the theory that his death was due to a gamblers' war, and others insisted that he had been killed by a rival bootlegger.

While the head-lines demanded an immediate arrest, I instituted a hunt for the murder knife. I ransacked the apartment which Rogavoy had occupied above the death chamber, and there I found a long carving knife with a white stag horn handle. I found it in the second drawer of a bureau. A laboratory analysis revealed that it was stained with human blood. There were no finger-prints on the handle. The murderer had worn gloves.

I GOT into plain clothes and went down to the water front. I sat in the back room of Duffey's place all next day to get a line on what the fellows who brought in the booze from Canada had to say about the killing. If it had been a bootleg affair, some inkling of what was behind it was sure to be spilled in Duffey's. All the time I had been on the force I had never let myself be photographed out of uniform, so I felt reasonably safe. Many a good tip I had picked up in Duffey's where I had created the impression that I was a purser on one of the passenger liners on the Lakes. I sat drinking cautiously till nearly three o'clock in the morning before I heard something which made my ears take on a microphone sharpness.

"The cops are crazy," an unshaved longshoreman was saying. "That Rogavoy killing wasn't any bootlegger's job. Remember the hump-shouldered fellow who was in here the day before the murder, the one who said he'd just finished a stretch at the State Prison in Nanuack? I saw him shake his fist at Mike's picture on the wall over there, and when I asked him why, he muttered something about Mike's being responsible for his doing a ten-year bit. He was gonna make Mike pay for it."

I ordered another beer and then left the place. In half an hour I was back in my office. I put in a long distance call to Nanuack. I got the Warden and asked:

"What Great Lakes prisoners did you turn out Wednesday?"

He gave me three names.

"Which one of them was a hump-back?"

"Chuck Maneuvel."

"How long was he in for?"

"Fifteen years. But he got five off for good behavior."

Chuck Maneuvel was the man I had to look for. I rang the buzzer. The Sergeant came in.

"Get me Chuck Maneuvel's pictures and records out of the Rogues' Gallery."

IT wasn't the complete story. But it looked promising.

I grew more convinced that here was Mike's murderer when I read that he had killed a ballot clerk, with a knife, on Election Day, in a quarrel at a polling place. He had been tried for murder and convicted of manslaughter and

sentenced to from fifteen years to life by Judge Duross, one of the reform judges who slipped in the year the Democrats were split over free silver.

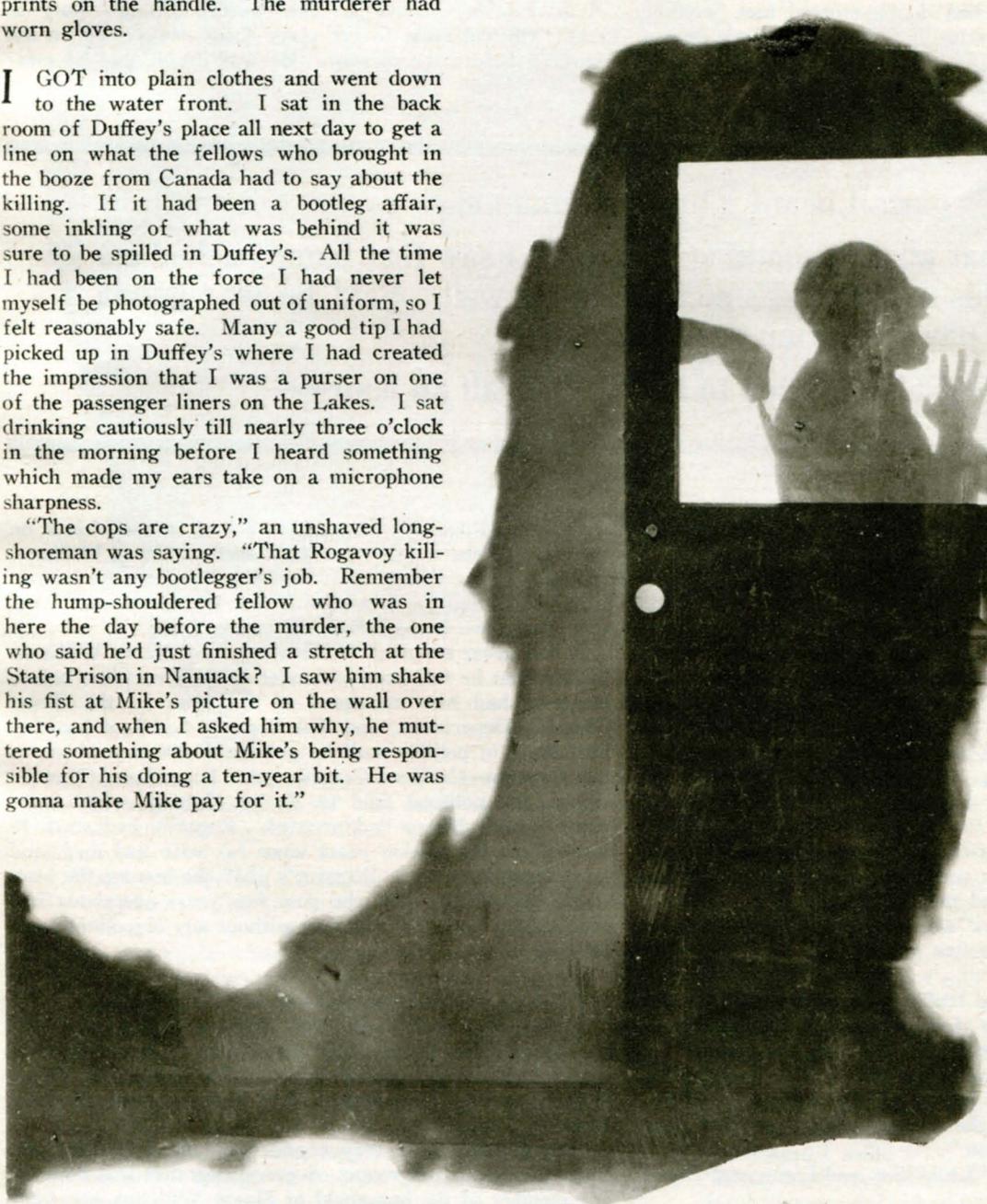
All of my good detectives were out. But I called in my second line men, showed them Chuck's pictures and Bertillon description, and promised:

"The man that brings him in gets a citation and fifty points on his record. And if it's before six o'clock this morning, I'll make him a temporary first-grade detective and give him two weeks' leave with pay. Go to it!"

I GOT the Twelfth Ward Citizens' Association on the telephone. Jim Magoffin, who had been steward there for twenty years, came to the telephone. I told him:

"Hop in a taxi and come over to Headquarters."

"Won't to-mor-



Ike Goodman, orchestra leader in the Trocadero, had his eye on the door of Mike's office when he heard the death scream ring out above the music

row do?" Jim pleaded. "We've got a big party here to-night."

"If you're not here in twenty minutes I'll have a pair of plain-clothes men bring you," I told him.

I rang the buzzer and instructed the Sergeant:

"Have a couple of men bring in James Magoffin from the Twelfth Ward Club. Pronto!"

But Jim came in without it. I wasted no time with him: "What did Chuck Maneuvel have against Mike?"

Jim jumped: "Is Chuck out?"

"Out Wednesday."

"The day before the murder!" Jim exclaimed.

"The day before the murder. Now answer my question."

"**I**T was like this," Jim explained. "Chuck was an ignorant guy, but reliable. He'd do anything on Election Day that was needed. He thought Mike was able to do anything. He got into that jam Election Day, and when things got too much for him for he knifed that reform ballot clerk and the fellow died. Chuck thought Mike could get him out of it. But the trial came on before Judge Duross, and Mike didn't have any strings on him. It was lucky he didn't get the gallows, but Chuck couldn't see it. He thought Almighty Mike had double-crossed him, and he went off to Nanuack swearing he'd kill Mike when he got out. He's a cunning devil, for all his ignorance."

Sergeant woke me from the nap I was stealing on my couch.

Chuck was trembling. Wilson had found him in a sailors' lodging house. I sized him up as a drug addict. He told me he had been able to get the drug all the time he was in Nanuack. I sent the Sergeant to get him a shot.

"Now, Chuck," I said, "as long as you're nice, you'll get your snow. But if you act up, it'll go hard with you. Where were you Thursday night?"

Chuck told me he went into Madame Frances' rooming house on Grove Street Wednesday at midnight and stayed there all day and all evening Thursday until nearly midnight.

"Lock him up in a solitary in the basement," I commanded. "Don't let him talk to anybody."

"Shall we book him on the blotter?"

"No. I don't want anybody to know we've got him. If the papers find out he's here, I'll shake up the whole force in the building, and some of you fellows will be patrolling Dempseyville inside of a week. Get this Madame Frances in here."

THE woman came without protest. In fact, she hurried to obey my summons. She verified Chuck's story in part. He had come to her place about one o'clock on the morning before the murder. He was drunk, and he mut-

"**I**N Duffey's place I heard a longshoreman say:

"That wasn't a bootlegger's job. I saw that hump-backed ex-con shake his fist at Mike's picture on the wall. Said he was gonna make Mike pay for his ten-year bit in stir."

"That was all I needed to know. In half an hour——"

"Did he know about the secret door and the back stairs, at the Trocadero?" I asked.

Jim thought hard.

"To be sure he did," he said. "It was down those very stairs that I brought him from the Club to Mike at four o'clock Election Morning to get his secret instructions."

Lieutenant Flynn, my good man Friday, came in as Jim went out. Flynn said: "Listen to this, Chief. I've just talked with the Singleton Warehouse people, and they tell me that 'Big Joe' Higgins and Mike have been on the outs for the past three weeks. Before that they did a lot of business together. About a month ago Joe found that the barrels in his section of the warehouse had been pumped free of Scotch and filled with water. He found that a hole had been cut in the brick wall between his section of the warehouse and Mike's, and then walled up again. Nearly a hundred thousand dollars' worth of liquor found its way from his section to Mike's that way."

"**A**NOTHER thing. The traffic policeman at Balboa and Concord Streets saw Joe's big gray limousine pass the corner at eleven thirty-five the night of the crime. He remembered the time because he had just looked at the clock to record a woman falling off the steps of a High-point Avenue trolley on the corner. That puts Joe near enough to have done the job."

"Bring in Joe Higgins," I told him, and Lieutenant Flynn left to spread the net.

George Wilson, one of my rookie detectives, brought in Chuck Maneuvel at half-past five that morning. The

tered Mike Rogavoy's name. He got up at ten o'clock on the night of the murder and telephoned to Harry Williams, secretary of the Common Carriers Commission. As soon as Harry answered the telephone Chuck left the house. That was nearly two hours before the murder!

It had never occurred to me to question Harry Williams. I knew that he had been bartender in the Trocadero before Rogavoy had him appointed an Inspector in the Street Cleaning Department, and that Rogavoy had kept boosting him along in politics until he got the \$6,000 a year job in the Common Carriers Commission. I attributed Harry's rise in the political field to Evelyn Garnett, whose twin sister Estelle Harry had married. Rogavoy had stuck to Evelyn for the twelve years since his wife had died, and from being known as "Rogavoy's girl" she became the head of his household. For the past few years everybody had been calling her Mrs. Rogavoy without any objections from Mike.

MY first impulse was to send for Williams, but then I decided that if there was anything mysterious about his having failed to notify me that Maneuvel had telephoned him, I had best not question him blindly. I sent for Flynn. Without telling him what I had learned from Madame Frances, I said:

"I'm giving you a very confidential and important job. I want to get a full report of everything that was done by any member of the household of Harry Williams, secretary of the Common Carriers Commission, last Thursday. The sooner I get the information the better."

In due time Flynn reported two interesting things. One was that Mrs. Williams had taken little Mike, the twelve-year-old boy who was Mike Rogavoy's namesake, to Doctor Wardmann, one of the greatest specialists in the city, the morning of the murder. She had come back much depressed. Flynn also had learned that Dan Williams, brother of Harry Williams, had arrived the same day from out of town and had stopped with his brother.

I remembered vaguely that there had been some scandal about Dan Williams ten or fifteen years ago, and that he

"I didn't," he protested. "Anyway, there's one that had more reason to kill him than I did."

"Tell me what you know! Quick now!"

LISTEN, Chief," Chuck pleaded. "Dan Williams had more reason than me. Mike took ten thousand from him for that judgeship nomination, and then he double-crossed him."

"How do you know he double-crossed him?" I inquired.

"Well, he gave me the orders to switch the vote to Tom Gifford, and I stole more than enough in the Fifteenth Precinct to do the trick myself. I guessed what the deal was. It was to let Cawcroft win for Congress. That's why Mike and Cawcroft's brother-in-law got in the bondin' game together."

"And how do you know that Dan Williams knew it went on."

"I told him myself!" said Chuck.

"When?"

"Thursday night," replied Chuck.



"Whose knife is this? Quick now!"

had had to leave town. I telephoned over to the office of the *Evening Commercial*, the only paper in town that was friendly to the Mayor; I talked to Hal Sears, the City Editor.

"Hal," I whispered, "I'd like to borrow your clippings on Dan Williams. Can you send a boy over to Headquarters with them?"

In a few minutes the clippings arrived. I scanned them. They told the story of Dan's graduation from the Eau Claire Law School, of his appointment as a member of the Board of Education, and of his defeat for Judge of the Lower Criminal Court, by fifteen votes. They also told of his fleeing to Mexico, after a shortage was discovered in his funds as trustee of the Moffat Estate. I recalled that Mrs. Moffat had died last month.

I rang the buzzer. The Sergeant came.

"Get these clippings back to the *Commercial* right away," I directed. "Bring in the fellows in the ante-room and fetch Maneuvel from the basement."

"Now, Chuck," I said, "why did you kill Mike Rogavoy?"

"And was that the reason you telephoned Harry Williams on Thursday night?" I asked.

CHUCK hesitated; then: "I wanted to tell him that his wife Estelle was Rogavoy's girl while the old lady was alive and before he took up with her sister, Evelyn!" declared Chuck.

"And did you tell him?"

"I did, the same time I told Dan."

"And where was that?"

"On the street in front of Harry's house."

"Take him back to his cell," I said. I got busy. To Flynn I said:

"Bring in the people you talked to in the apartment where Williams lives."

To Wilson I said:

"Bring in Evelyn Garnett!"

Miss Garnett was brought in first. I was blunt with her.

"You killed Mike Rogavoy!"

She cried:

(Continued on page 91)

The UNKNOWN Girl

A gullible youth should never try to locate a print, a glove, shreds of tweed—and

DETECTIVE? Certainly! Given a chance, I'd make good nine times out of ten when the regular, professional sleuths fell down—or so I felt until that night

last February. My train got me into Cleveland about eleven o'clock that Sunday night. As a taxi sped me through the streets toward home—home!—I tried to increase its speed by leaning forward on the seat, though all I did was to lessen my impatience to see Dad and Miriam by the merest trifle. I'd been given four days' leave from classes, you see, due to the sudden death of a prof in the university where I was rounding out my junior year; I hadn't told Dad or Sis I was coming. That was to be a surprise all my own.

We reached Shaker Village at last. Why such a name should be given to Cleveland's more or less exclusive residential section, I never could find out. As the taxi rounded a corner and turned into Coventry Road, there was the house, not two blocks away. After twelve hours on trains, and five months' absence, it sure did look grand to me. A warm glow came over me—but circumstances destined it to be short-lived.

If I had not been engrossed with my own emotions, I should have thought it strange when we passed a man who stood on our street corner. The intent way he was watching the house and grounds should not have escaped me. I remembered only when I checked back in my thoughts, in the light of subsequent events. And the way he was dressed should have made some impression on me. He wore a tweed golf suit with grey woolen hose and a black and white checked cap. That was no attire for a lounging to wear after eleven-thirty at night.

The taxi pulled up in front of the house, and, bag in hand, I dismissed it and started to go in. It did strike me as strange that the house should be completely dark. Not a light showed, except for the barest crevice where the blind in the reception-room down-stairs did not quite hide the illumination from the room within.

I swung open the big iron gate—it's one of those high, arched grille affairs—and took two or three steps on my way along the fifty-foot walk to the house. Suddenly, on my right, I heard a rustle, a quick start, in a clump of barberry that terminates the front hedge right down there by the front gate. I say I heard the movement, but it meant nothing to me. Here was home—and good old Dad—and Miriam. I had time for little or nothing else.

ON into the house I went. The reception-room, really a small sitting-room, was brightly lighted. But I heard no voices. Perhaps Dad and Miriam were reading. I dropped my bag, slung my coat and hat toward the rack, and burst into the lighted room.

Two steps inside I stopped dead still. The room's only occupant was a slender, dark-haired girl. I had never seen her before.

For a moment I lost my wits. The girl was pretty, and not more than twenty-five. She wore a tailored suit and plain, snug-fitting hat—all in good taste. As she sat there by the fireplace, one glove on, a magazine she had been

By RAYMOND STONE

Amateur Detective

reading lowered while she looked me over, I was fussed. But then, I was only twenty-one, fresh from the exacting grind of a man's university—and the girl was attractive.

"I—I thought you were Dad or Miriam. I—why—excuse my haste in bursting in on you like this, but—" and I stopped, while I felt the color mount to my cheeks and a lump rise to choke me.

The girl laughed, a rippling, metallic laugh that was pleasing to hear right then.

"You certainly are impulsive," she said, in the same pleasing, metallic tone of voice. "But since I'm not your dad or Miriam, we'd better know each other. I'm Eleanor Kent. And you?"

"I'm Raymond Stone, Miriam's—"

"Brother. Of course. She's spoken of you many times. You're probably wondering what I'm doing here at this hour of the night. Well, I'm here for the same reason you are—to see Miriam."

"Isn't she home? Does she know you're here?" I started to ring for one of the servants.

"DON'T bother, please. They told me Miriam is out, and expected back at any moment. That must have been an hour ago. Surely she will be in any moment now." She looked up at the clock on the mantel. "Good heavens! It's almost twelve o'clock. I had no idea— You can help me, Mr. Stone. I came to see Miriam with a special message from the father of—one of her children."

"What?"

Again that rippling laugh. "Oh, I had no idea how that would sound until it was spoken. I mean one of her charges—her settlement work, you know."

"Of course. Miriam is almost a slave to her children, as she calls those kids she looks after down-town. But what—"

"Little Mary Polasky, down on Third Avenue, is dying. Mary is a particular favorite of Miriam. Her father telephoned me this evening that Mary had been run over by a careless motorist—and probably won't live through the night. He said he tried to get the house here, but failed. That's why he called me. I knew how fond Miriam is of the child, so I thought I'd come over and tell her myself. But now you're here, and I needn't wait."

While she talked, Miss Kent laid aside her magazine and rose. Now she stood, hand-bag over one arm—it was unusually large of its kind, I thought—putting on her other glove. A peach of a girl, I decided.

I started to thank her for the interest she had taken, but—

"Not at all," she said, and favored me with the sweetest of smiles. "Good-by, Mr. Stone. I'm hoping you and I shall see a lot of each other."

She didn't hope that one-tenth as much as I. As I showed her out, I wondered vaguely if there was anything, after all, to this love at first sight. Hang it, I didn't know. I hadn't had the experience, but that girl certainly had made me feel that I was somebody in par-

of the *Night*

burglar. Young Raymond Stone found a foot-wished he had called in the police.

the hat-rack. But then, Sis was away. That meant that Dad might be, too. Even chances he'd go with her, wherever she went. Anyway, I'd find out.

I hadn't time. Before I could leave the door and start



*"I'm hoping
you and I shall
see a lot of each
other"*

ticular, and that she'd be a sympathetic soul for me to know. Home! I was so happy to be there, I could have hugged

up the stairway, I heard a脚步 above. It was Dad.

I covered those stairs in one leap, it seemed to me. And what I didn't do to the old Bear, never appeared in any "Guide to Football" I'd ever read. And he was just as glad to see me.

"I heard a noise down-stairs," he said, when he had caught his breath. "I slipped on this bathrobe and came down. I'm a bit worried, with all that money in the house——"

"Money, Dad? What money?"

"Oh, a sale I made yesterday. I disposed of the Mulberry Estate, on the East Side. The deed was passed over for cash—and after banking hours. Twelve o'clock is closing time on Saturday, you know. But why worry you about it? Come, let's have a look."

TOGETHER we went down to Dad's office, just behind the reception-room. The lights in the office were on; they're on the same switch that lights the reception-room. Dad often has clients for his real estate deals come in at night, and the dual switch is a convenience.

"Dad, you're foolish to worry. Who would know that you had the money here in the

house? Besides the man who gave it to you, I mean?"

"Why, nobody, except his broker."

"What's all the fuss, then?"

"That money—it's seventy thousand dollars, my boy—means a lot more to me than so many dollars. It is the difference between ruin—absolute ruin—and ease for the rest of my days. Also your happiness and Miriam's. I—well, I don't mind telling you, now that it is over, but if I hadn't sold that Mulberry Estate yesterday, the chances are you'd have no home to come to in another week, my boy. I'm mortgaged to the hilt, and everything I own is—or has been—in pawn, just

while I gambled on the sale of the Mulberry Estate. Why, the interest on the mortgage for this house is due to-morrow at noon. I pay—or there'll be a foreclosure. This place is worth money. I know."

"Dad! I didn't know that. But come, let's make sure."

We had reached the office. Quickly, and with pounding heart, for Dad's confidence about his business



"Come out, whoever you are!" I was ready to do battle

affairs had set me on edge, we crossed to his wall safe, on the far side of the room. The safe door was closed, but—

"What's that? The paneling is open! Quick! Is the safe locked?"

"Yes, Dad. Calm yourself. Everything is all right."

Dad went to work on the combination, threw the door open; then, in answer to my last assurance, he shot at me:

"Not by a damned sight! We've been robbed of every cent!"

If Dad had been struck a physical blow, he couldn't have collapsed more completely. On shaking legs he staggered over to a chair. Head in hands, he crumpled into a spineless heap.

"No! It can't be true!" I tore open the safe door, jammed my hand inside, and felt—bare shelves and empty air.

"My money gone—my boy's career up in smoke—my girl on the streets!" It was more a moan than a statement in words.

"Dad! Pull yourself together. Come. We've got a fight on our hands. You're not crowded to the wall yet—not while I've got two hands to fight for you. Brace up, Dad!"

I shook him, I pleaded with him, I implored him to stop,

I asked Flo where Miriam had gone.

"To Cincinnati, Mr. Raymond. Miss Miriam went this morning early, to be gone a week, so she said."

A week? Then why did Miss Kent think she would be back any minute?

"Did any of you see a lady who called here to-night?" I asked.

NELLIE spoke up. "I did, sir. A friend of Miss Miriam's, she was. I didn't know Miss Miriam had gone away, sir. Thinking she'd be back any minute, I asked the lady to wait. I showed her into the reception-room, sir. That was about the quarter hour after ten, sir."

"What then? Did she wait?"

"I went up to my room, leaving her here, sir."

Miss Kent's story checked. I got Flo to help, and together we led and carried Dad back to his room and to bed. He seemed like a child, completely beaten and half out of his mind.

I sent the others to bed and went back down-stairs, to see what was to be done.

The only knowledge I had of detective work was what I had read in popular magazines. But that was enough. I knew that the first thing to be done in a case like this

"I HAD put the rubber glove and the tweed cloth into my pocket to show Miss Kent. She was keenly interested . . . Abruptly I ceased talking, rose half out of my chair. Coming into the restaurant was the mysterious man in the tweed suit!"

Who was the unknown man? Why should a thief dog the footsteps of his victim?

but the moaning monotone went on. Plainly I saw if anything was to be done, it was up to me.

"Dad!" I said. "The safe was locked when you got to it, wasn't it?"

"My money gone—" the monotone moaned on.

It was, I told myself. Then someone who knew the combination took the money. Who?

MY mind flew to Miss Kent. She was here when I got here. If she and Miriam were close friends, then she had had ample opportunity to pick up the combination, given freedom of the house. But I knew the Kents. They were among the socially élite in Cleveland's best circles. They had a mansion twice the size of ours, over on St. Clair Avenue. I couldn't call them up and say: "Eleanor stole my father's money. I'll have her arrested unless she comes back with it at once!" How absurd! Whatever I did, I mustn't fly off half-cocked like that.

But the girl was the last one here. Was she an impostor? She knew me. She knew Sis. She knew Sis's charges, or one of her pets.

The servants—I rang for them at once. Mary, the cook, had been with us since I was knee-high to a grasshopper. Nellie and Flo, the two maids, had been with us since Mother died, six years ago. I might as well throw suspicion on the Dean of my university as on these three. Then who? New servants—

In five minutes an excited trio had appeared down-stairs. Quickly I learned that no new help had been added during my absence since the fall. They were greatly shocked, chiefly at Dad's collapse.

was to notify the police. On impulse I decided to do just that.

I went for the telephone in the office, and with the receiver in my hand, I hesitated. No, that wouldn't do. Suppose this thing got into the papers, and someone who could hurt Dad used the knowledge of his financial embarrassment against him. Popular opinion of him was the same as mine had been before to-night—that he was financially sound, with a fortune behind him well into six figures. No, pride and caution kept me silent.

It was up to me to find out where that money had gone, and to get it back myself. Then I remembered what Dad had told me about the mortgage coming due on the house, our home, by noon to-morrow. In that case there was not a minute to be lost.

The safe had been opened by someone who knew the combination. And by someone who knew the money was in the house. The people in the house could not be guilty. Then who?

I HAD seen a strange man on the street corner. And I had heard a suspicious movement in the hedge. All right. That was the place to start. But as I rummaged around in my bag to get the flashlight I always carry traveling on trains, it struck me I was going outside to scrape the polish off the moon, or something equally sane.

Out I went, though; and my heart jumped a beat at what I found in those barberry bushes. A man's shoe was firmly outlined in the soft earth, as firmly as if he had tried to leave a footprint by deliberate design. It was a print that could be identified, too, for the (Continued on page 80)

The

Great WALL STREET



*Any first-class
like Adele Walsh.
she know about*

of the street, tall and stately, stood like a sentry on guard. However, I had no time for idle reflection. My business was pressing and important, being a special appointment with no less a personage than the president himself.

A husky, uniformed guard, courteous though condescending, led me to the sacred enclosure where he turned me over to a smilingly polite, dapper individual who in turn conducted me through a maze of shining metal rails and flat-topped mahogany desks into the august presence, and left.

"Sit down, Mr. Heyward." Mr. Morton, the president, indicated a chair close to him. I sat on its edge.

"Your Chief," he said, "has done confidential work for us before. He recommends you highly. Doubtless you have read in the papers of the nasty scandal in which our recent president became involved?"

Of course I had. Who hadn't? And nasty was the only adjective which would adequately describe it.

"Well," continued Mr. Morton, "we desire no more such scandal. Although our bank is solid and impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar, still such things are bound to undermine the confidence of the public. That is against our policy. Therefore you are required to observe the strictest secrecy in all you do for us. Is that understood?"

"When detailed on an assignment, Mr. Morton, I am pledged to secrecy."

"Three hundred thousand dollars in negotiable securities

A FEELING of awe swept over me. Involuntarily I paused before entering the portals of that mammoth white stone structure on Wall Street which housed one of the greatest, if not the greatest, banking institutions in the world. All about me swirled human eddies, money-mad all, while the spire of Trinity Church at the end

Bond Theft

*thief would have known better than to trust a woman
She knew where the stolen bonds were—but what did
the charred skeleton in that fire-wrecked house?*

have been missed from this bank. Four men handled them. Three of these men are above suspicion, well-to-do, happily married, and lead conservative lives. The fourth, Robert Weldon, so our investigator reported, has been running wild the last year, but of course, under cover. He mixes with a fast Broadway crowd, takes fliers in the 'street,' and plays the races. Also, he spends a great deal on a certain Broadway actress. This conduct, in itself, is enough to cause his discharge, but we must first secure, if possible, the missing securities. As yet he hasn't had time enough to dispose of them."

"Is he aware that he is being watched?" I asked.

"Not to my knowledge. Our investigator is clever and was warned to be careful. To-night there is to be a banquet of our employees which he will attend. You can pick him up there."

"Suppose I get the goods on him, shall I arrest him?"

"Not publicly. If he is guilty he will be as desirous as we are to have the affair hushed, coming as he does from a good family. Here are my club and home phones," he said, giving me a cardboard slip. "Call me immediately should you prove him the culprit, and I'll arrange for a private interview."

MR. MORTON then opened a drawer and passed me an envelope of papers. "This," he said, "is our investigator's report. It can be relied upon. The bank will defray all legitimate expense, so let nothing stand in your way to accomplish your object. You have *carte blanche*." He handed me a check made out to "cash." "Cash this at the third window on your left going out. Weldon is in the cage, the man with the mustache," he said, then abruptly turned from me and busied himself with some papers.

While cashing the check I took a good look at Robert Weldon. He appeared about forty, tall and fairly handsome, with a somewhat weak mouth topped by a closely trimmed black mustache. A keen observer could detect slight inroads of dissipation around the corners of his eyes and mouth. To me there seemed to be a worried air about him, though barely perceptible.

I pocketed the money—a substantial retainer—and was soon on the subway speeding to my apartment where I could study at leisure the report of the bank's investigator. It proved to be full and comprehensive, the work of a real craftsman. Robert Weldon, according to the papers before me, certainly had led a fast and furious pace for a year. His physique must have been of the best to indulge in such dissipations and at the same time hold down his job in the bank.

By Detective ALEXANDER HEYWARD
as related to ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

With satisfaction I learned that one "Al" Fuller, a crook and confidence man, was very

close to him. This would secure me an entrée to Weldon because Fuller was under heavy obligation to me. I once had saved him from a stretch in jail, presumably by a "drag" I was supposed to have with the district attorney's office. Fuller was unaware of my true occupation, believing me to be a crooked gambler and race-horse man.

I CALLED him on the phone, and an hour later he sat in my apartment, a grin on his face.

"How they breaking, Alex?" He winked wisely, sensing that this unexpected call of mine would be to our mutual advantage. "Got something hot for the opening day at Miami?"

I winked back, but remained silent. He had unwittingly supplied me with a good lead. Robert Weldon's sweetheart, one Adele Walsh, a handsome, dark-eyed girl from the chorus of a Broadway musical comedy, had left for Miami several days before I had been retained by Mr. Morton, according to the investigator's report. It wouldn't be a bad idea, I concluded, to make her acquaintance. My experience with most crooks was to find the woman, and eventually she would lead to the plunder. I nodded to Fuller.

"How did you guess it was Miami?" I asked.

"Leave it to me," and he smiled. "A new track opening means that Alex Heyward has something up his sleeve."

"Not bad deduction, Al. I've got a couple of good things cooked up down there, regular killings—but I need big dough to pull them. When can you leave for Miami with me?"

He pursed his lips in deep thought, then shook his head.

"Can't, Alex. I'm sorry, but there's a big lay of my own here in New York. Can't leave now, it's soft money and big."

"You ought to stretch a point for me, Al, after what I did for you."

"Sure, I would in a minute, Alex, but this guy's a high-brow, loaded with dough, a paying-teller in a big Wall Street bank."

"Dangerous stuff, Al," I cautioned.

"Sure it's risky, but you've got to take some chance with three hundred grand in the pot."

"Three hundred grand?" I repeated in feigned surprise. "Didn't know there was that much in the world. Who's the rich bird, do I know him?"

Fuller hesitated for a moment, then answered:

"I don't think so, but you might. He's a guy named Robert Weldon. Been paying the light bills of Broadway for nearly a year now. He's a cinch."

"Robert Weldon, sure I've heard of him—Adele Walsh's friend, isn't he? Is Adele in with you?"

"She was!" Fuller scowled and his eyes narrowed. "The damned little double-crosser! I introduced Weldon to her and now she's getting greedy and gives me the frosty eye. I think she's trying to get hold of that three hundred grand."

"Where is the money now? Has Weldon still got it?"
"I don't know whether he's turned it over to her or not."

"**L**OOK here, Al," I said, bending close to him, "why not let me in on the deal? Two heads are better than one. Once that girl lands the dough you can figure how much your share'll be. This guy Weldon comes from highbrow folks and isn't looking for a stretch in stir. Right now I bet he's worried over stealing from the bank, and is looking for some way to make enough money to square his debts and return what he's taken. They all have that dream at first. Give me a shakedown to him and together we'll frame him. You know my line, it's good. In an hour I'll convince him he can earn half a million at Miami. He'll fall for it like a kid stretching for candy. This way we can cut into his roll before Adele gets it. Think it over."

"How'll we go about it?" Fuller asked at length, and I knew I had won him over.

"Arrange an introduction for me and we'll gradually drift

"Well," he continued dryly, a touch of sarcasm in his voice for my apparent negligence in not keeping abreast of the times, "Robert Weldon's house caught fire at about one o'clock this morning and he was burned to death. His body was found among the ruins, a charred stump, nothing but the torso and left arm remaining."

Indeed this was startling news to me, in more ways than one. Fuller had said he was going home with Weldon. Had he robbed and killed Weldon, and to cover his crime set fire to the place? Black suspicion, to be true, but I was familiar enough with Fuller's character to know that if the stake were large enough and the risk not too great, he wouldn't balk at murder.

"Was only the one body found?" I asked.

"That's all," returned Mr. Morton.

"Is it your theory that the bonds were burned with him?"

"I have no theory in the matter."

"But it hasn't been definitely proved that the body found was that of Weldon, has it?" I continued.

"**A**RING which he always wore, was found on the dead hand. In my mind there is no question of his identity."

"Your investigator's report states that Weldon carried life insurance to the amount of thirty thousand dollars. The company won't pay the policy unless it is certain that the

I WAS satisfied that Fuller was not in the room. The Walsh girl followed me wherever I went, a sneer on her face.

"What are you looking for, smarty?" she asked.

"Well, seeing that Fuller isn't here, I'll have to hold you for the murder of Robert Weldon," I told her."

around to racing in our talk. The rest is easy. Of course, you must first do a little press-agenting."

"When'll I get busy?"

"Right away. To-night, if possible."

"He told me he was attending some highbrow banquet at a hotel to-night, an annual affair of the bank."

"Where does he live?"

"Just this side of Yonkers, in a frame house left to him by one of his aunts. Claims he's cutting down expenses, but I think it's to kid the bank people into the idea that he's leading the simple life."

"Got any servants?"

"No, a woman comes in to cook his breakfast and cleans up. He only sleeps there nights. I'll hang around the hotel and grab him. It's ten to one he'll drive me home with him."

"Does he own a car?"

"Sure, and he keeps it in a garage behind the house. I'll see what I can do to arrange a meeting for you to-morrow."

"Fine, then I'll wait here until you call me in the morning."

IHAD just finished a late breakfast the next day when the telephone rang. The agency was on the wire and instructed me to report immediately to Mr. Morton at the bank. This interfered with my plans but I realized it must be important, so I hurried down-town, feeling sure that Fuller would persist until he got in touch with me. Mr. Morton's face was grave.

"I suppose you are already aware of what happened last night?" he said.

My interest quickened, but I had to confess that I had heard nothing unusual.

man found in the ruins, and Weldon, are one and the same. I'll get in touch with them. It is quite possible, too, that the bonds were not burned. It seems unlikely to me that Weldon would keep them in his house where they could be readily found if searched for. I presume that you wish me to carry on with the case until something definite materializes?"

"Of course, of course!"

The first thing to be done was to locate Fuller and learn from him what had happened.

I felt there was a strong probability that upon the failure of Weldon to hand over the securities to Fuller, thinking that Weldon was holding out on him, the crook in a fit of temper had killed the paying-teller. And after killing Weldon, if a search of the house failed to reveal the bonds, he would suspect Adele Walsh of having them. This naturally would take him to Miami where she had gone. I determined that if my combing of Fuller's haunts failed to produce him, I would leave for Miami and work from that end. It was the only course left open to me.

All that day and well into the following morning I conducted a still hunt for Fuller, but without success. He had visited none of his usual haunts and hadn't been seen by any of his cronies. Another twenty-four hours of search brought no better result. The one remaining chance was a trip to Miami and an acquaintanceship with Adele Walsh.

Before I left, though, I went to the insurance company and learned that the identification of Weldon's body had proved entirely satisfactory, and that a sister of Weldon's, the beneficiary, would be paid the full amount of the policy.

Two days later I stood before the desk of a hotel in Miami

and was lucky enough to secure a room and bath, though I'll admit that the price staggered me. All a town needs to send rates skyrocketing is a race-track, and Miami had just opened one.

It didn't take me long to make the acquaintance of a smart-looking bellhop, who stood near, sizing me up in speculation. He sprang for my grip and led me to my room. A five-dollar bill, accompanied by a sly poking in the ribs, brought a grin to his face and this wise remark:

EXCEPT for an almost imperceptible hard glint in her eyes, she was a beauty and I could scarcely blame Robert Weldon for falling under her spell. A middle-aged, gray-haired man danced attendance upon her. I edged in beside her and watched her play. Her face was flushed and her hands trembled as she pushed stack after stack onto the "over"—but steadily she lost. I got my cue and played the "under," carefully making my bets much smaller than hers. My chips piled up as rapidly as hers. (Continued on page 72)

"Run along like a nice granddaddy. Alex will take me back to the hotel!"



"How do you like 'em, boss, blonde, brunette, or red-headed? Got all kinds here!"

I laughed and shook my head.

"I'm hit hard by a tall, dark-eyed girl with a mop of titian hair. Her first name is Adele." I described Adele Walsh to him. "Any chance of finding her around here?"

"Gee, that dame's got all the bimbos around here traveling in one direction, and it ain't away from her either. Her name is Adele Walsh, but she'll cost you a bale of kale. She plays the ponies in the afternoon, and at night bucks the wheel in that gamblin' joint out at Miami Beach. Mooch over there to-night and you'll find herbettin' her shirt, if she hasn't lost it already!"

THAT night, playing the bellhop's tip, I dressed in evening clothes and went out to the gambling salon. It was running full blast, seemingly the only card of admission required being dress clothes and an air of prosperity. It wasn't difficult to locate Adele Walsh. I found her playing hazard.

LOVE LETTERS

By
JAMES HAY, Jr.

*Should a woman unhappy in marriage
Miller didn't. If you had been the
which man would*

THEL MILLER stood waiting in the kitchen door as Lucy Patterson struggled at a half-trot up the hill path. When the older woman reached the door, Ethel's trembling hands drew her inside.

"Have you got 'em?" she demanded in a whisper.

There was terror in her eyes.

"Here," Lucy replied, also in a whisper, and drew out an oblong, flat tin box which she had carried concealed in her dress.

"What do you want with 'em now?" she asked nervously, infected by her sister's agitation.

"I'm going to—"

She stopped, interrupted by Ben Miller's voice from the front porch.

"Come on, Ethel!" he called, brutal anger in his voice. "What's keeping you?"

"In a minute, Ben," she answered him. "Soon as I get my hat on."

She thrust the box into her bosom, explaining to Lucy: "I told you he suspected I got these letters from Ed last week when Ed was in Washington. If you hadn't been keeping 'em for me, he'd have got 'em away from me last night. Oh, you don't know!" The fear flourished in her eyes. "But he's not certain; and I'm going to give 'em back to Ed."

"When? How?"

LUCY PATTERSON was a tall, well built woman and, the opposite of her sister, phlegmatic. She could not understand why a married woman would take such risks, for nothing! But Ethel had always been a baby to her, and she could deny her nothing, not even her assistance in the folly of this letter-writing, with Ed Galbraith addressing the letters to her to be handed secretly to Ethel.

"Right away," Ethel answered her breathlessly. "Ben's making me go to tell Ed good-by!" A sob caught her throat. "Ben's going to Ed's place and send him down to the woods where we've been meeting, by Beaver Creek below Ed's house—to tell



"He's making me tell Ed
good-by"

of Death

turn from the man she loves? Ethel detective investigating her murder, you have accused?



"Come on, Ethel. What's keeping you?"

me good-by. I've got to wait there for Ed. Ben tracked me there yesterday—and saw us. He's doing this now to give him an excuse to quarrel with Ed. He—" "I wouldn't go a step!" Lucy interrupted fiercely.

Forbidden romance was strange stuff to her; on that she had been unqualified to advise her sister. But a bullying husband was another matter; she wouldn't have stood it

an instant. Sheriff's wife as she was, she did the dictating.

"Yes; you would!" Ethel answered her, lips quivering. "You know how Ben does me."

He called again, this time with an oath:

"Come on, I tell you!"

"In a minute, Ben!" she answered, and Lucy heard the cowed submissiveness in her tone.

She put a hand on Lucy Patterson's arm.

"Remember," she said, a little wildly, "if Ben hurts Ed, I want you to be able to say I told you, before ever he started out, Ben was the one making the trouble. I'm not going to let him put the blame on Ed. That's why I'm taking these letters to Ed. Nobody's going to see them but Ed. They're his!"

"Tear 'em up. Give 'em back to me to burn up," Lucy advised.

"I CAN'T! I can't!" Ethel said. "I'm going to give them to Ed, and tell him good-by. Oh-h-h!" and she moaned. "I've got to!"

She straightened her hat with twitching fingers before the "wavy" mirror that hung on the wall, and hurried out to the front porch.

After they had started, Lucy Patterson went to a front window of the living-room and watched them walk down the road in the hot July sunshine, Ben Miller a stride in the lead with the width of the driveway between them. Neither looked at the other. They went hurriedly, in silence. Lucy saw that when they reached the pike, Ben followed it to the north, going straight to Ed Galbraith's house, while Ethel turned off into the path on the right that led through the Henderson woods to Beaver Creek, a mile away.

Lucy frowned, hating her inability to help her sister.

MILLER had gone up the porch steps and halted in the open doorway of the living-room without Galbraith's being aware of his presence.

"Howdy, Galbraith," he announced himself with unsteady voice.

Galbraith, without putting down the whip he had been mending, glanced slowly over his shoulder. But the sight of the other's face brought him sharply to his feet.

"What do you want?" he demanded on a note of contempt.

"It's about my wife," Miller answered him, and took a step into the room.

Galbraith was suddenly conscious of the venomous light in the man's protruding blue eyes. There was the effect of swelling in his face, repellent, like an animal poisoned. He swayed on his feet, shaken by the beating of his heart. His right hand gripped something in his coat pocket. Galbraith knew that it was a gun.

"About your wife!"

GALBRAITH, tall and deep-chested, tossed the whip aside, turned to see where it fell, and looked at him again. His expression was that of a man regarding something surprisingly offensive.

"About my wife!" Miller repeated, his voice going shrill. "And about the las' time you're goin' to meet her!"

Galbraith, studying his visitor intently, said nothing.

"She's waitin' for you down there in the glade by the creek, where you've been sneakin' down to see her!" Miller's words came in a rush. His ugly face was contorted by the vileness of his imaginings. "Waitin' to tell you to keep away from her! Waitin' to tell you what I tell you now: you're done, far as she's concerned. You—you didn't think I was on to it! Comin' in here foolin' roun' another man's wife, breakin' into another man's home! I followed her yes'day evenin', an' I saw you there, there with her!"

had enabled her, because of the sheer power of her hunger for love, to re-make that rat into her dream lover!

He brushed his hand across his eyes and turned again to Miller.

"What's this you're saying?" he demanded once more.

"You got it the first time!" Miller said with a leer. "You c'n go down there and let her tell you she's done with you. That's my orders. After that, if you ever try any of your monkey business again with her, I'll kill you sure as you're standin' there. Go on! I tol' her I'd give her fifteen minutes to get it into your head that she's done with you—for keeps!"

HIS gloating, a peculiar uncleanness, did not change the current of the other's thought. It was as if he had no new depths of depravity to reveal to Galbraith, who was thinking of the beloved woman's future. Galbraith had a vision of her beaten by the years, her beauty gone, all that loveliness not treasure enough to buy happiness from life! His features contracted with the agony of the picture and the impossibility of her deliverance.

The thought struck him hard. The impossibility of her deliverance! But why impossible? Standing there looking at her tormentor with eyes that took no knowledge of him, Galbraith pondered the thing. It became a refrain

GALBRAITH came on toward the house, his hands hanging at his sides To Miller it seemed that the slow journey would never end. He had his gun out now, holding it before him below the window ledge with both hands.

"With Galbraith ten yards from the window—"

"I tol' her what was what last night! You'll find another sort of woman down there to-day. She's got her orders! She—the crazy-headed——"

"Shut up!"

The menace in Galbraith's command stopped him, the stream of his words cut off by a gasping intake of breath.

"Let me think," Galbraith added, as if he brushed aside an insect.

He went to the window and stood looking down the gentle declivity which at a distance of a hundred yards ended at the bank of Beaver Creek. Just across the little stream was the patch of woods in which he and Ben Miller's wife had met at least once a week for the past two months.

HIS anger gave way to sorrow. Ethel Miller, he thought, the wife of this rat! Ethel, now in her twenty-fifth year, her incredible beauty still triumphing over the captivity of water-carrying and household drudgery to which marriage had given her life-long sentence! Ethel, with vision and dreams that set her high among earth's elect! Ethel, who had taught him to love her with a love that opened the gates of paradise to both of them and yet wrote its record such that the whole world might have looked upon it without shame to either! Her violet eyes that turned to purple, her strong, white arms, her vivid, sensitive lips——

Unmindful of the man with the gun, he flung up his head with an inarticulate sound of pain. Ethel, paying awful penalty for that generous imagination of hers which

in his mind! But why? But why impossible to deliver her? Why impossible, even though, as she had repeatedly told him, she had no "cause" in the eyes of the law? What other way, he asked himself? What possible way to remove her from the contamination of this creature?

"I'll go," he said at last, and still pondering his problem, reached the door before he gave attention to Miller.

"And you," he instructed, a commanding finality in his metallic voice, "stay here until I come back!"

Miller, even in his ugly exultation, saw that Galbraith gave him no heed. He perceived how remote from him the suffering man was. The force of the other's terrific concentration on that forbidding phrase, "the impossibility of her deliverance," was a tangible thing between them, like a lowered curtain. For the first time Miller experienced a vague discomfort, a dawning fear that he was without power to hurt his enemy.

Without waiting for acknowledgment of his command, Galbraith had turned and gone slowly across the porch and down the steps. His head was bowed, his arms swinging beside him. He walked like a man heavily burdened. Once or twice he stumbled, as he might have done in a dark room groping his way across the floor between strange hazards and obstructions.

Miller, going to the living-room window, watched his every move. With right hand still grasping the gun inside his coat pocket, Ben Miller held his watch in the left, counting even now with a swift, fugitive glance the flight of time. Seeing how loosely Galbraith walked, he realized, with that lust for suffering which the creature of his kind

has, how great was the agony that thus lowered his head and made him stumble.

He continued to stand stock still at the window, his eyes always on the spot where Galbraith had disappeared into the woods beyond the creek. He moved only to glance, every minute or so, at the watch. At frequent intervals the point of his tongue showed, moving along the length of his lips. Save for the sharply varying drone of a hummingbird at the cannas near the window, there was no sound. Two minutes had passed when the telephone on the table behind him rang. He did not answer it. It rang twice again, the second time a long, insistent chime, and was silent.

Miller's anger fumed to a new intensity. The poisonous swelling of his features was accentuated. One might have thought that, though he gloated over that agonized parting veiled from him by the woods, his evil picturing of it tortured him. The edges of his eyelids were an angrier red. He looked oftener at the watch.

AT the end of the seventh minute he jammed the watch back into his pocket and, hanging to the ledge with his left hand, thrust his shoulders through the window, trying to shorten the distance between himself and the bank of the creek. Galbraith was coming back.

With head and shoulders visible above the bank of the creek, he halted a moment, as if he hesitated to step up to the cleared space. When he did come forward, it was with the same irregular and heavy step that had carried him from the house. A few

"Did Ben take anything from Ethel since he brought you here?"

yards from the creek he paused again, and spreading out his hands before him at the height of his waist, studied them.

SOMETHING clicked in Miller's throat. He knew in an instant the meaning of Galbraith's peculiar way of looking at his hands. He had seen it once before in a tramp who had killed old Zach White, the village store-keeper. The tramp, coming from the rear of the store, had spread out his hands that same way, looking panic-stricken at the blood on them.

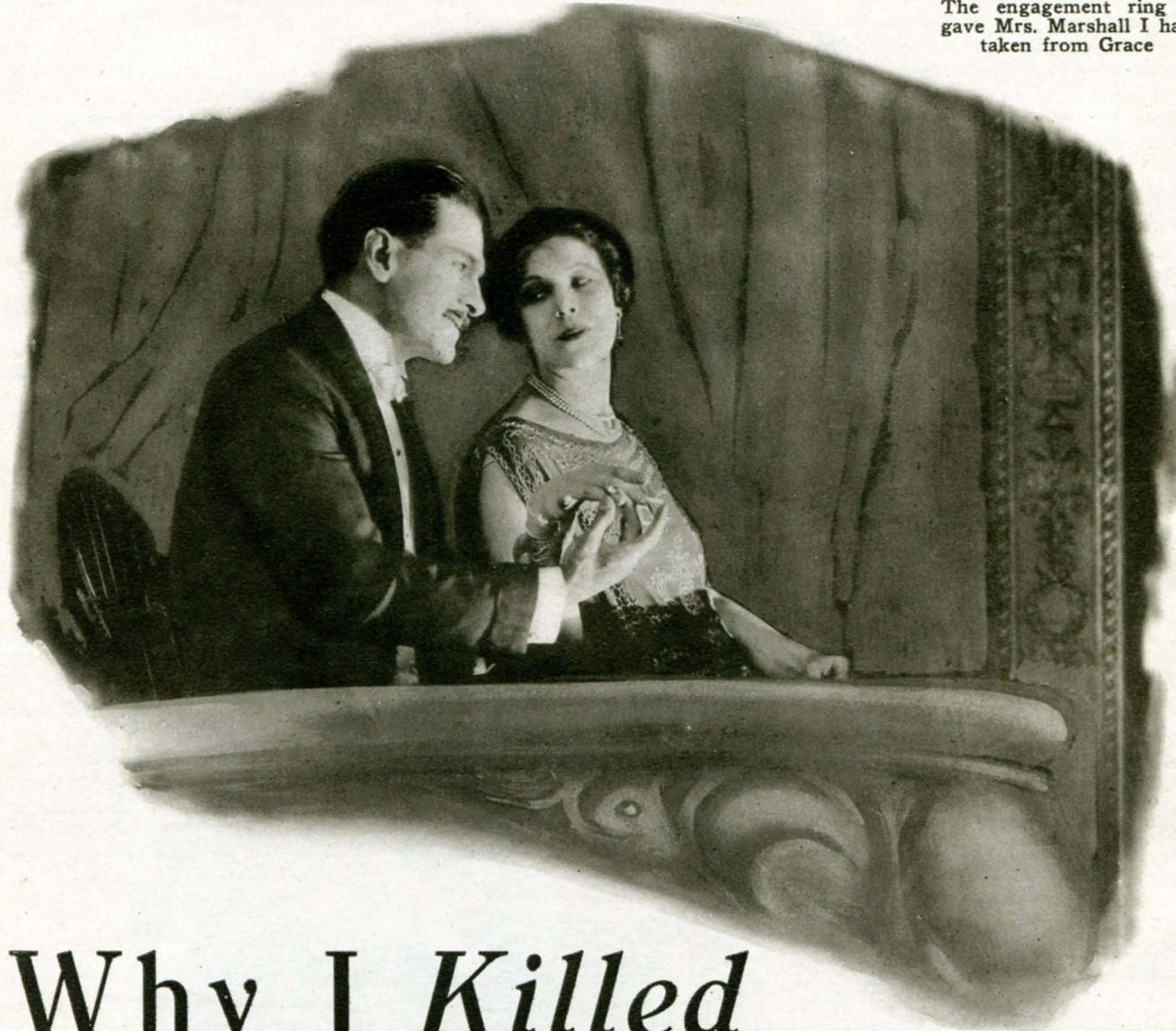


Miller, divining now the significance of the gesture by Galbraith, trembled so that, to steady himself,

he thrust the gun hard against the bottom of his pocket and closed his left hand convulsively over his right holding the gun. He was bowed into a knot, straining his muscles to subdue the tremor of his nerves. A fixed and ugly grin lifted his upper lip. His eyes were unwinking as he watched the other man making his slow way up the hill.

Galbraith came on with bowed head, his (Continued on page 94)

The engagement ring I gave Mrs. Marshall I had taken from Grace



Why I Killed My 22 WIVES

An Actual Confession of "Bluebeard" Watson

THE day after I disposed of Cora Macy, I left Key West. At the hotel I told such of the guests as knew us, that she had taken a boat for Havana, Cuba, for a short stay. Actually she went to her last resting place in the deep waters of the Atlantic.

Returning to Coffeyville, Kansas, I spread the word amongst my friends that my wife Marie (née Hollingworth) was very ill, and that I had left her in a hospital in New Orleans. I knew they would never see her again.

During the next few weeks I sold my cottage, closed my offices in both places, sold the furniture, and prepared to leave.

As told to

H. EDWIN MOOTZ

A few days later I purchased a ticket for St. Louis and arrived there with several thousand dollars in my pocket. My first act was to stop at one of the largest clothing stores and purchase an entire new wardrobe. I selected clothing of a very rich texture, but not flashy—clothes of the kind that a well-to-do young man of quiet tastes would wear.

I registered the first night at the Planters Hotel, under my true name, Joseph Gillam, which was my own father's name.

The next morning, after breakfast, I determined to find a boarding place with religious people, who, although well-to-do, had quiet tastes. After some search I found just such a place—a large, brownstone house which had at one time

been the home of a wealthy man, a short distance from Market Street, and operated as a boarding-house by a Mrs. Borden.

Mrs. Borden was a woman of about fifty, the widow of an English army officer, tall and statuesque, with gray hair, and very refined. I told her I was from the West and had recently suffered a bereavement; that my wife had died and I had sold my house and business as I could not stand living where I would be constantly reminded of her, hence the decision to migrate to a new environment where I could perhaps forget our great love. (I did not want to be reminded of my wife, and certainly desired to forget her.)

MRS. BORDEN was very sympathetic and when she found, also, that I was a Christian young man, our terms were quickly made. In the evening I was introduced to the other boarders. There was a retired clergyman and his wife; one of the high-school teachers, a woman of about forty; a lady who painted miniatures and who was a very clever artist; and two sisters of ages approximately thirty-five; and myself.

In the evenings, Doctor Norman, the clergyman, and I often had debates over theological questions, and I flatter myself that I more than held my own as I always was a very earnest student of the Bible. We used to play dominoes or whist until about ten o'clock; then we would read a chapter from the Bible and have evening prayers, after which we would retire. Life was very serene and calm, like a mountain brooding o'er the sea.

One evening on my return, after I had been living at Mrs. Borden's about a month, I met a new arrival, Mrs. Marshall, a lady about twenty-six years of age, with a good figure, a pleasant face, dark brown eyes, and dark hair. Mrs. Borden introduced us, and in the evening after dinner we had a long conversation. Her husband had been killed recently in a railroad accident, and she had come to St. Louis to make a settlement with the railroad. She explained that she was practically ignorant of the processes of law, and was very much afraid that the counsel for the railroad would take advantage of her. Her husband had left her but two thousand dollars insurance and she had to rely on the money which she would obtain from the company to support her.

"I probably can be of great assistance to you," I told her. "I know a good bit about law."

She was delighted—particularly when she learned that I also was suffering from a bereavement. I told her that I had recently buried my wife and was in St. Louis to forget. Our mutual sorrow drew us together, and we became great friends.

During the next few months I was the constant companion of Mrs. Marshall. We attended the theater occasionally, when there was some special offering, and every Sunday morning we went to church together. Partly through my efforts, the railroad company settled her claim for seven thousand dollars. I was sure that Mrs. Marshall was beginning to care for me, for she had shown it in several ways.

During this time I had made no effort to engage in any particular business. I had planned on opening brokerage offices, still I did not know just what to do. Later, however, I secured employment with a St. Louis Stamp Company as traveling salesman, and on one of my frequent trips

out of St. Louis I met Alice Freeman, as charming a little girl as I ever knew. Alice was seventeen or eighteen years of age and very beautiful.

I HAD just been seated at a table in a popular café when she entered. The tables were all filled. The chief steward ushered her to a seat opposite me. Straightening her back, she rested her hands on her hips and drew a long breath. For a minute or two she took no notice of me. Ah, she was a handsome creature—sun-kissed and black-haired, with flashing eyes lit by sparks caught from the stars.

Presently, becoming conscious of my presence, she looked up into my eyes. I was thrilled instantly.

She wore several fine diamond rings which attracted my attention. I introduced myself, then entertained Alice with fairy tales of my great wealth and my love. She was interested, and after one week of courtship, she became my wife. We were married in Alton, Illinois, as Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Harris.

Two weeks after our marriage I secured her diamonds and two hundred and seventy dollars in cash; then I faked a telegram calling me away on business.

With tears in her beautiful dark eyes she cried out: "Lawrence, I'll be heart-broken!"

I took her into my arms and whispered that no influence in all the universe could breathe a shadow into our love, and that I would return in a few days and shower her with love's rain of kisses and make her love dream fairer than that of yesterday.

Alice is one of the few superb jewels of my many love memories. I never saw her again.

My life now became one of adventure. In the afternoon of the second day after leaving Alice, I arrived at the Union Station, St. Louis. As I was hastening through the jam outside the station I observed a very charming young woman with a confused look on her face. She was just about to step in front of a heavily-laden, moving truck. I seized her by the arm and drew her aside, just at a moment when she might have been crushed beneath its weight.

As the truck thundered by, she cried out: "Oh, sir, you saved my life! How can I ever thank you? I am so frightened!"

She was very pale and excited, and I did my best to calm her. I suggested that I be permitted to see her safe to her destination. She replied that she was a stranger in the city, but had a reservation at the Maryland. I hailed a taxi and accompanied her to the hotel. After chattering together for a time, she told me her mother had died recently; that her name was Grace Milan, and that she was twenty years old. I bade her good-by and promised to call the next day.

ON my return home that evening I gave Mrs. Marshall an account of the successful business trip I had had. I clasped her in my arms and between kisses I told her that it was her love that had set the great forces of my life in motion to nobleness, achievement, and undying love.

"Oh, dear, you are wonderful!" she answered. "You have created such an absorbing love ideal that your face glows with its charms."

I quickly realized that I had made another conquest of Mrs. Marshall.

The following day I went to the Maryland to meet Grace, with a heart bubbling with emotion and a burning desire to win her. She was delighted to see me. She was an exquisite girl, with a wit that could be called mental lightning and a charm that thrilled.

She had just experienced some sentimental disappointment in the course of a brief love affair with a young man in her home town. At great length she told me of the death of her mother, that she had left her twelve thousand dollars and a home worth three thousand. She complained of a false sweetheart and ended by saying: "But you are so good, for you seem to understand me so well."

MY emotions doubled. I thought of the fifteen thousand dollars. The hour opened a new world of happiness.

A week later I proposed to Grace. She accepted, saying: "You have been so good. You saved my life and have shown me so much sympathy. I am yours."

We were quietly married as Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harvey, and I placed her in beautiful apartments in the suburban district.

During the first week of our marriage the experience was marvelous and enchanting. Grace seemed to have given

bag she handed it to me, saying: "Here it is; take it."

The next day I told Grace that I had some business to look after in Paducah, Kentucky, and invited her to accompany me, saying that we could combine pleasure with business. She assented, and that evening we departed for the South. We spent the following day sightseeing and in the evening went for a launch ride.

It was a beautiful silvery night. No breeze stirred the trees that, fringing the shores of the river, stood out in majestic beauty. I ran the boat up in the shadows, then let it drift.

"Dear," I whispered softly, "are you going to give me your money for investment?"

Her face lost all vestige of color. She stood up and looked at me with a sense of impending horror, crying: "I gave you all the money I possess!"

"You lie! Don't take too long to make up your mind, sweetheart."

The tone of my words and voice aroused her. She looked at me with wide-open eyes.

"Answer me," I said softly, "or I will kill you. Where is the money?"

She fell on her knees, buried her face in her hands, and

"ANSWER me', I said softly, 'or I will kill you! Where is your money?'

"She fell on her knees, buried her face in her hands, and sobbingly cried: 'This is terrible! Oh, mother in Heaven, hear me!'

"I had brought a heavy anvil to the boat —"

me her heart, in which I discovered every moment new wonders and treasures.

Several times I had suggested to her different investments for her money, which seemed veiled in mystery. She had never confided the name of her banking house to me. So I set myself to win her confidence.

"It is a glorious evening, my dear," I said; "let us take a motor spin to the park, and then we'll take in a good show."

On our return to the love nest Grace was in fine spirits. Assuming a sudden gravity, I said: "Grace, dear, your money is drawing four per cent. at the bank—a paltry nothing. Listen, darling, I'm a successful business man. If you will place your affairs in my hands, I will invest it for you so that it will make you rich. It is foolish to leave your money in the bank at four per cent. The bank is making six per cent. on it. Money makes money, dear."

Suddenly she exclaimed: "Charlie, I deceived you! I have no money except what is in my bag—about three hundred dollars."

"I don't believe you," I contradicted. "You don't trust me."

The next morning I asked her for the loan of the three hundred dollars.

HE looked at me for a moment with a sardonic smile upon her lips, and then, swift in its transition, her expression changed to cunning.

"Sweetheart," I said gently, "give me the three hundred."

She looked up quickly, startled. She seemed to read a lurking something in my eyes, for with a sudden cry of fear she turned her head. Then reaching for her hand

sobbingly cried: "This is terrible! Oh, mother in Heaven, hear me!"

I was now convinced that she had lied to me about her money.

With a curious look at me, she exclaimed: "Oh, you inhuman fiend! To think that I am fettered, bound to such a foul thing—a coward, a murderer!"

With all my knowledge of the feminine, I suddenly recognized that I had encountered a force of power in the female that would fight. . . .

I had brought a heavy anvil to the boat for use on this trip. I pointed to the anvil with my face wreathed in hideous smiles.

Her eyelids fluttered, then opened into a vacant stare. I removed her rings and jewelry, then tied the anvil to the body and lowered it into the river.

I RETURNED to Paducah and the following day left for St. Louis, where I at once went to Grace's love nest and removed her effects, informing the landlady that she had gone home on a visit. Two of Grace's dresses I presented to Mrs. Marshall, the other effects I sold.

My return was particularly agreeable to Mrs. Marshall. She was truly a noble little lady, highly educated, a literary woman who had traveled much and seen the world. She became to me a real pal, a true companion. In the course of our conversations she told me many interesting things that opened up for me different channels of thought.

Mrs. Marshall was the sort that gave a man liberty to enjoy all the good things of life as one wished to enjoy them, without hindrance or argument. She was always smiling and gave approval of all I asked.

One evening shortly after my return I phoned Mrs. Marshall that I would be pleased to have her company to the opera that night. She was delighted. My finances were growing, but I wanted Mrs. Marshall's seven thousand dollars to invest in a business enterprise.

I was very painstaking in my toilet that night, and, faultlessly groomed in evening clothes, I called for Mrs. Marshall. She looked her best, too. She had robed herself in

a clinging fabric of shimmering rose which shone softly like the gleam of sun rays through crystallized glass. Diamonds sparkled in her ears and a brooch twinkled on her breast.

HER delicate beauty exhaled a subtle influence as a rare rose sheds fragrance. She was like a little fairy queen. As I looked at her, the thoughts that swept to and fro in my brain were, perhaps, as good as Doctor Jekyll's.

That night while seeing the opera "Faust," and during the pathetic scene of *Marguerite's* lament, I gently clasped her hand and slipped a diamond ring, which I had taken from Grace, on her engagement finger.

I cannot describe her astonishment and delight. It was really a pleasure to watch her innocent satisfaction.

"You are so tremendously good," she murmured.

I laughed, saying: "You are very complimentary. Marguerite is singing the Jewel Song to me. How do you like it?"

"Yes, it is very beautiful, but you as a giver of the jewel are not playing the part of Mephistopheles, are you?"

"You never can tell, my dear Lois," I whispered.

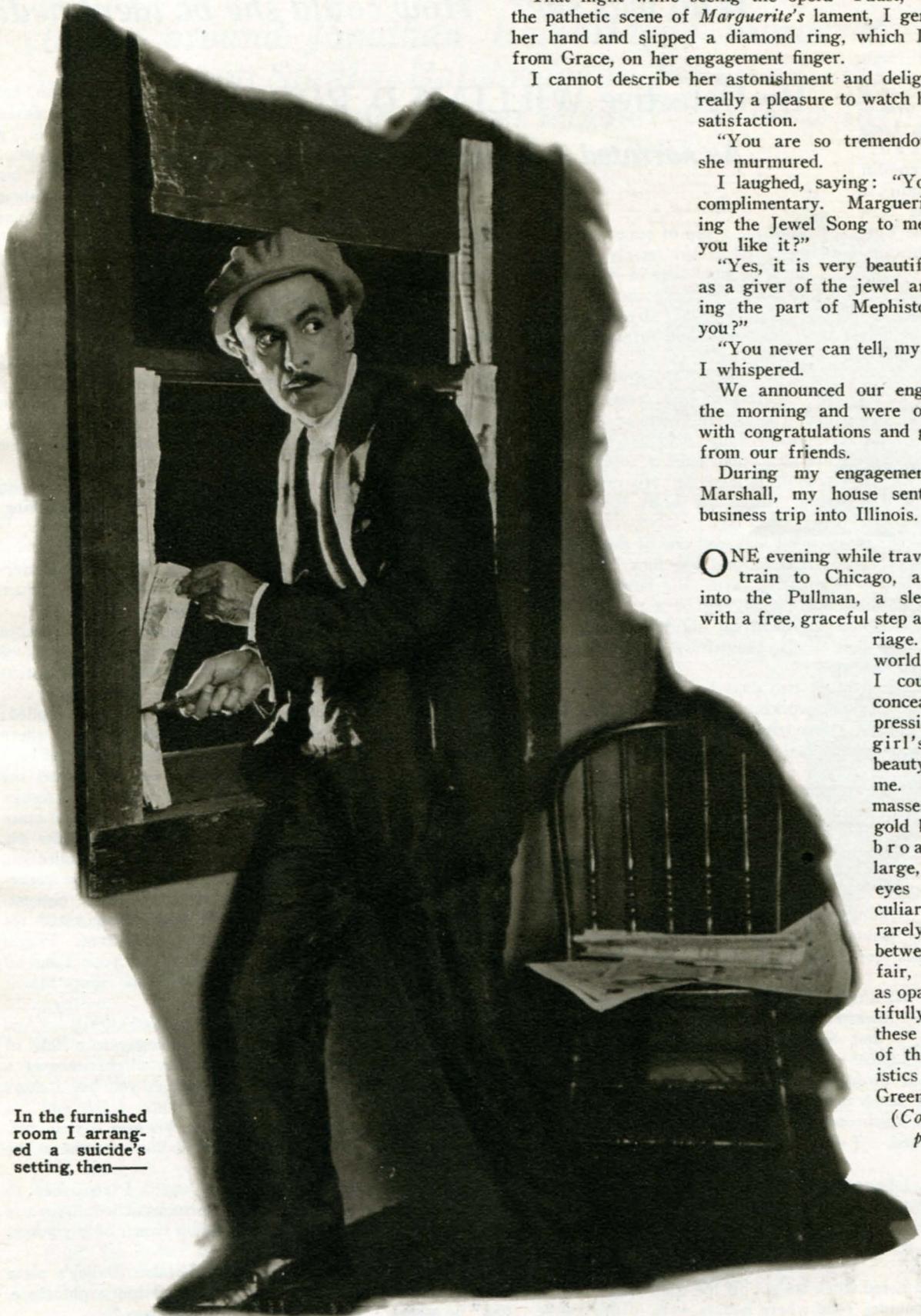
We announced our engagement in the morning and were overwhelmed with congratulations and good wishes from our friends.

During my engagement to Mrs. Marshall, my house sent me on a business trip into Illinois.

ONE evening while traveling on the train to Chicago, a girl came into the Pullman, a slender figure with a free, graceful step and easy carriage. Man of the world as I was, I could scarcely conceal the impression that the girl's singular beauty made upon me. Short, curly masses of auburn-gold hair; a low, broad brow; large, long-lashed eyes of that peculiar "violet" so rarely seen; a skin between dark and fair, but as clear as opal; lips beautifully formed—these were some of the characteristics of Olive Greenlee, that lay

(Continued on page 88)

In the furnished room I arranged a suicide's setting, then—



The Skeleton in the

*For months the skeleton of an unknown girl had
Who was she? How could she be identified?*

HOMICIDE case over at Islip, Long Island,"

John P. Coughlin, then a Captain in charge of the New

York Detective Bureau, handed me a slip of paper on which he had scribbled a few lines, and added tersely: "Looks like a newspaper romance story; probably one of the patients from the Insane Asylum who wandered away and committed suicide. Reporters are out there in flocks already keeping the murderer—if there is a murderer—well informed of all details of the discovery.

"Take a run over there with Thomas Murray. See this man, Charles Dailey, the undertaker, who seems to be a sort of amateur sleuth and who has the body at his place. This is the first 'murder mystery' Islip's had in over twenty years, and the villagers are all excited over it."

I accepted the assignment, hunted up Murray in the Squad Room, and with him caught the 12.51 P. M. train for Islip.

In the morning newspapers I had read one of the accounts which my Chief had referred to, and like him I had been rather amused by the imaginative yarn. Big news happened to be scarce just then, and the finding of a richly clothed and bejeweled skeleton in the great scrub-oak wastes of Long Island had lent itself beautifully to extravagant journalistic fictionization.

The find had been made two days before by a little boy hunting huckleberries and, working on a wisp of flaxen hair, a black velvet ribbon, a few trinkets, and some storm-faded clothing, the newshounds had sniffed out a highly colored tragedy.

A body in the woods almost a year! Who was the girl? Who could have killed her? What motive could have prompted the act? But all in good time, I told myself. No use jumping at hasty conclusions.

In midsummer Bay Shore, Islip, and Amityville are attractive places. Good automobile roads run through shady green woods. Brilliant blue vistas of the Sound and great placid waterlily ponds add exquisite touches to an otherwise monotonous stretch of flat country.

BUT on that morning of October 10, 1909, when Murray and I speeded toward the home of America's most famous insane asylum, a dun, misty haze hung over gaunt trees which Fall had almost stripped bare. Nearing our destination, we passed through an even more desolate country where acres of scrub had been blackened by fire.

"Let's visit a luncheon before attacking the undertaker," Murray suggested. "I didn't have any dinner. What about you?"

"Sounds good to me," I replied. "I was just finishing my report when the Chief rang for me. Some ham and eggs and coffee will make a good foundation. Must be some sort of eating place here for the relatives of the patients at Central Islip."

Islip, we discovered when we got off the train and walked a few blocks of country road where houses were in the course

By Detective WILLIAM D. RODDY

As narrated to ISABEL STEPHEN

of construction, had a lively Main Street thoroughfare. A spick-and-span bawdry stood on one corner and without further investigation

we entered and ordered the good old stand-by.

"You young men from the newspapers?" the rosy-cheeked waitress asked after she had taken our orders.

Without directly committing ourselves to any special newspaper, Murray and I permitted the damsel to retain her delusion, and requested her to hurry up with the eats.

"You newspaper boys are always in a hurry," she remarked, as with a flirt of her starched skirts she flounced off. "But maybe I could tell you something interesting about that murder case," she flung over her shoulder before disappearing through swinging doors which evidently led to the kitchen.

"This village must be a nest of amateur sleuths," said Murray. "At that, she might be able to tell us something. Might as well get it from all sides."

WHEN the waitress returned with two large platters laden with good thick slices of nicely crisped ham and fried eggs, Murray's irritability evaporated.

"And what could you tell us, Sis?" he asked with a benign smile, at the same time making an assault on the dish placed before him. "Don't tell us if you don't want to," he anticipated her coy evasions and cute desire to be coaxed.

His play won. After a moment's hesitation, she replied:

"Well, we live out on the road a bit not far from where the—the—body was found. An' last Thanksgiving Eve I was working in the kitchen with Ma, on account of my uncle and aunt and cousins and my gentleman friend comin' to dinner the next day. 'Round midnight we heard an automobile go tearing past, and a girl screeching piteously—oh, just piteously!" Her eyes rolled in horror at the recollection.

"Oh, there ain't nothin' in that," scoffed a big, beetle-browed man who was standing near the cash register. "'Snot likely that a body would 'a' lain undiscovered for nearly a year. Don't be giving out yarns like that. They'll be calling you up as a witness and takin' your time off from your work here. I won't stand for that, Marie. You're just seekin' notoriety."

"Well, of all the nerve!" The girl snorted angrily. "And who are you, pray? Guess if they investigate a few of our local sheiks right here in Islip they might uncover a few things—I ain't mentionin' any names yet, but I don't mean to be insulted."

The man behind the counter flushed; his eyes darted furious sparks at the waitress, who looked him straight in the face. Their silence spoke volumes.

"Don't believe there's anything there," I remarked to Murray as we left the place. "The moustached Romeo is probably an ex-beau of hers. Always a bunch of skylarkers about a little town like this."

A police officer directed us to Undertaker Dailey's place with a knowing grin. "Guess you'll find him right there, too," he added. "He is a busy man these days."

ISLIP WOODS

*lain in those woods, a bullet hole in the skull.
Who killed her? For what motive?*

We found Charles Dailey's home and undertaking establishment in the middle of an attractive block of comfortable residences. Late roses bloomed in front yards, neatly clipped box hedges bordered well-kept small lawns.

Fortunately, we found the undertaker alone. Instead of being the fussy little busybody we had pictured, he was a singularly dignified man of middle age, immaculately groomed. Premature white hair covered his head, and a short cropped white moustache outlined a well-shaped mouth. Large hazel eyes, somewhat bloodshot, regarded us quizzically as we made ourselves known.

"Don't you want to come into the house?" he invited us with a little close-lipped smile. "It will be more comfortable than here. I can show you the remains later on."

THE office was very small—one flat-topped desk, two chairs, a filing cabinet filled it. On the wall hung a huge, gruesome-looking anatomical chart. Outside of this was a barnlike space and an undertaker's wagon and several boxed coffins, standing on end around the farther end.

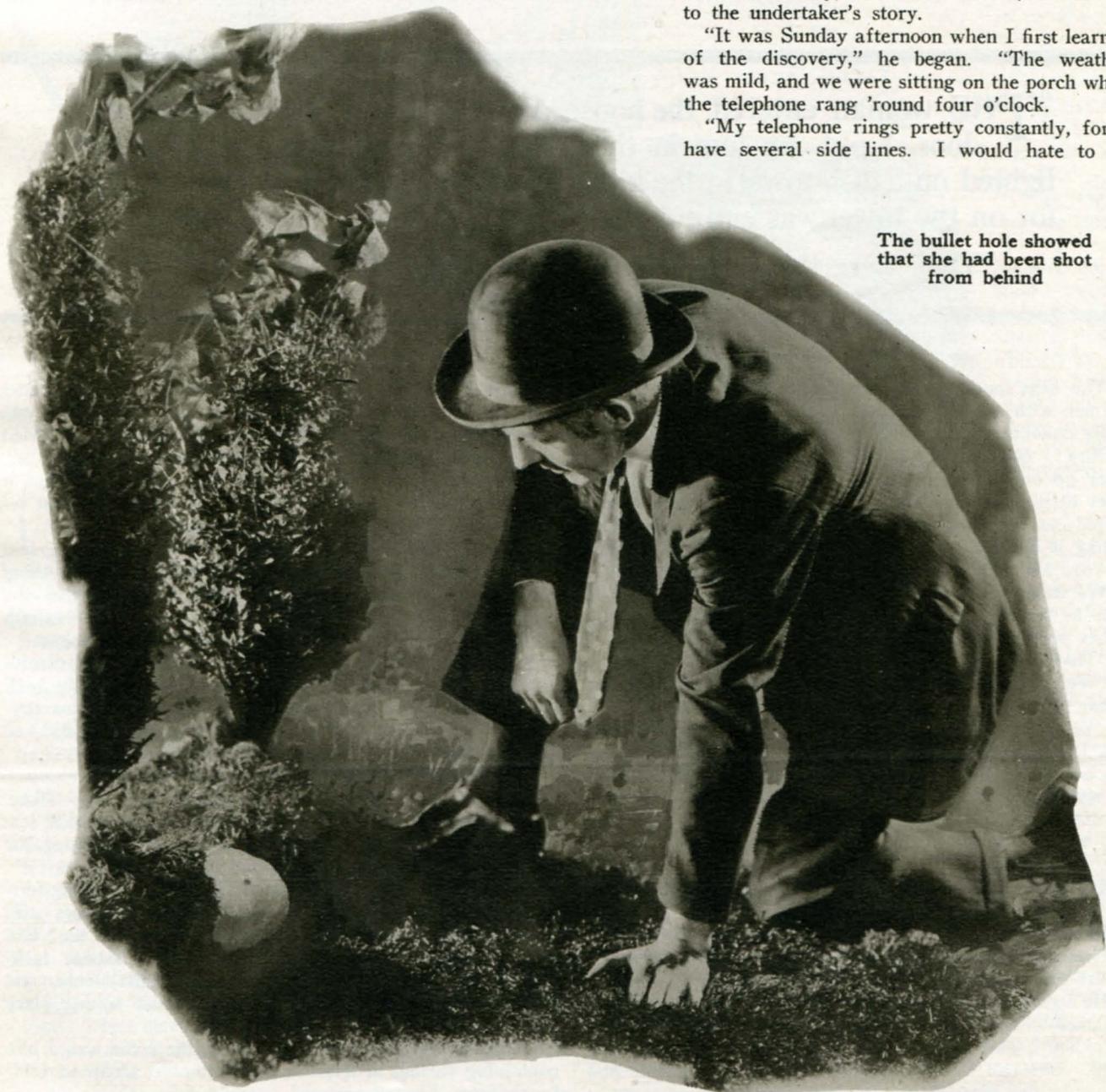
We agreed that the house would be more comfortable on that bleak, drizzly afternoon.

Seated in cosy, over-stuffed chairs, we listened to the undertaker's story.

"It was Sunday afternoon when I first learned of the discovery," he began. "The weather was mild, and we were sitting on the porch when the telephone rang 'round four o'clock.

"My telephone rings pretty constantly, for I have several side lines. I would hate to sit

The bullet hole showed
that she had been shot
from behind



around waiting for 'cases' to come in," he explained apologetically. "Well, when I lifted the receiver, I heard Doctor Savage's voice on the phone. He's our Coroner, and a great friend of mine."

"Nick Havens has just called up to say that the little Schmidt boy found some bones in the scrub-oak lots between Sayville and Brentwood a little while ago," the Doctor said. "He's had a look at them and says they've probably lain there for years. Will you send a man out there with a box to-morrow to gather them up and bury them?" he said.

"Why, I can go right along now if you like, Doctor," I offered. "Do you want to go along?"

"No," he answered. "Nick says the bones have evidently been there for years—all scattered over the place. Probably one of the patients who wandered away long time back. Since they've lain there for so many years, another night won't hurt them."

WELL, there was a lot of truth in that. Nick Havens is our town Constable and Deputy Sheriff. He's a pretty old fellow, but he's very reliable. If they were just some scattered bones, it wasn't any use making a big fuss over them.

ing back that he had found a skeleton in the woods. They all went out and looked at it. Then they went down to their next door neighbor, John Parks, who lives about a half a mile away, and he carried the information to Nick Havens in Brookville. Nick called up the Coroner after he had viewed the bones, and the Coroner called me up as I explained to you."

"Well then, when you arrived at the spot what did you find?" I asked.

THE skull was lying a couple of feet away from the rest of the body. You could see the foxes had been busy at it, and the scrub fire of last July had burned all around it—but, funny thing, it hadn't hurt the body much. I picked up the skull, which had some flaxen blonde hair on it, and I heard something fall. I thought it was a trinket or something.

"Though the clothes were all storm faded with the rains and the snows, and the shoes had been gnawed by the foxes, I could tell that they had been smart clothes and they were too elaborate to belong to any of the patients at Islip Asylum.

"Some poor woman who had wandered into the scrub and gotten lost, I figured at first. Then I found that the little thing which had fallen out when I lifted the skull was

THE woman entered the house, and as she was about to close the door, I put my foot in the opening and followed her. My eye lighted on a dish-towel in the kitchen. Momentarily I lost my breath, for on the towel was embroidered 'A. L.'

"They were the initials of the dead woman!"

"The next morning—that was yesterday—I sent two of my men with a box and a shovel to get the bones. I had a case down the street where I had to deliver a coffin.

"Now I can't explain it, but I had a hunch that I had better go out to the scrub lots and have a look at those bones before the men buried them. I didn't really expect to find out anything, but I had my wagon out and before putting it up, decided to drive over. I passed my men on the road and took them along with me.

"We called at the Schmidt house to get the little boy to show us where the body was. Mrs. Schmidt was sitting on her porch polishing a gold watch.

"That's a pretty watch," I said to her. "A present?"

"Well, no, not exactly," she admitted. "Johnny found it near them bones when he was huckleberrying yesterday."

"You shouldn't have taken it," I told her. "You should have left everything as was." But it seems that Nick had told her it was all right. However, I made her give me the watch, and in it was a blurred bit of a photograph and the initials 'A. L.' scratched on the case. "Why, this may even lead to the identity of the body," I told her.

SHE gave up the watch reluctantly, and called to Johnny to accompany us to the scrub-oak lots."

Here Murray interrupted the recital.

"How did the kid come to find the bones?" he asked. "What was he doing in the scrub lots?"

"He'd gone huckleberrying Sunday afternoon," Mr. Dailey explained. "His mother had some friends in and she had given him a pail and sent him out to give him something to do. She had told him to fill the pail for supper and she would give him a dime. An hour later he came screech-

a bullet. That naturally suggested murder. But the bullet hole in the forehead didn't cover a vital spot, so it was possible the poor thing had committed suicide, had crawled for quite a bit and died from loss of blood."

"Then how is it that you have publicly declared that it is murder? How did the Coroner come to send in that report to Headquarters?" Murray demanded.

"Wait a bit; I haven't finished," the undertaker said calmly. "We looked all around and picked up everything that seemed connected with the body. We carried the skeleton and the clothes and a bracelet and a little lavaleria which had evidently been around her neck, to the wagon.

"On arrival at my establishment I made a more careful examination. I found another bullet embedded in the back of the skull. Now it is practically an impossibility for anybody to fire a bullet into the back of his skull," he finished triumphantly.

"That's so," I agreed. "Let's have a look at it."

The haze had become a heavy drizzle while we talked, and though the undertaking establishment was only a few steps away from the house, the clammy mist penetrated our clothes before we entered the place of the dead.

In a pine coffin on a trestle, the remains of the mysterious blonde woman had been laid. Nothing but bones with a few locks of curly flaxen hair, bound about the skull with grisly coquettishness by black velvet ribbon, fashionably cut coat of some rich material, silk blouse, and remnants of fluffy underwear, filled the last resting place of the unknown.

On a small table which stood beside the coffin was a box containing various articles: a silver thimble, a pair of folding scissors, a small piece of paper.

"Those are the things which I took out of her pocket," Mr. Dailey explained.

I selected the paper and looked at it closely. It was some sort of billhead, but the print had been almost entirely obliterated.

"Looks like a bill for goods," I said half to myself.

"Yes, that's what it is," Dailey retorted. "The firm name seems to be Koches and Fein. There is a store near the asylum that used to belong to a man of the name of Koch, and he sold out to a man named Fein. I took it over there but Fein tells me that it is only a coincidence. It isn't their billhead. It comes from Germany." He stopped for a minute; then reaching out, he gently but emphatically took the piece of paper from me.

I had to hunt a cab-driver who carried a man and woman and two police dogs one year ago!



"Doctor Savage, the Coroner, is sending that to the German minister to-night," he advised. "Hands off our clues," he implied without words.

IT was rather plain that, though Mr. Dailey was very obliging and polite, he didn't altogether appreciate our assistance. Without any superintuition I sensed that the officials of the Village of Islip felt that they were quite capable of handling their own murder.

I didn't want to antagonize the man, so without further remarks I was about to turn away when I spied a label on the coat at the neck.

"You don't mind if I take this?" I requested quietly, and proceeded without permission to rip off the tag. "We want something to work on, you know. Don't want to return to Headquarters empty-handed."

This bit of sarcasm passed unheeded.

"By the way, I heard that there was a very noisy party passing through Brookville last Thanksgiving Eve with a woman screaming for help," I remarked.

"OH yes, I remember," Mr. Dailey replied in an off-hand sort of way. "There was a lot of talk about it at the time. We are quiet folks around here. Much inclined to mind our own business. But that party passed right through the village. Nobody ever connected any idea of murder with it at the time."

"Well, if you will give me a full description of the body and any identification marks you found on it, I don't believe we will have to trouble you any further just now," Murray put in.

He had been roaming around the place, picking up various small articles and examining them closely. In his hand he held a rich silk automobile scarf.

"Certainly," replied the obliging Dailey. "You are welcome to this copy I made out. On it I

have noted every detail. I am sure I missed nothing."

"THAT'S good." Murray thanked him, reaching for the typewritten slip. "We just have time to make the four-thirty and get in our report. Thanks for your help. Keep in touch with us, won't you, and we'll let you know how we are getting along."

"Surely," the other replied. (Continued on page 66)

My Life in the UNDERWORLD

Should a woman of the underworld tell the dark secrets of her past to the man she is about to marry? Can a woman live down a convict's record? Grace Caruthers bares her soul in a startling revelation of the truth

AFTER all the advantages I had in my youth, I cannot understand why I developed into a woman of the underworld—unless it was in the blood! My father was a confidence man; my mother was a good woman. I was sent to private schools for my education and later drifted into a "smart set."

In this set I met Jim Howlandson, a wealthy man twenty years my senior. I married Jim, and in time discovered that he was a confidence man, the owner of a "bucket shop." He was caught in a swindle and sent to prison. Then, I became a "steerer" for a card sharp who worked trans-Atlantic ships, and drifted into the underworld.

Then my baby came—a sweet, innocent, darling baby girl. Soon after Jim got out of prison, things began to go from bad to worse. For my baby's sake I determined to leave my husband. But when I told him my intention he flew into a rage and struck me, knocking my baby to the floor. When he came at me again, I shot him—and killed him! My baby died as a result of the fall.

I went to prison on a charge of manslaughter. There I met "Nifty Jane," a woman of the underworld. We were released almost at the same time, and together took an expensive apartment in New York where we posed as two wealthy widows—Mrs. Jane Jordan and Mrs. Grace Hollingsworth. We started to blackmail two married men who were smitten with us, demanding \$25,000 from both Edgar Thomas and Frank Dupuy. They refused to pay, but we would not withdraw our demands.

Jimmy Costello, a private detective they had engaged, came to us and offered to help us for a share of the money. But he double-crossed us, and Jane and I were sent to prison again. While there we ended our relationship.

Gradually a longing for a better life took hold of me. When I left prison I determined to go to work and fight my way back to the life I wanted to lead. Using an assumed name, I got a position in a store in New York as a saleslady. I had been promoted and was getting along well with my work when I met Detective Costello on the street one day. I tried to avoid him. He saw me, though, and followed me back to the store. Terrified at the thought of exposure, I gave up my position.

The manager of the store and I had become very good friends. He kept urging me to marry him, and I wanted to marry Jack more than anything else in life.

But, no, I couldn't marry Jack, regardless of how intensely he pleaded for me, for I knew that just as soon as

By the DAUGHTER OF
A CONFIDENCE MAN

he learned what I had been, he would turn right around and do what all men would do: deny and disown me and denounce me for going to him under false colors.

If our positions had been reversed, I would have received him and loved him regardless of what he had been, or how low and despicable he had been. That's the difference between a man and a woman.

Jack strenuously opposed my leaving the store because I was giving up big opportunities. And I realized I was giving up big opportunities, but I couldn't remain. The shadow of Detective Costello was ever present in the recesses of my brain night and day. I saw him when I slept. I saw him wherever I went. It seemed I couldn't get away from him.

SO I gave up the job. The firm gave me an excellent recommendation when I left, and told me if I ever wanted to return there would always be a place for me.

I obtained a position in a big store uptown where I thought I would be safe from the prying eyes of Detective Jimmy Costello. Another year passed on. Jack had proposed marriage again and again, and I always had given him the old story that I could never marry him or any other man.

After a time he tired of this, and one day he flew into a rage and declared that there must be some big reason for my refusing to marry him, in view of the fact that I acknowledged my love for him.

"There must be some dark reason," he raved.

"Possibly there is."

"It doesn't make a bit of difference to me. Right or wrong, I'll marry you if you'll only tell me what's on your mind."

"All men say that until they have learned that there has been a tragedy in a woman's life."

"It doesn't make the least bit of difference to me, dear, what has gone by. I only know that I love you and that I'm willing to marry you."

I tried to make myself believe that it wasn't love, that it was simply a mad infatuation on my part and also on his. I tried to get him out of my mind as a lover and view him as a good friend, but I couldn't. I did love him with all my soul. He was my ideal man, the man who might have made me happy if I had met him before Jim Howlandson came into my life to blast it!

Something had to be done. Either I had to give him up for



I didn't miss a detail of my past. Then Jack—

all time, or make a clean breast of my past and take a chance on his being so much in love with me that he would marry me despite it.

When one is gambling with hope and happiness, one is more than apt to sidetrack reason and cling to impulse. Happiness is the biggest thing in the life of the woman who has been on her knees in the pit, and she'll resort to every artifice, to every expedient, in a mad effort to hold it once she has it. I had happiness now, and I was determined to hold it no matter how despicable a subterfuge I might have to resort to in order to keep Jack's love, for this was the first time in my life I had known real love.

I had come to the point where I was able to create my own standards of right and wrong, and able to reconcile what I might do with propriety. I thought I was justified in going to Jack with my past buried in my soul. It seemed to me that what I had been was of no importance to anybody in the world but me, so long as I was clean and constant after I had married him. If his love was of the right sort, what I had been would not make very much difference to him.

So my mind was made up. I decided on my course of action the next time Jack discussed marriage with me.

"Are you sure you want to marry me?" I asked.

"I was never more sure of anything in all my life," he said.

"WELL, suppose after we have been married for a year somebody should come to you with a terrible story about me. Then what?"

"It wouldn't make a bit of difference to me, sweetheart," he said, kissing me affectionately.

So I married him. And within an hour after I had married him I regretted it. I don't mean to say that my love cooled or that he was any less wonderful to me. What I regretted was the deception. I felt I should have told him everything.

FOR a year we were divinely happy. I never had been so happy as I was during that first year. And then I became a mother. Life was perfect, with peace and love and all the things that go to make up an ideal relationship between husband and wife. Detective Costello and the past had become just a dim, will-o-the-wisp memory.

Then the inevitable discovery about which I had been so tremendously apprehensive, came stalking into my life to streak it with bitter tragedy and despair.

Detective Jimmy Costello and I met one day while I was out taking my baby for an airing. I recognized him instantly. He was coming down the street toward me. As he came alongside the baby's carriage, I quickly turned away from him in an effort to hide my face.

He stopped. I thought my heart would burst with excitement and terror. He turned and stared at me as though he were trying to place me—as though he couldn't determine whether or not I was the person he thought I was. Anague of depression swept over me. I was trembling with fright. Suddenly he came up and spoke to me:

"Pardon me, lady," and he raised his hat, "but haven't I met you somewhere?"

I summoned all my courage and turned and faced him. I was mad with determination to act a part.

"I don't know you and I don't talk with strangers," I told him.

"Strangers?" I thought I detected a ring of skepticism and sarcasm in his voice.

"I'll call an officer if you persist in annoying me," I said, looking up and down the street.

"I'm an officer of the law, lady." He opened his coat and exhibited his badge. "I'm not trying to annoy you. I thought you looked like a woman I met several years ago. If I'm mistaken there's no harm done, is there?"

"No," and I mustered up a smile as I left him and went on down the street with the baby.

I THOUGHT I would faint every time I took a step. Once or twice I stopped and went to the foot of the carriage to fix the baby's pillow. He was following me, walking slowly.

Once again I was terror-stricken, but he stopped coming when he saw me stop. I realized that he was determined to learn where I was living.

"He still thinks I'm Grace Caruthers," I mused.

"Just a little headache. The heat, I guess."

"I've never seen you looking so miserable," he said.

"I don't like this neighborhood, Jack," I complained, thinking about Detective Costello.

"Well, we can move if you don't like it."

"I'd like to move out to the suburbs," I suggested. "I think it would be better for the baby, don't you?"

"Yes," he agreed, "I think you're right. We'll look for a place right away."

I would have suggested leaving New York altogether, if it hadn't been for the fact that he was in the employ of a concern that offered him many opportunities for advancement. I wanted to get as far away from New York as I possibly could. Detective Costello was on my mind night and day.

Within a week after my last encounter with Detective Costello, we had moved out to the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn. This, I thought, was entirely out of his district. I didn't think that he would ever be sent to Brooklyn, and I was considerably relieved when I got out of his territory.

My visits to New York were few and far between; nevertheless, every time I went there I was haunted with visions of Detective Costello. I lived a terrible life with this

"DETECTIVE COSTELLO haunted me. I lived in constant terror with this shadow of my past forever hanging over me. Finally I broke under the strain. I lost my reason."

"And while I was delirious, I babbled about the old life. Then, when I returned to sanity—"

I knew that there was no way in the world for me to prevent him from following me to my apartment over on West One Hundredth and Fortieth Street, but I was not going to let him see where I lived if I could get out of it. I tried to think up a way to avoid him as I walked along. And I did.

He was still following me slowly, when I came to Broadway. On the corner of my street and Broadway there was a big apartment hotel with a rear door leading to a drug store, the entrance of which was on Broadway. I stopped before this hotel, lifted my baby out of the carriage, and walked slowly into the building as though I lived there. As I entered the building I turned my head a little and I saw Detective Costello dodge in a doorway down the street a way.

When I got out of his view I hurried through the drug store, out to Broadway and hailed a taxi-cab that was standing near the store. I directed the driver to drive me to the subway station at One Hundred and Eighty-first Street. From there I took another cab back to my apartment. I made the change in cabs simply because I had an idea that Costello might make inquiries after he had discovered that I didn't live in the hotel into which he saw me go.

WHEN I finally got home I was sick, nervous, wretched. Within the short space of a few minutes, thirty at the most, I had tumbled from the precipice of happiness into the depths of despair.

And when Jack came home that night for his supper he immediately observed that I was not my natural, normal self.

"You look all worn out, honey," he said. "What's wrong?"

shadow of my past forever hanging over me. The mental torture that I underwent for four years of my married life was indescribable.

FINALLY I broke under the strain. I felt myself breaking. Visions of insanity began to crowd in upon my mind. I was extremely nervous and irritable, and after a time I got so that I couldn't eat and sleep. I lost weight rapidly and then I went into a decline and after that came complete mental darkness. I lost my reason. For two years I lived in space. Nothing mattered because nothing meant anything to me. Husband and child meant no more to me than space itself. The only person in the world with whom I could connect up sane, reasonable thoughts was Detective Costello. He was with me forever.

I came out of it after two years and, strange as it may seem, the first clear-cut mental reaction I had was the necessity of getting Detective Costello out of my life forever. Jack and the baby were the first persons I was able to recognize after the long mental sickness. The doctors had given him some intimation of the causes of my sickness, and before I was discharged from the private asylum where Jack had sent me, he began to refer to some of the things that the doctors had told him. I decided to tear the veil away from my past right then and there.

"Yes, Jack," I said, "there have been a lot of things on my mind for years now. I have paid the price for every transgression of which I have been guilty. I haven't played fair with you. I don't mean in my duties as a wife, for I have been the personification of loyalty. But I haven't played fair in the sense that I didn't tell you what I had been before you married me. I—"

"I don't care anything about what you've been," Jack interrupted me. "Let the past go. I love you regardless of whatever you have been."

"No, no," I said, "I've got to get this thing that drove me insane out of my mind before it drives me back again. I'm going to tell you all about myself—what I was and what I did for a living before I met you."

I didn't miss a detail of my life with Jim Howlandson or my life in the underworld. Jack sat there during the recital like a man in a trance. As I went along I thought that I was nearing the end of our relationship as man and wife. I could read this decision in his face. I had fortified myself against the worst. Anything that might come, I concluded, was nothing compared to what I had endured for years.

When I finished, he broke down and cried like a baby and then he simply said:

"Sweetheart, you've had a terrible time, haven't you?"

"I've paid the price,"

"I didn't tell you, honey," I replied, "because I didn't want to lose you. I thought you would do what most men would do, disown me and quit me."

"No," and he took me in his arms, "I would have loved you just as I love you now."

After I had got my mind cleared of the specter of the past and Detective Costello, Jane came back into my life again. By some means or other absolutely unknown to me, she had ascertained that I was married and doing well, that my husband was earning a good salary, and that I had about everything that I wanted. She phoned me and said



"Haven't we met before?" . . .
It was Detective Costello!

I muttered, "and a bitter price."

"It doesn't make a bit of difference to me and it wouldn't if you had told me before I married you. I told you that, didn't I?"

that she must see me.

"I have no desire to see any of my old friends of the underworld," I told her.

"Well," she replied, "you don't (Continued on page 105)

The Singular Case of

LONG about the latter part of 1911 the aristocratic residential section of Baltimore was terrorized by a series of clever house burglaries. Within a radius of fifteen or twenty blocks we had on an average of three burglaries a week for a period of ten weeks. On five different occasions the residents of the homes that had been plundered saw the burglar and were able to give very good descriptions of him.

"He's a negro," the descriptions ran without exception. "Tall and black. He walks with a crouch and wears a brown slouch hat, a long, loose-fitting, dark blue coat, and light gray trousers. He's probably over six feet in height and weighs around two hundred and fifty pounds."

In every one of the thirty-odd homes which had been burglarized I found a cigarette butt of a popular brand, indicating that the burglar probably smoked as he worked. All the robberies occurred around seven in the evening when the people were at dinner.

After the first two homes had been plundered I issued

instructions to all the residents of the neighborhood that they should advise their servants to lock all windows, particularly the windows on the second floor of their homes. I knew that the crook was what is known as a "second-story, porch-climbing, dinner-hour prowler," for in every instance he had entered the homes by the second-story windows. I was sure he had left the homes the same way after he had gathered up the swag.

My instructions were carried out by the residents in the area where the lone black man worked. But that didn't stop him. He resorted to the use of his trusty jimmy and on one occasion when he bumped into a window that he couldn't jimmy he cut out a pane of glass and crawled through the aperture.

According to Mrs. Brent: "I fought as best I could, then suddenly a shot came from behind the portières!"



MRS. BRENT

By Detective
THOMAS P. O'DONNELL
of the Baltimore Police Department

Every other night for three weeks a phone call came into the Detective Bureau telling the man at the desk:

"He's been here. He plundered the house while we were at dinner!"

For three weeks I walked the streets looking for him and not once during that time did I get a flash at him. At least three times I passed houses that he robbed while he was at work. I knew this when I got the reports of the time the robberies occurred and checked these reports against my movements. Finally I decided that I wouldn't do any more walking. I decided to plant myself in one place and wait.

I picked a neighborhood that he had not visited. The third night after I had resorted to this procedure I saw him. At least I was reasonably sure that it was he because within three minutes after I saw him a report was sent into Police Headquarters that a house had been robbed right on the street where I saw him.

HE came over the lawn between two big homes. I started toward him. He turned and saw me and ducked between two homes farther up the street. When I got up to the spot where I last saw him he was clean out of sight.

I said nothing about my experience for I was afraid it might get to the newspapers. I figured

if it did and the lone black wolf saw in the press that I had been so close to him, he would "duck" Baltimore for all time. I certainly didn't want that to happen. I wanted to have the pleasure and the honor of capturing him because he had been leading me a wild chase.

Suddenly the robberies ceased. For ten days no reports came into the office. Everybody was convinced that the lone black wolf had gone to another city to work, but I didn't subscribe to that belief. I had a suspicion that he was merely resting, getting ready for another campaign just as soon as the newspapers let up on the diatribes they had been hurling at the Police Department. I had an idea that he'd come back for another killing when he was least expected.

I never left the residential section that had been plundered. I remained in the neighborhood every night even though I knew the lone black wolf was not around. I had all my stool-pigeons at work in and about all the joints in the underworld of Baltimore. Every one of them had been given the description of the lone black wolf, but none of them knew him. I was sure of that because I had a few stool-pigeons upon whom I could gamble, boys who had never failed me. I was convinced that the lone black wolf was not a Baltimorean.

Then one night he came back!

I was planted in the doorway of a residence temporarily vacated when I saw a man of his general description coming up the street. I had already made up my mind that I would capture him in the act of burglarizing a home. I wanted to "get the goods on him." Just picking him up and taking him into Headquarters without enough evidence to send him to prison didn't appeal to me.

"I'll gamble with him," I concluded, "and get him while he's

working and then I know he'll go to prison for a good long term."

I CROUCHED down in the dark doorway and waited for him. He stopped when he got within about ten yards of me and then he made a quick move in between two houses. Simultaneously a cop rounded the corner and came sauntering down the street. As soon as the cop passed, the lone black wolf reappeared and stood on the lawn watching the cop until he disappeared around the corner at the end of the street. Then he cautiously made his way down the street while I followed him, keeping about fifty yards in the rear. At last he stopped before a large house.

He walked around the house as though he were sizing it up, then disappeared. From where I was hiding I could see people in the dining-room having dinner. Thinking he had gone to the rear and made an entrance, I, too, went around to the rear. But I couldn't see him!

A terrible rage possessed me and I didn't know what to do. I was afraid to go out in the middle of the lawn and start looking for him because I doped it out that if he had entered the house where the people were dining, he would see me from the darkened second-story window and make his getaway from the front.

On the other hand I wasn't sure that he had entered the house. I was in a quandary; indecision racked me from head to feet. Finally I concluded to wait, for there was nothing else I could do. I was determined that this burglar wouldn't get away from me.

From where I was planted I had a clear, unobstructed view of the lawns all the way down to the end of the street. If he crossed one of these I would see him. Still I believed he had entered the house I was watching, so I waited, feeling confident that I would be able to get him when he came sliding down the porch from the second-story window.

Suddenly I heard two pistol shots followed by a shrill scream which chilled me to the marrow. I jumped up and ran toward the house. The frenzied screams of the occupants reached my ears as I dashed around to the front door. There I bumped into a butler shouting:

"Police! Police! Help! Murder! Help!"

"I'm an officer," I yelled and dashed by him into the house with my gun in hand, expecting to run into the lone black wolf.

AT the head of the stairs there was a man calling for someone to bring some water. I went up the stairs as quick as my legs would carry me.

"He's dead!" the man yelled. "In there!"

I ran into the room he indicated and there was the lone black wolf stretched out on the floor in a pool of blood.

"Well, you did a good job," I said to the man who was giving water to a lady who had fainted.

"I didn't kill him," he replied.

"Then who did?"

"My wife must have done it."

I looked all over the room but I couldn't find a gun. In the interim the doctor arrived and treated the mistress of the house. After she had revived I began to question her.

"You're a good shot, Mrs. Brent," I said to her. "You killed a bad fellow."

"I killed him?" she exclaimed. "Why, I didn't kill him. I——"

"You didn't kill him? Then who did?"

I sensed a mystery. One by one I questioned the servants. Each and every one of them swore that they were down-stairs when the shots were fired. Mr. Brent told me that his wife was the only member of the family who was up-stairs when the shots were fired. And yet she said she hadn't killed the lone black wolf!

"What is this anyway?" I thought.

After the ambulance had taken the body of the negro away I had another conversation with Mrs. Brent.

"Now tell me just what occurred," I began.

"We were having dinner," she said, "when I had to go up-stairs after a scarf. I didn't switch on the lights because I knew just where my scarf was in the dresser drawer. A peculiar feeling swept over me. I had a premonition that there was somebody in the room. I thought I heard a noise, then I felt a hot, greasy hand around my throat. I tried

and the windows. Back at Headquarters he developed them and then he telephoned me.

"There must have been two men in on that job, Tom," he told me.

"Two men?" I was more puzzled than ever. "Sure of that?"

"There are two distinctly different sets of finger-prints," he went on. "The prints on the porch are different from those that I found on the windows."

I was completely baffled. I didn't know what to do or what to think.

I COULDN'T entertain the idea that the lone black wolf had an accomplice because when I saw him he was alone. I couldn't entertain the supposition that two burglars had gotten into the house because I had been watching constantly and I hadn't seen anybody except the man I was trailing. If I had been able to entertain the supposition that two crooks had been in the house, my imagination wouldn't have offered a motive. Why should one burglar kill another without provocation?

There was absolutely nothing that I could do. So far as I was concerned I was up against an unsolvable mystery. The Chief of Detectives was as much mystified as I was. Every man at the Detective Bureau was lost for an expla-

"I SAW the Lone Wolf break into the Brent house. Mrs. Brent says she didn't kill him. Mr. Brent says he didn't. Were two burglars in the house working separately? But one wouldn't kill the other. . . I was completely baffled."

to scream but I couldn't. He was choking me! I fought as best I could and then suddenly I saw a flash of fire coming from the portières over there at the window. At the same time I felt the hand drop from my throat and that's when I screamed. I didn't shoot. I never had a gun in my hand. Whoever fired the shot was hiding behind those portières over there at the window. I don't know what happened after that."

Now there was absolutely no occasion for this woman to manufacture a story of this kind and I had no idea that she wasn't telling me the truth. Her version of the shooting was verified by every other member of the household. But who did the shooting?

I examined the windows and the portières and the back porch. Thinking there might be some finger-prints obtainable on the porch and the windows, I telephoned to Detective Headquarters for the finger-print experts. While I was waiting for him I talked with Mr. Brent and the servants again. They were all very positive that Mrs. Brent was the only member of the family who was up-stairs when the shots were fired. I quizzed her again.

"This man was killed while he was committing a crime and if you killed him you were justified in doing it, so please tell me the truth. Don't think that you can be prosecuted for killing a burglar."

HE was not hysterical now. She was calm and collected. "I know that," she replied, "but I tell you I've never had a gun in my hand. Why should I deny it if I killed him? I tell you the shots that killed him came from behind those portières."

The finger-print expert arrived while I was talking with her. He got excellent impressions of prints on the porch

nation. This singular case of Mrs. Brent had us all bewildered.

But we circulated the two sets of prints to every police department in the United States and to every prison in the country. Within sixty days we had a report on the dead negro, had his entire history. He was known as "Louisville Shine." He had served time in the Kentucky State Prison, San Quentin, California and Stillwater, Minnesota. He had a long record as a house burglar and sneak thief.

Shortly after we got his record the mystery of the killing was cleared up a little. The finger-prints on the window were the prints of a notorious dinner-hour prowler called "Skinny Freeman." There was absolutely no doubt about this for we had five different reports on them, one from Police Headquarters at Chicago, one from St. Louis, one from Philadelphia, one from the Illinois State Prison at Joliet, and one from Portland, Oregon.

"But why," I mused, "did Skinny Freeman kill Louisville Shine? How did he get into the house without my seeing him and how did he get out of the house without my seeing him? If he killed Louisville Shine, what was the motive?"

The mystery was just as deep as ever.

Then we started a world-wide campaign to round up Skinny Freeman. We offered a reward for his capture or for information leading to his arrest. About six months after the killing of Louisville Shine we received a wire from the prison at Folsom, California, that he had escaped from that prison before our circular arrived. Now we didn't want him primarily because he killed Louisville Shine or because we thought he had committed a lot of robberies in and about Baltimore—though we wanted to send him to prison—but because we wanted to clear up the mystery.

I was alternately certain and skeptical regarding those finger-prints which the experts pronounced Skinny Freeman's.

middle-West, I decided to go out to California and do a little investigating. I knew that the last prison Skinny had been in was at Folsom. It didn't seem possible to me that a crook with Skinny Freeman's reputation could cover up his trail for all time.

He had served three years in Folsom for burglarizing a number of homes in the millionaire colony of Pasadena, California. I learned from the Chief of Detectives of Pasadena that there was a girl working with him on the Pasadena robberies. The girl had not been sent to prison because a certain very sentimental and very wealthy lady had interceded in her behalf and had persuaded the judge to suspend sentence.

This girl was Skinny's sweetheart. He would have her apply to rich dowagers for a position as lady's maid. After she had gotten "the lay of the joint," how many jewels Madame had,

where she kept them and what was the best time to get them, Skinny would come along and "turn the joint off" (rob the house).

Now it seemed to me that if all I heard about Skinny and his girl was true, I might get a line on Skinny if I could find the girl. Therefore I went to see the Warden of the prison at Folsom.

"The prints on the porch are different from the prints on the window frame!"
Could there be two men—

"I'll never be satisfied that Skinny killed Louisville Shine until I have heard the story from his own lips," I told the Chief.

I ASKED the Chief to let me hit the trail and stay on it until I had rounded up Skinny Freeman. He consented, so I packed my trunk and beat it for Chicago to consult with Detective Mike Mullins, one of the greatest authorities on porch-climbing, dinner-hour prowlers in the United States. Mike knew more pickpockets, safe crackers, prowlers and sneak thieves than any detective I've ever met. And Mike Mullins knew Skinny Freeman.

"He's a Chicago guy," Mike told me. "Born and raised on the South Side. He comes from a good family. I know his parents, sisters and brothers, and he's the only bum in the family."

Thieves usually communicate with their families, but Skinny was the exception to the rule. We had his home covered for two months, but never a letter came from Skinny. In the meantime I was skirmishing throughout the underworlds of Kansas City, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Duluth and the rest of the middle-Western cities looking for Skinny. I had his photograph cataloged in my mind. I had a definite description of him. Wherever there was a series of house burglaries I went to that city to investigate. I had detectives of all these cities on the lookout for my man and it seemed to me that it was only a matter of time until he would fall into the net.

After approximately six weeks of hard work in the

How he ever got out of this place nobody knows to this day."

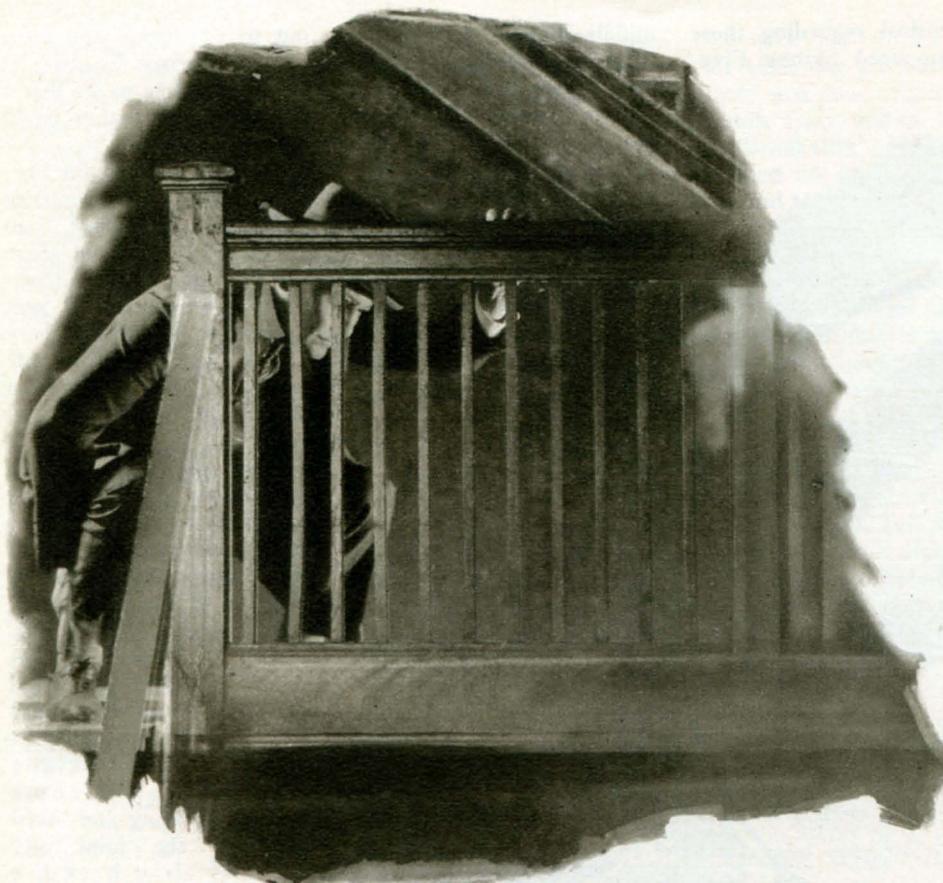
"Well, Warden," I replied, "if you can give me the kind of information I want, I'm sure we can land him again."

Then I went after the names and addresses of people with whom Skinny had corresponded while he was in Folsom.

"As I recall it," the Warden said, "he didn't do much corresponding. I think he wrote about three letters during the two months he was here before he escaped. I'll find out."

(Continued on page 97)





"I called a command to halt, but—

CAN a man in his sound senses murder his own father? When Jonathan Bainbridge was shot to death in the study of his home late one night, the police arrested his son Stanley for the crime. Stella Bainbridge, his daughter, immediately sent for Detective Hosmer. He and I were on the scene two hours after the tragedy.

Hosmer questioned Miss Bainbridge, who thoroughly believed in her brother's innocence. Her father had no enemies that she knew of, and no business associates. She knew nothing of his business except that he was a broker. But a few nights before his death she did hear him quarreling over the telephone about something to be delivered at his office at ten o'clock the next morning. "Tell him to be sure and see that the stamps are on them!" her father had said. Yet what should the stamps be on? Nobody knew.

The servants were questioned, and Dixon the butler and Marie the maid told of being awakened by a loud noise shortly before the shooting. Then they saw Stanley Bainbridge come out of his father's study with a gun in his hand.

A search of the house revealed nothing. The only clue was a pair of hand prints which faced downward, on the study window. These were destroyed when the pane of glass was broken. Dixon broke the window with a chair—though he claimed he had done it accidentally.

Hosmer next went to Jonathan Bainbridge's office. Dixon had been searching the place before we arrived. We found that the office typewriter had not been used for a long time; on a desk pad were merely a few telephone numbers. I looked them up and found one to be a day nursery, one a

The Secret

*With the net
there comes a
urging him to*

dressmaker, and the other two were blanks.

Miss Bainbridge met us at her father's office and denied having visited her brother at the prison that morning. However, Hosmer knew that a woman who wore a heavy veil had been there.

Late that night Hosmer called me over to his apartment where he was working on numerous charts and diagrams. His only statement about the case so far was that the solution to its mystery lay in a black box. I hoped he was ready to tell me more now. But he had just started to explain his charts and his theories when the phone rang.

Hosmer answered, and calling to me to get a taxi at once, slipped on his coat and rushed out.

"Here, slip this on your hip," he said as I caught up with him. "They are darned handy sometimes," and he handed me a small automatic.

"Seven-one hundred East Fifty-ninth Street," Hosmer told the driver as we climbed into the cab. "Step on the gas and forget the speed limit. This is an emergency call."

"Very good, sir," the driver replied as we swung away from the curb and shot down the avenue.

I finally recovered my breath sufficiently to ask what had happened.

"Don't know exactly. Thompson's had a battle of some sort. We'll be there in a moment now and then we'll find out."

Hosmer lapsed into silence. Before I realized what was happening our car jerked to a stop in front of the Bainbridge residence.

"YOU may wait," said Hosmer to the driver as he sprang out of the taxi and dashed up the steps. He rang the bell. The door was opened almost immediately by a very pale and frightened Dixon, attired in dressing-gown, trousers and shoes. We stepped into the reception hall. Detective Thompson, who stood at the head of the broad stairway, beckoned us to come up. Without removing our wraps we ascended the stairs, and Thompson switched on the lights in the study.

"Well," said Hosmer, "what's up?"

of the BLACK BOX

closing around Jonathan Bainbridge's murderer, note to young Stanley Bainbridge in his prison cell, "tell all." What guilty secret has he? Who is the unknown woman that wrote the note?

"I don't exactly know," replied Thompson, "but something has happened."

"Don't mince. Out with it."

"Well, about half an hour ago I was sitting in that big easy chair there cat-napping, with the study door open and the lights out, as you instructed, when I was aroused suddenly by a suction of air through that window there," indicating the window on the north side of the study. "The suction of air caused the shade to be drawn outward, making a sort of crackling noise such as might be made by handling stiff, heavy paper. I listened intently for a moment, and then the shade slipped back into its usual position.

"I sat still, thinking of the occurrence, when it dawned on me that a door must have been opened somewhere in the house to cause a draft strong enough to suck that shade outward as much as it did. I got up and stepped into the hall to listen. Everything was quiet for a second. Then I caught the sound of scratching or scraping, like a rat in the partitions. It seemed to come from the rear of the hall somewhere. I slipped noiselessly in the direction it seemed to come from, but as I approached the spot it ceased. I waited several minutes, not moving so much as a finger, but I did not hear the sound again. I finally returned to the study and sat down to think the matter over.

"I must have been there some ten minutes when my attention was again called



—the Thing moved along all the faster"

to the window by the crackling of the shade as it was pulled outward by the suction of air. I did not move, but strained my ears to see if I could locate the exact spot where the scratching sound came from. A board squeaked faintly. I stepped cautiously to the study door. All was still. Then I distinctly heard a movement, but this time it came from the reception hall below. I got down on my hands and knees and crept to the head of the stairs, and peered down into the semi-darkness."

HOSMER listened closely as Thompson spoke, and seemed impatient as he paused.

"In the dim light I could see a figure dressed in a long flowing robe standing at the door. I strained my eyes to get a better look at it, but as I did so it began to move very cautiously, as if feeling its way toward the stairs. It paused for an instant as if listening, then snapped on a small pocket flash-light, turning the little flood of light in the direction of the stairway. I drew back, but it was evident that it only wanted to locate the stairs for it now began to ascend the stairway, creeping stealthily, almost noiselessly, step by step.

"I realized that I must move as I was directly in its path if it continued on its way. I got up very cautiously, and moving back until I felt the wall behind me, I flattened

The women were hysterical, and the men thoroughly frightened, but I assured them that everything was all right, and that they could best assist me by retiring to their rooms. At Miss Bainbridge's command all returned to their rooms but Dixon. He was to remain up and admit you when you came.

"**A**s I gave him instructions, one thing about his appearance caught my eye and struck me as being unusual. Everyone, of course, had rushed out of their rooms scantily clad, being too frightened to dress. However, Dixon had on his trousers, robe and shoes just as you saw him when you came in. From the moment the draft caused the study door to slam, until I had again returned to the house, it could not possibly have been more than a minute, yet Dixon was with the others—dressed as he now is! His shoes were completely laced and tied. Now what was the butler doing like that? Does he sleep in his shoes?" Thompson asked, earnestly enough.

The whole experience was a profound puzzle to me.

"I am not here to answer questions, Thompson. I am here to ask them. Please explain why you opened that window when I gave you specific instructions that nothing was to be disturbed until I had made a thorough examination."

"DIXON the butler stopped us in the hall. 'When you questioned Marie,' he said to Hosmer, 'she told you—'

"How do you know what I asked Marie?" Hosmer shot at him.

"The old man's face blanched. He was too confused to speak."

myself against it and waited. Then a draft, evidently between that window there and the open door below caused the study door to slam shut with a sharp bang. It startled me for an instant and my first thought was that a shot had been fired. It took me a fraction of a second to regain my faculties sufficiently to realize what really had occurred. Then I heard whoever or whatever it was that had been creeping up the stairs hurrying back down the stairs.

"I called a command to halt as I sprang to the stairs, but instead of stopping the thing hurried the faster. Again calling out my command to halt, I drew my gun and fired at the fleeing figure, but by this time it had passed through the door below. Before I could reach the reception hall it had pulled the door shut behind it and disappeared in the darkness."

Hosmer's expressive face registered extreme impatience as Thompson paused after relating the mysterious invader's escape.

"**I** REACHED the reception hall close upon its heels, however," continued Thompson, "and after fumbling in the darkness I finally found the knob and threw open the door—just in time to see the rear end of a yellow cab rounding the corner. I ran up to the corner in an effort to catch a glimpse of the number, but the cab had covered such a distance that it was not visible. There was no other vehicle or person in sight. I am confident that whoever was in the hall left in that cab."

As Thompson finished, Hosmer inquired: "Is that all?"

"Yes," replied Thompson with a puzzled look at his superior, "and no. When I came back into the house to call you, and that was immediately, the whole household had been aroused by the shot. They were in the upper hall.

Thompson flushed under Hosmer's sharp rebuke, but he replied quickly.

"But, Mr. Hosmer, nothing has been touched. Things are just as they were when I took charge here. I did not even let the glazier enter the room when he came to replace the broken window-pane. He did all of his work from the outside."

"What's that?"

"Everything is just as it was, sir."

Hosmer strode over to the north window of the study and drew back the shade. "Do you mean to tell me that you did not lower that window from the top?" he asked.

"No, sir, I did not. The window was down from the top when I came."

I had trailed after Hosmer, and as I looked at the window he was pointing to and saw it down some three inches from the top, I recalled his theory of the shooting which he had outlined to me earlier in the evening. Hosmer said that if Jonathan Bainbridge had been standing at the time the fatal shot was fired, the shot must have been fired from a point eight or nine feet from the floor. I had a brilliant idea.

"Why, perhaps Mr. Bainbridge was shot from that open window," I blurted out, pointing to the three-inch space at the top of the window.

Hosmer dropped the shade which he had been holding back as he studied the window, and turned upon me almost fiercely. One look at his face and I could have bitten my tongue out, for I realized now that I had committed the unpardonable sin. I had voiced an opinion unsolicited.

I had been permitted to go with Hosmer several times before on cases, but after I had returned from my first trip with him I had it thoroughly impressed on my mind that I was to be seen and not heard if I wished to accompany him.

He did not want to be spoken to unless he signified that he did. I tried to stammer an apology, but his steady gaze made me forget completely every word of the English language.

Then suddenly he burst out laughing.

I WAS dumfounded. I looked at Thompson, and he looked at me; I thought I saw him reel a little. Hosmer laughing on an investigation? Impossible! The most anyone ever got out of him was a smile, and that was rare. Nevertheless he was laughing, and as my amazement passed I realized with something of a shock that he was laughing at me. Evidently my suggestion must have appeared ridiculous to him.

My face burned and I felt my embarrassment even more keenly because Thompson was present and had heard my

I was still mad and I did not go to the pains of concealing the fact. I had feelings if he didn't.

"Oh, I know I am just a big chump," I said. "I know I should have kept my mouth shut. I generally try not to interfere or make a nuisance of myself, but I just remembered what your theory was about the angle from which the shot was fired, and—well, I just spoke before I thought, that's all. I don't blame you for thinking the idea ridiculous. I think so myself now, but I spoke on the impulse of the moment."



The turnkey was clever enough to find the hidden note

remark and witnessed the effect it had upon Hosmer. For the first time since I had known Hosmer I felt an almost irresistible desire to choke him, but instead I turned abruptly and walked to the study door. Jerking it open, I was about to pass into the hall when Hosmer hurried to my side and seized me by the arm to draw me back into the room, kicking the door shut with his foot.

He was still smiling, though not that sarcastic smile of his that I fairly hated. It was a friendly, cheerful smile that changed him at once from the grim investigator into the regular fellow he really was at heart.

"Why, Bill, what's the idea?" he asked.

HOSMER continued to smile as he shook his head. "No, not wrong, Bill, but right. I wasn't laughing at you, old man. I was laughing at myself to think that I stumbled blindly along overlooking the only good bet we had and let you, my amateur 'Cushfoot,' bring up the rear and cop the laurels."

"But I—I—"

"Never mind that now," said Hosmer. "We have lots of work ahead of us to-night. On our way home tell me how you arrived at your conclusion."

Again going over to the window, he examined it closely. He then told Thompson to remain on duty as previously instructed, and that he would return in the morning to complete the inspection of the house. We prepared to leave. In the reception hall we were stopped by Dixon, who approached Hosmer nervously. (Continued on page 76)

PHANTOM RIDERS of

"I SHOULD think," I said, "that trying to stop those birds from running in the stuff would be considerably like the old Pigs-in-Clover game; just as you get one almost cornered he slips away and you have to start all over again."

The *Sally J.* wasn't fifty yards ahead of us

For years the rum-runner known enuers. Can a boat dissolve and

I had been transferred from the Great Lakes division of the Coast Guard to the State of Washington, with Bellingham as headquarters. We were undermanned, of course, yet we managed to capture a great many of the runners loaded to the taffrail with the stuff the Eighteenth Amendment says "shall not pass."

Old Benson, in charge, knew that I referred to the islands at the foot of the Strait of Georgia, clustered like flies in August on fly-paper.

"We do pretty well—everything considered," he declared.

And we did. Despite the islands of all sizes from ten miles long to ten feet, and the endless little coves, bays, narrows and inlets into which a rum-runner might easily slip, we rounded up a surprisingly large number of those fellows—enough to make the game dangerous at times, and interesting always, for those chaps, and to keep the prices pretty well up.

It was my first trip out in the cutter. My previous work had been first off the New Jersey coast, then at the Great Lakes, and at those places there were few really good hiding places. Most of the stuff had to be brought in between days and even then, with the distance limit so far out, we had more than an even break—or we would have had if it were possible to give us sufficient speedy boats and crews.

A TRIM, grayish and powerful-looking power-boat, a forty-footer, seemed to shoot out from a point of land on Lopez Island.

"Overhaul her," I said, crisply.

I plainly saw the first mate, Crowley, wink at the man at the wheel as he answered, "Yes, sir."

I felt myself getting hot, but realized in a flash that no disrespect was meant. It was evident that the other craft was speedier than I had imagined, and could walk away from us.

We described a beautiful white arc as we got into position and gave chase.



the SEA

as "The Phantom" dodged the rev-
reappear at its evil skipper's will?

From Data Supplied by a
Federal Agent to
LLEWELLYN BRONSON

"Know that craft?" I asked Crowley.

"Comes out of Vancouver, sir. Been running two seasons."

"What's she got that gives her so much speed,
airplane motors?"

"She's no faster than we are."

"And you mean to say, Mr. Crowley, that a
runner no faster than this cutter has
been operating two seasons without
being caught?"

The man at the wheel
was grinning.

"She hides on us, sir."

He spoke tersely and
shrugged, as if feeling
that his expla-
nation would
not be ac-
cepted as an
explanation,
but it couldn't
be helped.

I watched the
chase closely.

"I believe we
could overtake
her if we had
half a day's
run," I ven-
tured.

Crowley
agreed heart-
ily.

Haro Strait
from Vancou-
ver to Lopez
is roughly
twenty-five
miles, and Ro-
sario Strait to the mainland is
about the same distance. In the
midst of the group of the three
larger islands, Lopez, San Juan and Orcas, are innumerable
smaller islands.

The runner made for the narrows between San Juan and Lopez. As I have said, I was new to this district. The network of islands amazed me, some with brilliant verdure, others grim and stark, reddish gray, the pinnacles of a mountain range submerged aeons ago.

"Can we pocket him, Mr. Crowley?" I asked. It seemed
strange for the pursued to apparently run into a land trap.

"Not a chance, sir."

Through the narrows, and apparently gaining somewhat,
the pursued and pursuer churned the waters. A vista of
small islands opened up before me. I made sure that we
had crowded on every atom of power possible. I wanted
to start off with a good record by capturing this elusive
chap who had kept his craft out of the hands of the law
for two seasons.

"Wish I knew your channels here. Isn't there some way
we can slip between these islands and head him off?" I asked.

"It doesn't seem to do any good, sir." Crowley was as calm as if making dock at half speed. He showed no eagerness whatever. I became suspicious.

"Do you know her register?" was my next question.

"Sally J., but we call her the 'Phantom,'" Crowley explained.

"Phantom!" I said and laughed. "Nothing very phantom-like about her! Listen to her exhaust—very material, I should say."

"SHE'S got some sort of muffler, sir—there!" Crowley had no more than said that when the sound of the exhaust ceased and *Sally J.* disappeared around a small island, a great pile of rock and ledge rising abruptly out of the water.

"She'll be out of sight when we get there, sir," Crowley said.

"We can pick her up somewhere—she can't be swallowed up entirely. If we cruise about long enough we'll find 'her,'" I declared.

Crowley said nothing. The man at the wheel coughed behind his hand.

We did not pick her up, nor did we find any trace of her. In and out among the islands, into narrows and inlets and bays, in every nook it seemed, we made our way, but no trace of the *Sally J.*

"She always disappears about here, sir," Crowley said.

Back at headquarters Old Benson smiled drily.

"Understand you almost overhauled the *Phantom*," he said to me.

"She's got some little inlet to run into, but I'll find her if it takes all summer," I assured him.

THERE was considerable laughter, not derisive but just the amused laughter of men who had promised the same thing and failed, men who knew the district down to the last door-knob of an island, the last three-foot channel.

I had no reason to complain, for I was meeting with success. I had overhauled some rather big craft and taken some mighty big cargoes of the illicit stuff, but I was no nearer to finding the *Sally J.*'s hiding place than before.

Four times I had seen her. Each time I gave chase, she made for the same location, her exhaust suddenly ceasing and then—nothing.

"The skipper of the *Sally J.* has found some tiny inlet, running diagonally into one of the islands, just wide enough for his craft and so well hidden that we could pass within ten yards of it and not see it," I declared.

"I thought so," Old Benson agreed, "I sure thought so. Guess I spent a month of good time last season poking close in 'round every island there big enough to have an inlet that would take a forty-foot craft. But it's no use."

"Then we're not as smart as that skipper, Mr. Benson," I declared.

HE became rather red, but laughed it off. "It's luck. He's found some place no other man would find with an X-ray," he assured me.

I was even more determined when twice again I saw and chased the speedy *Sally J.* and with like results.

Of course she was no phantom. There were living men aboard her. I could see them, and I did not believe in phantoms. But I had to admit that those phantom riders of the sea certainly vanished into thin air in a most phantom-like manner. Shots across her bows availed nothing; she was right over there and the next minute she wasn't anywhere at all, so far as could be seen.

Cutting in at random just below Orcas Island one evening, after overhauling an innocent fisherman, I rounded a point and found myself within a quarter of a mile of the *Sally J.*

I gave the order and a shot was sent across her bows. She kept right on.

"Make this one a bull's-eye!" I commanded, determined to cripple her.

But the *Sally J.* veered sharply, and before we could sight anew she had rounded a small island. I was sure that we had her, for she had lost speed in veering and making a sharp turn. But when we rounded the island the *Sally J.* had disappeared. And she had done it in two minutes!

I WENT around that island at least ten times, but there wasn't a landing place big enough for a canoe! Not an inlet, not a bit of shore—just sheer rock. Yet the craft couldn't have made the open water to the next island shelter in the brief time that it took me to get around there.

"You see, sir?" Crowley offered, as I stood trying to think, trying to see if I were awake.

"I can't see. That's the trouble."

"The boys sure named her right," he said.

"But you don't believe that rot about phantoms, do you?"

"Oh no, sir," said Crowley. "It's some trick, although we had four men quit the crews in the last two seasons because they believed she was a phantom."

I had come to know these waters fairly well. I marked the place with great care and made for the lee of an adjoining island.

"Put me ashore, with one man and the small boat," I ordered.

I wouldn't command any of the crew to go but let them

volunteer. Only two did so. One of the men, Lafe Cross, came with me. I took some food, a sail for the small boat, and ordered the cutter to come back at daylight.

It was dark and cloudy when the tide was on the turn. We sailed over to this island. We circled over half of it, using an oar to scull and another to fend. Half a dozen times we nearly came to grief on the hidden rocks. Then suddenly we saw the *Sally J.* glide out not fifty yards from us, coming from behind a ledge. She got under way and disappeared while Lafe and I made for that spot.

When we had finished I swore him to secrecy. At sunrise we were picked up.

It was a fortnight later before we sighted the *Sally J.* again. She had a big lead. As I had always done, I gave chase. By this time my men believed I had gone daffy over her and was wasting time so stubbornly giving chase.

I put Lafe Cross at the wheel.

The *Sally J.* had disappeared as usual when we got to the little bay off this crag-like island. But I kept right on, then slowed down, drifting nearer and nearer. I sighted the old one-pounder myself and gave the order to fire.

THE shell disappeared in that apparently solid rock cliff as if it had been shot into a cheese!

Lafe Cross grinned but the others stared in amazement.

"Send three more in, about hull-height," I ordered.

With the third shot a portion of the seemingly solid rock was torn away, revealing shattered wooden framework and a small inlet back of it.

"By Godfrey's goat, a fake cliff, sir!" shouted Crowley, so excited that he was dancing. Lafe Cross was grinning like a cat as we hove to, lowered a boat, armed the men and made our way in.

There was no fight, no opposition. Kellogg, owner and master of the *Sally J.*, took it as a joke.

"I'm satisfied. I've made my pile," he said, "and I was won-

dering how long it would be before you babies would get wise to our disappearing trick."

Kellogg, formerly a technical man in a Hollywood studio, had decided there was a quicker fortune in rum running. He knew this country up here from boyhood, and in the studio, where he built artificial boulders and ledges and cliffs, he hit upon the amazing scheme of fitting into this very narrow inlet a gateway that would match the cliffs. This was so cleverly hung on a swivel that he could nose his craft in under it and swing it back into position in a couple of minutes!

THREE was considerable excitement when we brought in the "Phantom," *Sally J.*, with her crew under arrest and her hold filled with case after case of "the stuff."

Old Benson praised me highly, but wanted to know how I happened to think of such a thing as that.

"Education, Mr. Benson," I said, "just a love of reading in my boyhood days. A pirate named Carrillo the Corsair did that very thing to hide his pirate ship—"

"Well, I'll be damned," exclaimed Kellogg, who was sitting there awaiting bail. "Why, that's where I got the idea! I'm an educated guy, too!"

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Golden Glint SHAMPOO

The Skeleton in the Islip Woods

(Continued from page 49)

"Do you think it is advisable to let the newspapers keep such close touch with what you are doing, though?" I hinted. "Won't it give the murderer a chance to make a get-away?"

You have to be so darned careful in dealing with the "local authorities." They are jealous of their rights, and they can do more to gum up the works than you can do to clear them up if you don't take the right tack with the villagers.

"Mebbe," he agreed, "but how are we going to identify the remains if we don't advertise them?" he asked triumphantly.

Something in his voice stopped us just as we were about to leave.

"Who's going to identify a skeleton?" Murray must have caught the same tone as myself, for he put the question as an insinuating taunt.

"Well, a man and a woman came here this morning from New Jersey," he said, swallowing the bait. "They wouldn't tell me who they were, but from the way they whispered together I guessed they suspected who she was."

THIS was the most important piece of information, and we had almost missed it. One thing I was sure of, and that was that Dailey knew more than he had told us.

"How did you know they came from New Jersey then?" Murray asked.

"Well, they wanted to see Doctor Savage, the Coroner, and he was out on a case," he reluctantly admitted. "The woman, without thinking, said they had come all the way over from Jersey and didn't want to go back without seeing him. But they didn't want the reporters to get on to them, so they said they would come over again. Just then a young man came in and they jumped in their car and hurried off."

"Did you take the number?" I asked.

"Yes, I did," he admitted. "I wrote it down. Here it is."

He entered his small office and picked up a scrap of paper which was weighted down on his desk by a whisky glass full of buckshot. Murray, who had followed him, took a note-book out of his pocket and, glancing at the inscription Dailey showed him, copied it down. "Much obliged again," I heard him say. "That all you can tell us?"

"Everything," the undertaker returned shortly.

"Well, good-by." We shook hands with the amateur sleuth and made a wild dash to catch the four-thirty train which was even then heralding its approach with great clouds of smoke puffing through the tops of the trees a mile away.

"Cagy person," Murray remarked as we reached the station and raced over the tracks just as the 4.30 pulled in.

It was filled with husky railroad laborers, earth-caked and grimy. The plush seats were dusty and damp, the air musty and malodorous. "Whew!" my companion snorted. "Let's walk through and see if we can find a better atmosphere."

The laborers occupied the two front coaches exclusively. Farther back we

could glimpse plenty of empty seats and a better class of passengers.

SITTING in the third seat of the third car was a tall dark man, dressed in correct afternoon clothes—striped trousers, black cutaway coat, and silk hat! Somebody going to a late afternoon wedding, was the idea which flashed through my mind. Suddenly I sensed something vaguely familiar about his face.

"Well, what do you think of that!" Murray said to me in an undertone as we sank into one of the clammy plush seats. "Did you pipe the lunch-room Romeo?"

As a matter of fact, the man had completely passed from my mind. "I'd like to know where he is going all dolled up in Fifth Avenue duds," I remarked.

"Uh-huh," Murray grunted. "Seeking new fields to conquer, maybe. Well, let's see the description of what Mr. Dailey calls the remains."

He took the typewritten sheet from his inner breast pocket, and after glancing over it with concentrated swiftness he gave it to me with a chuckle.

"For an amateur sleuth Charles Dailey is pretty good. I don't believe he has missed anything—but there is a lot here that he didn't mention." He startled a quaint little old lady across the aisle from us as he gave a short, sharp laugh.

The description was comprehensive. It read:

On subjecting the skull to a most careful scrutiny I found the place where the bullet had entered to be on the right side in front of the ear and at the point where the jaw-bone hinges. The course of this bullet was not easy to follow. Another bullet had been fired into the rear of the skull.

I made a careful examination of the clothing and teeth. There were twelve of the latter left. Bicuspid tooth on the upper left side of the jaw crowned with gold. Three front teeth in upper jaw had been filled; one had been filled twice with amalgam and the other two once each; malformed teeth in lower jaw setting in close behind one another.

Clothes: Corset of black silk, made to order according to local expert who was consulted. Shirtwaist of black taffeta with appliquéd embroidery. Auto scarf of tan *peau de cygne*. Shoes size 4 or 5 (name of maker obliterated by rains and snows). Coat of black broadcloth lined with gray satin. Jewelry: Chain with locket in which was diamond; watch, Swiss, gold, heavily chased, stopped at 12.30; watch has various marks of jewelers who have repaired it; small gold locket with tassel of seed pearls; gold bracelet with pearls and diamonds. Receipted bill for goods printed in Krebel, Prussia; dated 1908; small guide-book issued by Hamburg American Line.

I read over the list several times.

"Woman was probably slightly over thirty years of age, height five foot seven, weight 130 pounds," Mr. Bailey had written his conclusions at the foot of the list.

"Well, that murderer wasn't afraid of leaving clues behind him," I remarked in a low tone to Murray.

"Unless," he suggested, "some one murdered the woman meaning to rob her and was scared off in some way."

"When we went there first the case looked like one of those impenetrable mysteries, but we seem to be burdened with a wealth of clues. Hard to know which one to tackle first."

JUST then the train stopped at Rockville Centre and passengers filled the seats behind and ahead of us. It was impossible to talk over the case then any further. However, as the train hurled itself through the gloom of the rainy dusk, I pondered over our treasure trove.

The abundance of clues was suspicious. Why should a murderer, after luring his victim to such a desolate spot, leave so many obvious clues behind him? If the object had been robbery, and he had been scared off by hearing some one approach would he not have returned for his ghoulish loot? It was not likely, on the other hand, that a woman would be wandering about the scrub-oak lands unaccompanied.

However, speculation at this stage of the case was useless. The various departments at Police Headquarters would receive their respective items to be worked over, and my Chief would direct me as to which step I should take next.

"Koenigstrasse, Altona," was the address on the label which I had cut from the neck of the dead woman's coat. This was evidently some small place in Germany. Headquarters would get in touch with the German police, sending them a full description of the case and requesting information. The Missing Persons Bureau would trace their records for the reported disappearance of a woman within the past year, which might correspond with the one given by the undertaker. The Identification Bureau would trace the watch repairers whose marks were on the little Swiss timepiece, and circularize all dentists of the better class giving a description of the dental work found in the skull. Another department would trace the owner of the New Jersey car.

THE silk-hatted Romeo of the lunch counter, I noted, changed cars at Jamaica, and crossed over to the train on the other side of the platform, which carried passengers to a Brooklyn terminal. Murray and I followed suit, as it was the most direct way to get back to Headquarters. At Flatbush Avenue we bumped into him as he started to cross over toward the subway, and when we entered the same train he was obviously nervous. However, at Brooklyn Bridge station Murray and I changed to a local. The last I saw of him that night was his face peering anxiously through the window.

We turned in our reports, and I was just about to leave for home when I decided to clear up at least one item. It would not take long to find out from the Missing Persons Bureau if they had any one on the list whose description fitted in with that of the blonde unknown.

I found Captain Ayres, the chief of the bureau, still at his desk. Briefly I explained the Islip case to him. After consulting his files, he told me he had a record of no girl missing for a year that fit the description I gave him.



"Everyone is looking at you, dear"

"THEY CAN'T HELP ADMIRING YOU—you are so beautiful!" he whispered, looking down at her pink and white beauty.

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I called it a day and left for home.

When I reached Headquarters the following day I was instructed to go over to Newark and interview Mrs. Henry Werhuff or her husband, who was registered as the owner of the car which had stopped at Mr. Dailey's office. Tom Murray had been sent back to Islip on another angle of the case.

On a mystery of this sort, not one but dozens of men are set to work, and it is largely a matter of luck as to who is going to be in at the death. Each one travels along the line mapped out by my Chief; he may find that it leads off on a wild tangent or that it steers him straight toward the goal.

THIS particular morning I found myself on good ground. The address in Newark proved to be a handsome home in one of the best residential sections of the city.

A neatly clad maid answered my ring. When I asked whether Mr. or Mrs. Werhuff was at home, and informed her that I came from Police Headquarters in New York, she shrank back in alarm. I took advantage of the open door, however, and brushed my way in.

"I think Mr. Werhuff is in himself, sir," she gasped, still regarding me with large, frightened eyes. "Will you please be seated in the library," indicating a large, luxuriantly furnished room on the right side of the hall—"then I'll see if he's really in." I heard her footsteps patter off into the distance.

I didn't have to wait long. Before a minute had passed, a tall, well-groomed man of fifty entered the room.

"You have come about Anna Luther," he said without any unnecessary preamble. "I mean, you are on that Islip murder mystery case, are you not?" I nodded. "Well, I was just writing a letter to New York Police Headquarters when you arrived."

"Then you recognized the clothing and the trinkets?" I remarked rather unnecessarily. The man had stopped speaking as if waiting for a lead of some sort.

"Yes, my wife and I believe they belong to a maid we employed here a little over a year ago. She was a very superior sort of person, quite above her position. Although she never said very much about her family, we understood that they were well-to-do people who lived in Altona, a suburb of Hamburg, Germany." Mr. Werhuff moved restlessly about the room as he talked. After lighting a cigarette, he continued:

"You can understand," half-shrugging his shoulders and tensing his lips in a perplexed sort of way—"our reluctance to become mixed up in a murder case of this sort, and I hope that you will do everything possible to protect us from publicity."

AFTER I had reassured him on this point, he went on: "When Mrs. Werhuff and myself saw the description of the clothing and jewelry found by the police in Islip, we recognized it. The initials 'A. L.' sort of clinched the matter. To make sure, we at once went over to Long Island and visited the undertaker's establishment."

"You say that this Anna Luther worked

for you as a servant until a little over a year ago?" I asked.

"Not exactly as an ordinary servant; she was more of a useful companion to my wife. She left us to get married. At that time she promised to come and see us on her return from a honeymoon which was to be spent in Germany," he explained.

"Did you ever see the man she married?"

"Yes," he readily replied. "He called here quite frequently. A tall, dark, rather foppishly dressed person who was addicted to a tall silk hat, striped trousers and cut-away coat." Subconsciously I thought of the lunchroom Romeo. "This man claimed to be an architect but was rather vague about his connections. Besides, I noticed that he had the hands of a workingman. I am rather interested in hands; I always notice them particularly. This man's hand had peculiar finger-tips—rubbed smooth, sort of, if you know what I mean."

"What name did this man go by?"

"Mueller and Miller. He used both. He said his right name was Mueller, but that he often used Miller because Americans found that the German form was difficult to pronounce. I thought this was rather odd. I tried to convey my misgivings about the fellow to Miss Luther, but she appeared to be really desperately infatuated with him, and she wasn't the sort of a young woman whom you could easily influence."

I DESCRIBED the man in the lunchroom and asked Mr. Werhuff if he thought he might be the unfortunate girl's fiancé.

"That's possible," he admitted. "If you like I will take another run over there and have a look at him. Although we don't want to get mixed up in this more than necessary, still we were very fond of Miss Luther, and if there is anything we can do to help we shall be very glad to do it. We have a photograph of the girl, if that will help you any."

I assured him that it would, very much. He went to a desk which stood by the window and, opening a small drawer, took out an ordinary cabinet-sized picture. "Here it is, and it is fairly like her, though it makes her look more buxom than she was, and really does not do her justice. She had very beautiful hair which was the color of corn silk and waved naturally. Her eyes were a deep sapphire blue, and her complexion was naturally pink and white."

Putting the picture in my pocket, I thanked Anna Luther's former employer, and reminding him of his promise to give the lunchroom man the once-over, I departed.

I went back to Police Headquarters and wrote out my report.

Visiting the Rogues Gallery, I looked over the collection which represented professional he-vamps who specialized in duping servant girls. An extraordinary assortment, there. All types were represented.

One, under the name of Fritz Scharflein, "occupation cabinet maker, usually employed in piano factories," bore a striking resemblance to the description given me by Mr. Werhuff and that of

the lunchroom cashier. This man had been sentenced to Sing Sing twelve years before for bigamy and larceny. Although the sentence called for seventeen years, it had been reduced later to five.

AS Scharferlein's case had been a very ordinary one, few details were given. A complete history could be found in the District Attorney's office, however; and, making a note of this man's name and number, I filed it away for future use on the chance that collaborating data might come in linking this man with the murder of Anna Luther.

At that time I was engaged principally in the Finger-print Department, and during the next few days I was kept busy on other cases.

Two weeks later, Captain Coughlin again called me in on the Luther case.

"We have received full information from the Hamburg Police on that Islip murder," the Captain said, tapping a sheaf of papers on the desk. "It seems that the man Mueller represented himself as a piano manufacturer to the woman's parents. Said he had bought a site on Long Island and intended building a factory there. They gave him most of their savings—which were considerable—and also several presents. Among these were two valuable police dogs."

"I'll bet the man is Fritz Scharferlein, who was sentenced for bigamy twelve years ago," I exclaimed. My hunch had come through.

The Captain looked up sharply. "What do you mean?"

I explained briefly my hunt through the Rogues' Gallery.

"Well, I'll put men on the trail through the piano factories in Long Island and New Jersey. Have the photographer run off several copies of Scharferlein's picture."

The next few days developed nothing of importance. They were filled with ordinary routine work. Men, provided with a complete description of Mueller as furnished by the Werhuffs, scrutinized the employees of every piano factory on Long Island and New Jersey; others visited the immigration officials and interviewed the hackdrivers of Hoboken where the liner on which the honeymooners were supposed to have returned had docked. There were, naturally, scores of men who resembled the general description of Mueller, and each of these was thoroughly investigated. Tediouly, tirelessly, the manhunt proceeded.

GERMAN police dogs were not so common in those days as they are now, and I had an idea that we might be able to trace Mueller through the two which he had brought over. The Chief gave me permission to take up their trail.

Crossing to Hoboken, I made a thorough canvass of the taxi drivers and old hackmen, showing each a photograph of Scharferlein and the unfortunate Anna Luther.

Toward the late afternoon of the second day—ten days after the discovery of the skeleton—I was just about to return to New York when a dilapidated closed cab rattled over the cobblestones and stopped in front of a German beer garden on the waterfront.



The duty of one woman to another • • • is to tell her

REFRESHING is the wholesome frankness among refined women of today on subjects of personal daintiness and hygiene. Not so long ago there were comparatively few who even discussed these vital questions, all-important as they are in their direct bearing upon womanly health and happiness.

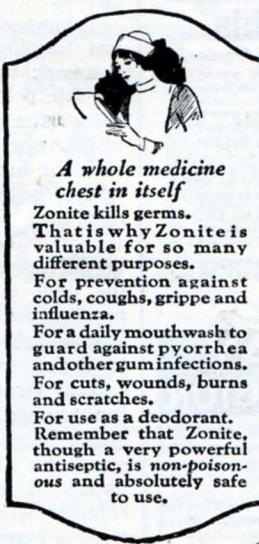
Secrecy and ignorance do untold harm

But wrong advice is often worse than no advice at all. That is why it is the duty of the well-informed woman to guide those of her circle who are less fortunate. It is an absolute fact that thousands of women today are running untold risks just because there is no one to give them proper information concerning feminine hygiene.

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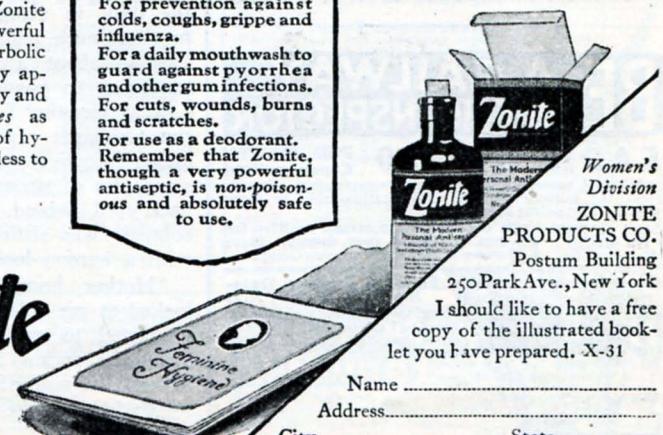
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Name.....
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Two men got out, paid the fare, and entered the place. In hunting criminals you never know in what guise Luck may come along, so before the cabby had a chance to whip up his horses and depart I stopped him.

"Do you remember picking up this man and this woman about a year ago?" I asked him.

He stared at me blankly. Then his weather-beaten face wrinkled itself into a mass of criss-cross furrows, his little bleary eyes buried themselves in folds of flesh. He guffawed loudly. "Say, what you t'ink I am—a camera-eye? Get off there, young fellow!"

I flashed my shield. "Say, listen, I'm from New York Police Headquarters, and before you go any farther into convulsions, you better pay a little attention," I growled. He straightened up in a second. "This couple I am looking for had two German police dogs with them—"

"Now, you're sayin' something!" adding a few picturesque oaths. "Let's have another look. I remember the brutes all right." He squinted his eyes as he looked at the two pictures. "I couldn't tell for truth if them were the couple. I didn't pay much attention to the lady. But as I remember, she was pretty and blonde. The man looked older than that."

"Where did you take them?" I asked sharply, cutting into his garrulity.

I WAS driving in Long Island City that day—I used to live there, in fact, and the man and the woman came along. The man and the dogs got into my hack, and the woman took a street car. I was told to drive to an address in Astoria. That was quite a ways, and the man kicked about his bill and threatened to set the dogs on me. That's how I remember. This one looks like the man, but I wouldn't take my oath on it."

"Do you remember the address in Astoria?" I asked him.

No, he didn't remember that, he said, but he gave me some general directions that would lead me toward the poorer section.

Taking down his name and address, and handing him a tip, I left him and got back to Headquarters as speedily as possible. There I laid the information before the Chief, and he directed me to visit Astoria the next day and make a personal hunt for the dogs.

"At the same time you might look up this man Paul Gebhardt, who lives in Astoria," he said, selecting one of the detectives' reports which were lying on the desk in front of him. "He works in the Smith piano factory, and went to Europe about a year and a half ago, according to gossip."

Next morning I called at the address on the Gebhardt report. A small working-man's cottage it was, with a handkerchief-sized plot of ground in front and a small back-yard behind. A little boy in blue rompers was sitting on the stoop playing with a hungry-looking kitten.

"Mother home?" I asked him. He looked at me solemnly without answering. I started to go up the steps. With a bound he sprang to his feet and darted toward the rear of the place. I followed.

"Ma! Ma!" he screamed. "There's a man here!"

A NEATLY dressed woman of about twenty-five years of age opened the back door and looked at me with a hostile eye.

"Naw, he's at his work," she answered sullenly. Then she quickly corrected herself. "I mean he's gone away."

"Where?" I asked. "I want to see him about his police dogs. I heard he had two fine specimens, and I'm looking to buy one of them." This was a long chance, but I wanted to see what the woman would do.

She shrank back. "He ain't got no police dogs, and I don't know where he has gone. He's left me," she mumbled. "Taint the first time, but it's the last."

In the small yard I saw two large kennels. "What are these for, then?" I asked, but "Dunno," was the only answer I got.

I wanted to see the inside of that cottage. I had a feeling that Gebhardt was there. So I used the old dodge and asked for a drink of water.

Reluctantly the woman entered the house. As she was about to close the door, I put my foot in the opening and followed her.

Glancing swiftly about the spotlessly clean kitchen, my eye lighted on a dish towel. Momentarily I lost my breath, for on the corner was embroidered the initials "A. L.!"

There was now no longer any doubt that Gebhardt and Mueller were one and the same man. I accepted the glass and returned it to her empty.

However, I put no more inquiries to the woman. I left her standing with the tumbler in her hands.

From some children who were playing on a vacant lot I learned that Gebhardt had taken his two dogs away a few days before and spent the rest of the day locating them in a private kennel some miles distant. They were ferocious-looking beasts, but they had become somewhat tamed during their sojourn in America, and when I explained my mission to the keeper of these kennels, and my intention to hunt their owner by means of his dogs he was obliged to give them into my custody.

THE newspapers had heard of the missing dogs and they also had been searching the Long Island kennels for them. When we arrived in Astoria, a photographer caught sight of us and stopped the cab.

"Hi there, Roddy, are those the missing dogs?" he shouted.

"Yes," I admitted. "You can snap them if you want to."

"I would rather snap them where you are taking them." He grinned, and accepted my silent invitation to jump into the taxi.

"By George, there are the home kennels!" he exclaimed. "Let's take a flash of them there." It was by then too dark to take a picture without a flashlight.

We posed the dogs each near its kennel. Just before the flash exploded, I peered into the gloom. It seemed to me that I saw something lurking in the shadows.

Then, there in the brilliant splash of light which followed, I saw Scharferlein,

alias Mueller, alias Gebhardt. Before he had a chance to move I was upon him.

We had a pretty little tussle there in the yard, for he put up a stiff battle. Momentarily I expected the dogs to join in and tear me to pieces, but the photographer, who was a hefty chap, got hold of them and I managed to get my prisoner into the house safely.

Within an hour he was lodged in the Suffolk County jail.

For two days he obstinately refused to talk.

I was sure he and Scharferlein were one and the same, but when we took his finger-prints it was impossible to identify them. His work as a cabinet polisher had rubbed the papillary ridges almost smooth. This caused a smudged print which was useless for identification.

THE Werhuffs identified him as the man who had married Anna Luther, and we could, of course, hold him on a bigamy charge. When we proved that he was a second offender, a mighty stiff sentence would be dealt out to him. However, we weren't at all keen on complicating the murder charge with the lesser one of bigamy.

That man was one of the hardest I ever met. We gave him a third degree that would have frozen the blood of any ordinary mortal. I don't mean that we beat him up—that would have meant nothing to a jackal of Gebhardt's type; but night after night and day after day we took turns in questioning him.

Coroner Savage dangled the gruesome skull of Anna Luther with its pitiful crop of flaxen hair before his eyes; our evidence of his guilt was gone over again and again. The skeleton was finally lodged in the cell next to his.

Around midnight of the fourth day, when I was questioning him, he asked to see Coroner Savage. The Coroner came over immediately.

"Say," Gebhardt demanded as soon as Doctor Savage appeared, "can you get me a sentence for manslaughter instead of electrocution if I make a statement of the facts?"

Not the slightest trace of emotion sounded in his voice; he made the inquiry as casually as if he were discussing the sale of one of his dogs.

"Well, you stand a much better chance," the Coroner replied after a moment's hesitation of astonishment. "I can't promise you anything definite, but I'll do my best to mitigate the sentence. Besides, you owe it to your wife and children to take advantage of every opportunity for a lighter sentence than the chair."

"All right," the prisoner replied carelessly. "I'm getting sick of this. I'll come through."

THE Coroner called up Captain Coughlin, who arrived with Thomas Murray within a couple of hours. And around three o'clock in the morning Gebhardt made his ghastly statement.

Here are his exact words as taken from the stenographic record:

About December, 1907, I first met Anna Luther. We were married in February, 1908. She went to Henry Werhuff's in Newark, N. J., to spend a day or two. On the pretense that I was going to rent

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an apartment for us to live in I returned to my home and wife in Astoria.

I met Anna Luther again on April 8 and we went to an address on Thirty-fourth Street, New York City, and from there we went to Jamaica. We stayed in Jamaica until the next day.

April 9 we went to Bay Shore and walked about and I showed her some property I said I owned. I got into an argument with her about some money matters and I turned and wanted to go back. She followed me up, screaming, and I shot her in the head. I didn't look at her and do not remember whether I shot her more than once.

I remember after I went to the Islip depot and took a train for home it was nearly dark. On my way home I threw the revolver out of the car window.

I want to state that I did not kill Anna Luther for her money as the newspapers have stated. My original reason for marrying Anna was that I didn't care to be with my first wife any longer, but as she—my first wife—had given me a child, my desire to again see my child caused me to want to get rid of Anna and then return to my first wife and child.

This is the reason that I shot Anna Luther and I told her in Bay Shore that I was married and had a wife and must leave her.

She screamed and ran after me and kissed me and wanted me back—and I shot her.

This statement is made of my own free will without any hope of recompense being offered me.

(Signed) FREDERICK GEBHARDT.

Witnessed by John P. Coughlin, Acting Captain, Thomas Murray, William D. Roddy, Detective.

Sworn to before me the 25th day of October, 1909.

Edward W. Bull, Notary Public.

"And you shot her when she came up

to you and kissed you?" some one asked in a horrified voice.

"Yes," he answered impatiently. "She told me she loved me and kissed me. As she put her face up to kiss me again, I shot her in the head."

A horror-stricken silence followed.

"Tell me something," I asked at last. "Why did you leave the body with so many marks of identification upon it? Didn't you know that you would be traced through those?"

HE considered the matter for a moment. "Well, I did go back once or twice," he admitted. "I went to the place where I shot her, but the body wasn't there. She must have managed to crawl along quite a bit before she died."

The "quite a bit" proved to be half a mile when we later measured the distance between the point where she was shot and the place where the little Schmidt boy found the body.

Although Gebhardt appeared to be brutally frank in his statement, he wasn't exactly accurate. Anna Luther had possessed a large sum of money which had disappeared; her fine embroidered linens and much of her clothing were found in the Gebhardt cottage, where we also found the gun which the murderer had stated he had thrown out of the window.

The jury who heard the case decided there was no question of the cold-blooded monster's guilt, and two months later he paid for his crime in the electric chair.

A burlesque show annexed the lunchroom Romeo, who was really a third-cousin of the murderer. The night we trailed him he was on his way to an appointment with the show's manager.

The Great Wall Street Bond Theft

(Continued from page 37)

diminished. There was no question in my mind that it was a brace game, and that Adele was in with the house.

"Change your play, Adele dear," at last whispered her partner, a nervous catch to his voice. "I've about reached my limit."

"I won't change it," she replied. "I'll play the 'over' 'til the cows come home."

She pushed her one remaining stack onto the "over"—and, of course, lost.

"Damn it!" she ejaculated, then smiling sweetly at her partner, said aloud so all could hear: "Hurry, another thousand, Andy boy!" Probably she figured he would be ashamed to refuse, but she missed her guess.

"Not another nickel!" he answered.

This was my opportunity, and I jumped into the breach.

"Well, if it isn't Adele Walsh!" I exclaimed, pretending to recognize her for the first time. "What brings you down to Miami? Did you quit your show?"

Her face brightened at the prospect of another sucker, and she greeted me.

"How do you do?" she replied in honeyed tones. "I haven't seen you for ages. . . . Yes, I've quit the show business."

SH E stalled along a bit further, trying to place me in her memory so that she could introduce me to her escort, all

the while acting as though she knew me well. I wasn't slow to help her out.

"I don't look like the old Alex Heyward, do I, with my mustache shaved off?—That was some racket where I met you, the Equity Ball."

"I'll say it was," she returned. "Oh, by the way, I want you to meet Mr. Harris. Andy, this is Mr. Heyward, Alex Heyward, a friend of mine from New York."

He bowed coldly.

"Your husband?" I inquired innocently.

"No, I'm not married yet." She changed the subject for a more business-like one. "Luck's running with you, isn't it?" She looked avariciously at my chips. "Andy, here, is getting awfully tight of late. Says I shouldn't play."

"Tight?" exclaimed the other. "Tight? You've cost me over five thousand in four days!"

"Cheap at twice the price!" Adele tossed her head insolently. "For that matter," she said, dropping her voice, "I'm getting tired of your constant wailing over a few pennies. Now, run along like a nice granddaddy. Alex will take me back to the hotel."

"Granddaddy!" he exploded, throwing out his chest indignantly.

"You're not exactly an infant, you know. Now run along."

Face red with anger, he suddenly wheeled about and went on his way, muttering fiercely to himself.

"Let's see what we can do with these chips," I suggested, pushing them in front of her.

I CAUGHT an understanding glance between her and the croupier. She accepted my chips and began winning heavily. I was wise—her winning was simply a "come on" for me to back her the following night.

Daylight was seeping through the cracks of the curtained windows when Adele yawned and pushed her chips toward the banker.

"Put them on my account," she ordered. "Alex and I will play to-morrow night. Roulette, you know."

On the way back to the hotel she pumped me for information about myself. I was a willing subject, having decided to assume with her the same character I had done with Fuller, a gambler and racehorse man. When she learned that I was "in the know," her manner changed immediately and she stopped her acting, falling back into her natural self. This made it easier for me.

I mentioned the names of some of my supposed Broadway acquaintances, names well known to those familiar with the "inside" workings of the great thoroughfare. She knew most of them or, at least, said she did. Gradually I went down the line until I had passed through the list of those who were out-and-out crooks. These she knew also. We rode a while in silence.

"You say you know Al Fuller?" she asked after a space. "What's he doing now?"

"I wouldn't tell anyone else," I replied, taking her hand in mine, "but I'm beginning to like you a lot—"

"I don't hate you, either," she interrupted, giving my hand a squeeze.

"Then listen to our lay, and if you like it, I'll let you swing along with us. Fuller's got a guy in Wall Street just where he wants him. It seems this bird works in a bank and has lifted three hundred grand—" I felt her growing tense.

"What's the fellow's name?" Her voice shook a little. "Have you ever met him?"

"I DON'T know him personally, but his name is Weldon. I never interfere or get curious about Al's end, and he's the same with me. He's coming down here with three hundred grand in bonds, and I'm going to dispose of them in Washington through certain channels closed to him. We split three ways. You see, the fence gets an equal share—"

"Three ways?"

"Four, if you'll come in."

"What good can I be to you?"

"With our share, Al and I are going to put over a big racing deal and we might need you to bring in the suckers. We've quit piking, for the rest of our lives, Al and I. It's big game from now on!"

She hesitated as if undecided, then asked:

"You say Al Fuller has the bonds now? Are you sure of it?"



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There was a nervous tremor to her tones which convinced me that she hadn't the bonds, but believed them to be in New York. I concluded to take the plunge and voice my real suspicions of Weldon's death, to note the effect it would have upon her.

"Are you trying to tell me that Al Fuller croaked Bob?" she cried. "And that he's got the swag?"

I pretended not to notice her slip of using Weldon's first name.

"Why not?" I said casually. "You can't walk in and take a fortune from a guy without getting rough. Al is clever. And now we've got that much more to split. That's why I said there were three shares; Al has put Weldon out of the way."

"Then Al Fuller finally did get his hands on the dough, eh?" She bit her lips furiously, seeming to forget my presence. "And he's coming down to Miami to split it three ways, is he?"

"Sure," I answered, glibly, "why not? Want to come in?"

"I'm in for keeps," she said, suddenly reaching over and kissing me squarely on the lips.

THREE days I passed in Adele's company, taking her to Miami Beach in the morning for a dip in the surf, luncheon at the Casino, and then to the race-track, followed by dinner and the inevitable visit to the gambling salon. In all it cost the bank a pretty penny, but I had been given *carte blanche*.

I'll admit that I was at sea, simply stumbling along for a lead, Adele having betrayed in her conversation that first night that she didn't know where the bonds were. Apparently she had fallen for what I had told her, that they were now in the possession of Fuller. I realized that the chances against Fuller coming to Miami or communicating with Adele were a million to one. Why should he?

On the fourth day Adele began to show outward signs of the strain she was undergoing. Her attitude to me grew irritable and peevish. Constantly she inquired when I expected Fuller to arrive, and was plainly dissatisfied with my manufactured excuses. I was eager enough to part company with her for I was only wasting time and money staying down there. Simply out of curiosity I wired the insurance company for its final report. The reply was as I expected; the policy had been paid to the beneficiary.

That night I told Adele I had to take a trip to Washington to arrange with the fence for the sale of the bonds. She perked up instantly. I showed her a fake wire from Fuller stating that everything was O. K. She insisted that she go to Washington with me, afraid, I guess, that I'd double-cross her out of her share. It proved hard to dissuade her from her course, but at last I prevailed upon her by pointing out the additional risk her presence with me would involve. Grudgingly she consented to await my return, with the provision that I should wire her every day.

INSTEAD I went to New York where I spent a week of fruitless endeavor trying to pick up Fuller's scent. I had arranged for stalling telegrams to be sent daily from Washington, and that I be

informed over long distance of Adele's answers.

On the seventh day of my stay in New York, my operative in Washington telephoned me that Adele had suddenly called off the deal and was through with me. This appeared very significant and out of order, because heretofore all of her communications stressed the fact that I wasn't to forget that she was in partnership with me. Besides this, her wires professed undying love. Had she learned something important? Had Fuller got in touch with her? I wired a heated protest. Her reply coldly informed me that she was through, and I knew that something was up.

There could be but the one answer to her sudden shift in attitude, improbable and unreasoning as it appeared. Fuller either had communicated with her or was himself in Miami. The Chief and I pondered over the matter and decided that I, in company with an operative, should return instantly to Miami, I remaining under cover, while the operative shadowed Adele. Before leaving New York I ordered that a wire begging her to change her mind should be sent daily from Washington, this to give the impression that I was still there.

The first available train landed the two of us in Miami. I rented an obscure little bungalow with telephone connection in Miami Beach, while my operative took a room at the hotel, where he could easily pick up Adele.

However, Fuller was not in Miami. I was up in the air. Then Adele made her first move. She gave notice to the hotel management that she was to check out on the morrow and was going to Cleveland.

WHEN the train pulled out we were both on it, my operative and I. I laid low in the smoker, while he watched Adele.

Scraping up an acquaintance with the Pullman conductor and finally showing him my shield, I learned that Adele's ticket really called for New York. It was evident then that she was trying to cover her tracks and didn't want her true destination known.

In New York she stopped at a hotel overnight. Next morning, at the Grand Central, she bought a ticket for Boston. At the hotel she checked out for the same place. Getting into a taxi she criss-crossed through the city, the two of us on her heels.

After an hour of such riding she got out at Times Square and darted into the subway. We were close behind her. Once again at Grand Central, she hopped the Twentieth Century for Chicago, and the real chase was on.

I was positive, if we trailed her long enough, that a solution of the mystery would be forthcoming. As I sat in my compartment, not daring to leave lest Adele become aware of my presence on the train, I reviewed the case in detail, with all its possibilities. Over and over I turned the tangled skein, looking for a loose end. I could reach but one conclusion; for some inexplicable reason Fuller had found it necessary to use Adele Walsh in the disposal of the securities.

Arriving in Chicago, I went to a hotel, while the operative shadowed Adele, with instructions to telephone me immediately should she take lodgings. Perhaps an hour had passed when his call came. Adele Walsh had stopped at a cheap lodging house in a questionable quarter of the city. I ordered the operative to watch the place closely until my arrival.

Twenty minutes later I joined him in a small cigar store on the corner of the block in which the lodging house was situated.

"She's on the third floor front," the operative informed me. "I saw her open one of the shutters and peep out as if she were nervous about something."

Waiting for a slow-moving truck which was coming down the street to arrive abreast of the store, I darted out, the operative behind me. Using the truck as a screen, we soon reached the entrance of the house. Keeping close in, I rang the bell. A slatternly woman opened the door.

"Whatcha want?" she inquired suspiciously.

I jammed my foot into the opening and pushing with my shoulder, entered the dimly lighted hall, flashing my shield as I did so.

"Don't make a row," I warned, "or it'll go hard with you. Who's living on the third floor front?"

"There's a respectable married couple livin' there. Why?"

"Is the husband in now?"

"How do I know?"

"Stay here and watch her, Jim," I said to my operative. "I'll tackle him alone. Keep an eye on the stairs and let nobody go out. And see that the lady here keeps a still tongue in her head."

Noiselessly I climbed the steps and knocked on the door of the front room.

"Who's there?" came the voice of Adele.

"Tenement house inspector," I returned in disguised tones.

UNAWARE that she had been trailed to Chicago, Adele turned the key in the lock and opened the door a little to peep out. Ordinarily she never would have fallen for such a stall. I forced my way in. Adele sprang back in amazement, anger flashing from her eyes.

"What are you doing in Chicago?" she demanded. "How did you find me here?"

"The merest accident, girlie," and I smiled. "Happened to be making a hurried trip here myself and saw you on the Twentieth. Trailing you here was a cinch."

"Well, now that you have found me, what do you expect? Didn't I wire you that I had given you the air?"

"You sure did, Adele, but I didn't take it. Come on now, be sensible! Don't I get a cut-in on those bonds? Where are they?"

"What bonds? You're off your nut."

"I guess there's no use carrying the comedy further," I showed her my shield. "Now let's do business."

"A dick?" Her face went white and she tottered back, but only for the moment. A scowl replaced her pallor and her pretty mouth twisted into an ugly leer. "You dirty, double-crossing bull,"



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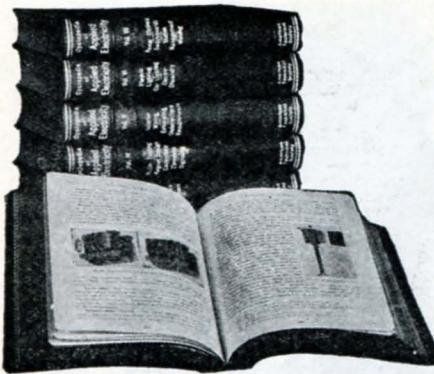
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she screamed. "I could kill you for this! Have you no honor at all?"

"Listen, Adele," I said, "I'm wise to you and your record. Double-crossing a crook like you is legitimate enough."

I looked around the room, gun in hand, opened its only closet door. Fuller was not there. She followed my actions, a sneer in her gaze.

"Who you looking for?" she asked.

"Well, I'll have to hold you for the murder of Robert Weldon." I said quietly, "seeing that Fuller isn't here. In the Tombs you'll have plenty of time to think it over."

"Robert Weldon wasn't murdered, smarty," she said.

"MURDER, or suicide," and I shrugged, "it doesn't matter. He's dead, but it's a cinch he didn't take the bonds with him. Now where are they, and where is Fuller?"

"If I turn State's evidence against the guy working with me, do I get off?"

"That's up to the court. You'll have to take your chance."

"All right, I'll squeal. It's either him or me, and I'll tell the slant-eyed world I'm not doing time if I can help it. It'll be a pretty triple-cross at that."

"You're like most of the crooks," I told her, "always ready to betray pals if it'll save their own skins."

"It's everyone for himself in this world. Do you want to know who's in with me?"

"I know who it is."

"You think you do," she sneered, "but there's a sweet little surprise in store for you."

"As you will. Where are the bonds?"

"Under the mattress." She spread out her palms as if helpless in the matter. "You'd have soon found them. Now, do you want to know where Fuller is?"

"Can you lead me to him?"

"Let's go."

She put on her coat and hat while I raised the mattress and got out the bonds. They were there, and intact, I ascertained. Putting them into a small black satchel I found in the corner, I went down-stairs, Adele in front of me. In the street we hailed a taxi and under Adele's direction drew up before a red brick house several blocks away. The front door was on the latch.

"He's in the back room on the second floor," she whispered, "or so he telephoned me. I was to meet him when it got dark. The room we just left is his, but he was afraid he was being watched and took this one for a stall, leaving the bonds under the mattress this morning, where I could find them. The damn fool, and I was just ready to pull out for Canada when you had to butt in."

"Take charge of her," I ordered to my operative.

TIPTOEING up the stairs, drawing my gat on the way, without preliminary ceremony I burst in the frail door by throwing my weight against it. The room was empty. I spied a closed door, which evidently led into the bathroom. Leveling my gun at it I called loudly:

"Come out, Al Fuller, I've got you."

I heard a smothered exclamation of fright, then a heavy fall. Cautiously I opened the door. Lying on the floor, his throat cut, was Robert Weldon, not Al Fuller. I recoiled in amazement. Evidently the paying-teller had been shaving when I interrupted him, for lather was still on his face. I stooped over him, but he was beyond all human aid.

"I—killed—Fuller," he said, gasping.

"He—tried—to—"

His head rolled to one side and I knew he had spoken his last. I notified the Chicago Police and turned Adele over to them.

Back in New York Adele confessed that Weldon had told her he had killed Fuller because the gambler demanded the bonds, threatening to expose him if he didn't surrender them. In anger Weldon had hit him on the head with a heavy bronze book-end. He then conceived the idea of putting his ring on the finger of the dead man, and setting fire to the highly combustible frame house, using gasoline from the garage to help the flames. Escaping under cover of night, he laid low until the insurance company had officially recognized his death. He then communicated with Adele. The greatest and most common mistake among wrongdoers, he got in touch with his woman too soon. Through her the law was led to his hiding place.

Adele Walsh, much to her amazement and indignation, got ten years and has only lately begun her sentence.

The Secret of the Black Box

(Continued from page 61)

"I beg pardon, sir, but might I have a word with you alone, sir?"

"You may speak without hesitancy before my assistant here. We are working together on this case," replied Hosmer, glancing meaningfully at me. I was unable to decide just then whether he meant to compliment me or joke me. Dixon bowed.

"It's just a little thing, sir," he commenced.

"Please be as brief as possible," said Hosmer. "We are in somewhat of a hurry."

Dixon again bowed as he continued: "I thought perhaps you should know about it, sir. When you questioned me you asked what Mr. Stanley said when I first met him in the hall after the tragedy.

I told you he said: 'Call the doctor at once and ring for Marie. My sister will need her.' Now, sir, when you questioned Marie she said as how she was awakened by a loud noise, that her bell rang and she responded to the call at once. I just remembered, sir, that after I called the doctor I was so excited that I forgot to ring for Marie, sir. Who could have rung the bell, sir?"

"How do you know what I asked Marie, Dixon?"

The old man's face blanched and he started slightly.

"WHY, sir, she—she—" He broke off pitifully, too confused to speak coherently.

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Hosmer did not wait for him to say more, but walked to the door.

"Thank you for the information, Dixon. I will look into the matter to-morrow. And by the way, Dixon," he continued, pausing with his hand on the door-knob, "isn't there something else you forgot to tell me?"

Dixon shook his head. "No, sir, I am quite sure there is nothing more."

"Then I shall have to ask you a question," pursued Hosmer. "What is the combination to the safe in Mr. Bainbridge's office?"

This was too much for Dixon. He seemed to reel, almost as if Hosmer had struck him. He tried to speak but words would not come.

"Think it over, Dixon. I will talk to you a little later on. But in the meantime, if I were you I would whet up my memory a bit, just to be on the safe side," he ended with meaning. "Is that all?"

Dixon did not speak. He merely bowed respectfully.

"Good night, then," he said in a friendly tone, going out the door.

I looked back. Dixon was standing where we had left him, rubbing his poor old hands together in a dazed manner.

AT Hosmer's suggestion I accompanied him home. Arriving at the apartment I immediately prepared to retire, but he insisted on staying up for a time to consider a few points of the case that were puzzling him.

At eight o'clock next morning I was awakened by Togo, Hosmer's sleek little Jap valet, who apologetically informed me that my bath was ready and that breakfast would be served in fifteen minutes.

I made a hasty toilet and joined Hosmer in the living-room. He was dressed and sitting at his desk working. As he greeted me I was glad to note the cheerful tone of his voice.

"Morning, Bill. How's my chief Cusfoot stacking up? Sleep well?"

"I'm feeling fit, thanks, considering the amount of actual sleep I got. Anything new develop while I was asleep? I'm getting to be a regular hound for excitement."

Before he could reply Togo announced that breakfast was waiting.

Hosmer was inclined to talk this morning. I was glad of that.

"I have doped out the mystery concerning those telephone numbers," he began.

"You don't say!" I ejaculated, hardly believing my ears.

"Yep. I arranged them in various combinations until finally I found that by reading the figures alternately, the first one which was written on the blotter turned out to be old man Bainbridge's residence telephone number. The others, of course, were simple enough. Same arrangement."

"Then you know where the instruments corresponding to those numbers are located?"

"Certainly. If I didn't, you would be eating a solitary breakfast now, and I would still be seated at my desk working."

"Who do the numbers belong to, and what was the old man's idea for camouflaging them as he did?"



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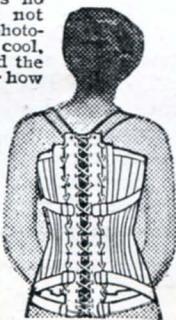
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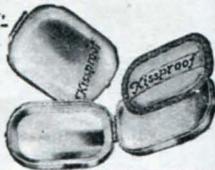
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"A H, that's the question. But just keep your shirt on and I will tell you exactly why Mr. Jonathan Bainbridge wished to conceal the identity of the persons who used those telephones—and incidentally, young fellow, I will tell you a lot of other things. I'm just now getting my bearings on this case."

We had just finished our grapefruit when Togo entered and informed Hosmer that a police officer was waiting in the living-room to see him.

"Bring on the toast and bacon, Togo, then show the gentleman in here."

A moment later Sergeant Malone of Headquarters was ushered in.

"Good morning, boys," said the Sergeant pleasantly. "I didn't expect to find you up so early."

"Oh, I try to make it by noon almost every day, whether I have any work to do or not," returned Hosmer. "Sit down and have a bite with us. We're just starting. Togo, lay a plate for the Sergeant."

"No, thanks, Mr. Hosmer. I have breakfasted these two hours. I came to talk a little business, that's all."

"A pot of coffee for the Sergeant, Togo. Then we can get down to cases."

Togo placed a chair for Malone and took his cap and gloves.

The Sergeant came immediately to the point. "I didn't know whether to bother you or not, but I thought as how you might want to be present at the show-up this morning. We picked up that man Gibson last night and expect to put him on the grill with the others at the usual grind. I thought if you wanted to hear what he had to say I would run you down in the police car."

"O H," said Hosmer, registering deep satisfaction, "so Gibson showed up, did he? Mighty good of you, Sergeant. I would like to go with you. I'm quite anxious to have a look at this man and to hear what he has to say for himself. He interests me for several good reasons."

"Well, he's a pretty smooth old guy, all right, and quicker than chain lightning. When he came to his room last night we grabbed him, and when we searched him—what do you think?" The Sergeant paused expectantly. When Hosmer did not venture a guess as to what he thought, the Sergeant continued: "The old bird had near four thousand on him in cold cash. It was all in big bills, too. The smallest one was a century."

"You don't say," said Hosmer, setting down his coffee cup and pushing back from the table. Then turning to me: "When you have finished, Bill, let's run down to Headquarters with the Sergeant and have a look at Mr. Gibson."

ARRIVING at Headquarters, we immediately went to the show-up room. The grind had already started, but our man had not yet been put through, the Sergeant informed us. After several prisoners had been questioned, Gibson was brought in.

The room was dark except for the powerful spot-lights which were focused on each prisoner. Gibson sat in the center of the circle of light, directly facing a high-powered electric light which was blinding. The gleaming rays revealed every feature clearly; even the smallest

defect was visible. Outside the circle of light which enveloped the old man, masked detectives from the Bureau were gathered, milling around the suspect and conversing in low tones. Hosmer, the Sergeant and I stood directly in front of Gibson, where we could observe his every action. Inspector McGraw started the grilling.

"What's your name?"

Gibson grunted. He was a different person now from the quiet, courteous old office man Miss Bainbridge had described to us as her father's office assistant. He was sullen, and as McGraw repeated his question in a sharp, commanding voice, he turned his watery grey eyes in the direction from which the question came. A sardonic smile crept over his face, as he answered sarcastically: "You got it on the blotter, haven't you?"

"How old are you?" asked the Inspector.

"Over twenty-one."

"Where do you live?"

"Where they picked me up."

"Where were you yesterday?"

"I don't remember," replied Gibson, crossing his legs and settling back in his chair as if resigned to the ordeal of a long grill, but with a determined look which plainly said: "You'll get nothing out of me."

THE Inspector was incensed at the old man's coolness and evasive answers.

"Sit up there and answer these questions decently," he ordered. "Where did you get all the money you had on you when you were arrested?"

Gibson's eyes flashed, and he crouched low in his chair, his hands gripping the arms on each side of him, like a tiger preparing to spring at its victim. He looked thoroughly dangerous, and he spat out the words hatefully:

"What do you care where I got it? If you're looking for information out of me you're going to be disappointed. My memory is bad."

"An old-timer without doubt," commented McGraw, addressing the men who stood in the shadows. "Where'd you do time?"

"That little guy up-stairs that took my fingers a few minutes ago draws a fat salary for answering questions like that."

McGraw and several of the others plied the old man with questions, but at best they only elicited evasive answers which had no meaning. Finally Edwards, the Identification expert, entered and handed the Inspector a photograph. McGraw took it, studied it for a second, then quickly read the information which was written on the back.

"All right, San Quentin three-nine-two-one, Frank Morris, alias Slick, alias Walter Brown, alias Martin, alias Gibson. We'll see that the little fellow up-stairs gets his fat salary this month."

Then: "Boys, this fellow is a good one. Look him over well. He got ten years at San Quentin for larceny, paroled in six years for good behavior." Turning to Sergeant Malone, the Inspector concluded: "Sergeant, wire San Quentin and see if they don't want this man back."

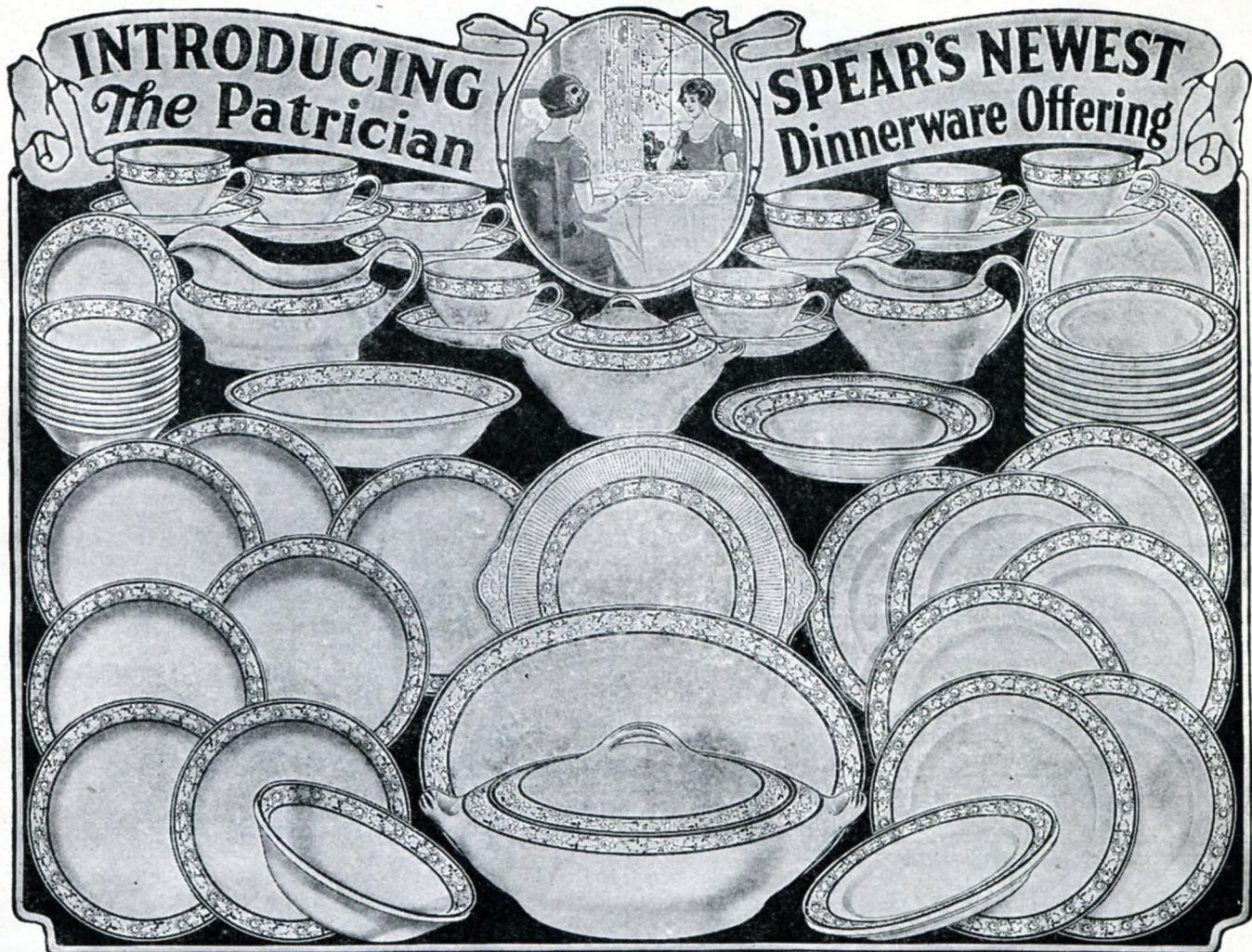
AS Gibson was being led away and we prepared to go, Hosmer said: "I didn't expect him to show up quite that

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bad." Then, turning to the Sergeant, he continued: "If he should attempt habeas corpus, let me know. I think I have enough information on him to make it interesting for him here. Whatever you do, don't release him without notifying me."

"Leave that to me," replied the Sergeant. "I'll see that he don't get out if I have to plant a gun on him."

As we reached the lower corridor Hosmer stopped. "By the way, Bill," he said, "I want you to meet Chief Brisboise. He's a regular fellow, and the finest, most highly trained peace officer in this section of the country. I want to talk to him a minute, anyway."

After presenting our card we waited some ten minutes before the Chief's secretary beckoned us from the door marked "Private," which was the reception room to the "inner chamber" where day after day violators of the law came to bare their secrets or to try to protect it from the shrewdness which is the Chief's stock in trade. Many there are who could testify as to his kindness of heart, as well as those who could relate bitter tales of his brutality.

After being presented to the Chief I was willing to agree with Hosmer that he was a regular fellow.

"Glad you dropped in, Hosmer," he said after a few minutes' conversation. "I just received something which may be of interest to you. I understand you are working on the Bainbridge case. Look at this."

The Chief handed Hosmer a folded scrap of paper on which was written:

"I failed. Didn't get it. Don't be uneasy, everything is going to be all right. Got slight scratch, nothing serious. Let's confess and tell all. Think it would be best for both of us. Your attorneys think it advisable. Can't stand suspense much longer. Give answer to attorney. Keep up courage. Devotedly, Mona."

"LOOKS as though young Bainbridge knew something after all, doesn't it, in spite of the fact that he sticks to his first story?" remarked the Chief as Hosmer finished reading the note.

"Where did this come from?" asked Hosmer quickly.

"A girl just delivered a basket of fruit to the jail for Bainbridge. The turnkey, following his instructions, made a careful examination of it and found the note in the basket, cleverly concealed."

"Who is she?"

"I don't know."

"Has she gone?"

"No, not yet," and the Chief smiled. "The turnkey detained her under pretense that Bainbridge wanted to give her a letter to be posted. She is waiting for the letter now."

"Good work!" cried Hosmer enthusiastically. "May I offer a suggestion?"

"Why certainly, my boy, always."

"Then have the turnkey tell the girl that the letter she has been waiting for has been held up pending inspection. When she leaves Headquarters allow me to go with one of your shadow men and see if we can't locate the writer of this note. I believe this is a real clue, Chief."

"That was exactly what I intended doing. I have sent for a man. He should be here now. I'll tell him to follow your instructions."

Presently the Chief was informed that the man for whom he had sent was waiting outside. I was all set to go with them, but a few minutes later, when they were ready to leave, Hosmer blasted my hopes. "Wait for me at your apartment, Bill," he said. "I'll try not to be long."

I was bitterly disappointed, but I tried not to show it. As I sulked out of the building and started for home, across the street I saw Hosmer and his man sauntering along down the street apparently engaged in idle conversation, but in reality trailing the unsuspecting girl who had left the mysterious note for young Bainbridge a short time before.

Who is "Mona," and what does she know about the murder? Who or what is the white-robed figure that prowls the Bainbridge mansion at night? And what is the secret of the black box? Follow Detective Hosmer on his thrilling chase for the murderer in next month's issue, on the stands November Fifteenth.

The Unknown Girl of the Night

(Continued from page 33)

toe was decidedly pointed, the heel badly run down. All around the print were others, not distinct enough for identity.

ON impulse I called into the bushes: "Come out, whoever you are!" I was ready to do battle. But the bushes never stirred. I was reasonably sure no one was still in hiding there.

The footprint would have to be preserved, and the best way I could think to do that was by making an outline of it on paper. I fumbled in a pocket, but found nothing that would do. So back to the house I started, to get some paper and a heavy pencil.

I had seen no trace of the man in the tweed suit. Evidently he had disappeared long since.

"How," I asked myself as I walked up to the house, "could that man, or one of those men, get into the house, supposing

the one who stole the money had hidden where I found the prints? By the front door? Impossible! Then—by a window!"

I veered from the entrance to the side, passing the reception-room first. The windows there were closed and, I presumed, locked. The two office windows came next. I had need to go no farther, for the first of these was open wide from the lower sill. That sill was almost on a level with my chin—a simple matter to climb up and get into the office that way.

There was no sign of a footprint beneath the window, for there was a gravel walk two feet wide around three sides of the house. Quickly I sped back and went in, to see if the fellow who got in by that window had left some mark of identification.

Over every inch of the floor from the safe to the window I played my flashlight, with no results. Then up the wall beneath

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the sill I brought the bright ray—no footmark, nothing. Along the sill—and there, where a coat or trouser leg had caught in the fastening for the shutter, I found a startling bit of stuff.

It was a few pinched strands of cloth. That was important enough, but—by their color and quality they were unquestionably part of the weave of tweed.

The man who stood on the corner!

That much I learned, but what real good did it do me? Who was he, and where was he now? Probably on his way to Cincinnati, Chicago, Canada, or Canton, and Dad's fortune with him.

Into an envelope I put the strands of cloth for future use. Two or three sheets of paper and a thick pencil were easy to find. With these in hand, I started for the hedge once more to get an outline of the footprint.

Two steps inside the office door my foot kicked against something soft. No furniture was near there. Whatever it was, it did not belong there on the floor. Darned right it didn't! In fact, I had never seen the thing before. It was a rubber glove, a right-hand glove, of the kind I had seen in stores for doctors and dentists.

Where did that come from? And what was it doing on the floor of the office? I cudgeled my brains for the answer. It wasn't long before I made a guess that seemed to hit it.

Criminals, I had read, sometimes use rubber gloves to hide their finger-prints. That must be the case now.

That thought opened a new avenue of speculation. It meant that the man who had stolen Dad's money was an expert at safe-robbing. And more. It meant that he feared to have his finger-prints found, probably because he was a criminal on record at Police Headquarters somewhere. But how could a safe robber know that Dad had the money in the house?

PUZZLING over this point in the problem, I went out to the print in the dirt. With flashlight propped, I placed a sheet of paper over the print and traced the outline of the indentation faintly, intending to go over it when I got inside. I had about finished when I heard a footprint behind me.

In a second I snapped out the light and crouched down, perfectly still. I wanted to see whether or not someone was coming who had a special interest in the house. I had not long to wait.

"I saw you," a voice hailed me. "And I got you covered. Come on out—and no monkey business. Quick, now!"

It was a policeman. I lost no time showing myself.

"All right, officer. I—I—" What could I say? Nothing but the truth. "My name's Stone. I live here. There's been a robbery in the house, and I'm doing a bit of investigating on the job."

For a moment he looked at me as if he thought I was crazy; then:

"So there's been a robbery, has there? Why didn't you notify the Department? Anyway, you're not so bad on the gumshoe work, at that."

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ing around and booked him as a vag."

"Quick—where is he now?"

"Down at the station. He ain't running away."

"Wait. I'll get a hat and go along with you," and off I rushed.

AT the station house Patrolman Henderson reported the robbery, and told the Lieutenant in charge who I was.

"Robbery it was, hey?" He was an elderly man, with a pugnacious jaw. "Dan—bring in that guy Mullins. We'll sweat him down right now."

When he came, led in by two uniformed men, I sprang toward him, ready to throttle him and make him tell what he did with Dad's money. A strong arm around my neck held me back.

"None of that, young feller. You leave him to us as knows how to handle him."

"Mullins," said the Lieutenant, "the safe in that house was cracked and seventy thousand dollars lifted. It looks bad for you. We got you right. Now come through and I'll see you get a fair break, considering you don't hold out on us."

"Honest, Lieutenant—"

"Can that! You don't stall with me and get away with it. What did you do with the money?"

"I didn't get it. Somebody beat me to it."

"Then you went to the house to rob. Who was working with you?"

"Nobody. I was workin' alone."

"Then how did you know there was a plant in the house?"

Mullins hesitated while he eyed the Lieutenant, then the two men at his sides, Henderson standing behind, near the door. By the expression of his face I could tell he was doing some fast thinking.

"I seen it in the paper this morning."

"What was in the paper?"

THIS guy on Coventry puts over a big deal in cash yesterday at four o'clock. I figures the bank is closed, and the jack must be in his crib. I seen it in the real-estate news. The guy that handles the deal for the other party tacked his handle onto the blurb. Honest, Lieutenant, you ain't got nothin' on me! I didn't—"

A fist came down onto the desk with a sound like the thud of a pile driver.

"Enough of that. Were there any tools found on the prisoner, men?"

"Nothing, sir." This from one of the policemen.

"We'll find his stuff in the morning. Have a search made of the grounds and the street around the Stone place."

"I ain't got an outfit, Lieutenant. Honest." The voice was almost a whine now.

"Then how were you going to crack that box?"

"I got ways of my own." As soon as the words were out of his mouth, the prisoner turned scarlet.

"Oh, so you're an old hand, eh? Where did you serve time last?"

It developed that Mullins was "Pittsburgh Johnny," a burglar with seven arrests and four convictions to his record. His method of opening a safe was to feel the tumblers fall with his sensitized fingers. But all this brought me no nearer to Dad's money. After ten minutes or so more of questioning, I was convinced that this man really did not break into the safe. Some-

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one else had read the notice put into the papers by an enterprising real-estate broker and had reached the safe before him. Who could it be?

I STILL had the clue of the rubber glove and the man in the tweed suit. They might lead to the same person. I debated as to whether I should turn these over to the Lieutenant while I was there—and made up my mind not to.

Back at the house I bid Henderson good night, hearing him assure me not to worry. A couple of plain-clothes men would be over shortly to give the house a thorough going over, he told me.

I hoped they wouldn't, and meant to keep them away if I could; for, with the journey I had made, the excitement, the strain, I could hardly drag one foot after the other up the front steps. I was dog-tired—until I remembered that Dad's mortgage was due to-morrow noon. I couldn't afford to give up.

But once inside, I could not help myself. I made for the settee in the reception-room, and—before I realized it I was asleep.

I do not know how much time went by until I woke up. The ringing of the telephone in the office awakened me.

"This Mr. Stone?" asked a man's voice at the other end of the wire; and when I answered he went on: "Detective Merkle speaking. I just got the tip there had been a burglary at your house. The case is mine. I'm way over on the East Side of town, though. Thought I'd save time by getting what I could from you over the wire.

"Certainly, Mr. Merkle," and I told him all I knew of the night's events from the time I arrived home till the present moment. I did omit the clues of the rubber glove and the tweed cloth. In all truth, though, I must say it was an oversight this time rather than a conscious decision. My mind was still logy with sleep as I talked over the phone.

DECTECTIVE MERKLE seemed startled at several points in my story. He made no comment, however. When I had finished, he said:

"So your father's got to have that money by noon, hey?"—I could have sunk through the floor when I realized I had told him that.—"Well, don't you worry. I'm right on the job. The Department is right behind you. I'll get in touch with you, maybe run up to look the place over, a little later." That was all.

He did not convince me of his high merit. His confidence struck me as decidedly overrated. The job was up to me, if we were to get anywhere.

I did not know which way to turn now. Back in the reception-room I forced my mind to plug along and find a loophole in the maze. The safe had been opened, not blown open; the money was gone; on the floor was a glove. . . . It could have been no more than a minute until I had fallen asleep again.

Bright sunshine was streaming into the room when I came to. My watch showed twenty minutes of ten!

"Nellie!" I cried, springing up. "Nellie!"

In a few seconds she came.

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"Nellie, have the detectives been here yet?" I asked.

"Nobody came, sir."

"And my father—where is he?"

"Up-stairs in his room, sir. Maybe—I oughtn't to say it, sir, but the way he's moanin' and takin' on, I think he's taken leave of his senses."

Poor Dad. There was no time for sentiment now, though.

NELLIE, phone Doctor Nelson to come right over. And get me a cup of coffee. Never mind, I'll get the coffee. You phone."

But Nellie couldn't. Just then the phone bell rang. Nellie answered. It was a call for me—a woman.

"Good morning, Mr. Stone. This is Eleanor Kent. Did Miriam go to see the Polasky girl yet?"

"Oh, Miss Kent—no, Miriam hasn't come home. She's out of town for a few days."

"How unfortunate! Little Mary Polasky died an hour ago. And Miriam was so fond of the child."

Unfortunate or not for Miriam, I thought it was fortunate for me that Miss Kent called up.

"By the way, Miss Kent, do you remember hearing anything suspicious last night when you were waiting for Miriam?"

"Suspicious? What do you mean?"

"Why—you see, the house was robbed last night. In fact, the safe in the room right next to where you were sitting, was opened and rifled! Did you notice anything?"

She was silent for a moment. "Now that you mention it, I did hear a noise—from behind me, toward the back of the house."

"Yes?"

"It was—Oh, my! I've just looked at my watch. I see it's nearly ten o'clock. I have a train to catch at eleven-thirty, and I haven't a thing packed. . . . But I'm terribly interested. I tell you. Why not meet me at Union Depot—in the waiting-room restaurant? I do want to hear more. And perhaps I can remember something definite about last night. While I'm eating a late breakfast we can talk."

"ALL right. I'll be there about eleven. And thanks." What else could I do? Perhaps by judicious probing, I could learn from her the very clue, or lead, I lacked right now. She represented my last hope, faint as it was.

Miss Kent was at a table in the restaurant, two suitcases at her side, when I got there. By daylight she was older than I had thought her last night; her face was lined at eye-corners and mouth. In spite of that, she was a pretty girl beyond the average. I warmed to her at once, particularly when I saw her smile.

"Isn't it terrible that you have had a robbery?" she said, when I had hung up my hat and coat and taken the seat facing her. "Tell me more about it."

"I had hoped you'd have something to tell me. But perhaps it will save time if you hear the story, then tell me what you remember." Then I told all I knew, briefly.

I had put the rubber glove and the tweed cloth into my pocket. While I talked I brought them out to show her. She was keenly interested, particularly in the glove.

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Abruptly I ceased talking, rose half out of my chair. Miss Kent must have thought I had been stricken with a heart seizure. And, indeed, for a moment I was, for, coming into the restaurant and making for a table across the room—was the man I had seen standing on the street corner last night—the man in the tweed suit!

For a few seconds my mind raced at lightning speed; then: "Excuse me for a moment, Miss Kent. I must make a phone call. I completely forgot it. I'll be back in a second."

Forgetting the girl—everything—I made for the telephone booths I had seen just outside the restaurant. I made for the last one in the line, one in a corner. I didn't want anyone to overhear what I had to say. I was going to call Police Headquarters and get them to send someone to place the man under arrest. I was sure I could hold him until I got help.

I RAISED one step into the booth—when something like a sledge-hammer struck me on the back of the head. I reached out to catch myself as I fell. I remembered nothing more.

Nothing, that is, until I came to. And there, bending over me, bathing my head in warm water, was—the man in the tweed suit!

"Steady," he said. "Don't try to get up now. You'll be all right in a minute. That mug hit you a wallop fit to finish you. Pretty rough—but you damned amateurs always do take too much on your own shoulders."

"What—what do you mean? Who are you?"

"Merkle. The detective you talked to over the phone about four this morning."

With the driving pain in my head, and the confusing rush of events, I had difficulty adjusting to the idea that this man was Detective Merkle. The tweed cloth on the window-sill—

"Didn't you break into the house last night?"

"Of course. I saw that guy Mullins in the bushes, then you going into the house. I didn't know you, or what was up—and I had to know. I heard you and the girl talking, and I came away satisfied—damn fool that I was."

"Why?"

"Because I didn't take a look at the girl. I swallowed her line, the same as you. She knew your sister through society notes in the papers, I guess. But I knew who she was the minute you described her on the phone. It was 'Stetho Kate,' the cleverest manipulator of a stethoscope for opening a safe I've ever met or heard of."

GOD!—But where is she now?" I tried to jump to my feet, but my head kept me back.

"Safe on her way back to Headquarters. So is the confederate of hers that laid you out. She had the jack on her, ready to beat it out of town. I picked her up about seven this morning, here at the station. I couldn't take her in because I hadn't the goods on her."

"Then why should she want to meet me?"

"To get her glove. She dropped it last night—and got nervous. She had to have that to cover herself—or so she thought. She figured you'd bring it with you, like a kid would. And she figured you right. I knew nothing about the glove till I walked into the restaurant."

Dad and Miriam and I are happy now. The house on Coventry Road, our home, is ours for good. Dad, I'm proud to say, is well on the way to financial independence.

And I? I'm much older now than when we faced ruin. I'm reasonably sure I'm not susceptible to a woman's charm when she has something to gain. But then, older and wiser friends tell me a man never can be sure of that.

Talking Needles

(Continued from page 21)

had a relative in Portland, a lawyer by profession, who would defend him. But this was mere talk on Whitfield's part. Moreover, Whitfield had no funds with which to employ counsel. Consequently Judge George B. Simpson of the Superior Court for Clarke County appointed W. E. Yates of Vancouver, now deceased, and Charles Lane of Camas, to defend him.

From conversations with these two attorneys I am convinced that these two entered into the case with the firm purpose of securing an acquittal for the accused man. They refused to believe Whitfield guilty. They asked, "Where's the evidence?"

I realized that their query was well prompted. Admittedly the case of the State was a bit wobbly. There was a knife that was much sought after. There was a sap that the State wanted as evidence the worst way.

DAYS later I sat in the Sheriff's office when the telephone on his desk set up an incessant clatter. Constable Holland was speaking. "The sap's out there. I just saw it, buried under some brush cut from the railroad right-of-way."

"Get right out there, Tom," Sheriff Thompson said to his chief deputy.

Thomas Kemp told me afterward that he found the weapon completely buried in the mud, a tiny end of buckskin thong sticking up. He pulled up the blackjack, murderous, wickedly contrived. I examined it later with a shudder. It was about the size of a goose egg and depending from it was a buckskin thong. The sap was as heavy as lead.

Drama was injected into the case just here. Lillian Smith, married sister of Eddie Whitfield, met me on the street in Vancouver one day. I discussed the case with her. "I found a knife near the place," she said, a wan smile on her lips. She told me further: "I and my children went up the little creek that flows through Battle Ground. We were opposite the spot where the old Tuke house formerly stood. The little boys went up there to go fishing. I knew they couldn't catch any fish but they wanted to go so I took them up there and they tried fishing for a while."

"They couldn't catch no fish so I started for the railroad track to cross and go to my uncle's for a while, and they were

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picking some of these yellow johnnie-jump-ups, and the little one, my four-year-old boy, picked up a pocket-knife. I was ahead of them. He said: 'Mamma, look what we found!' I turned around and said: 'What is it, Honey?' He said: 'Uncle Eddie's pocket-knife.'

"I took it home and put it on my dresser and never thought any more about it. I started to get supper and my husband went out to the barn to milk and he was out there about half an hour. When he came back in my oldest boy had the pocket-knife and was fooling with it; he had the whet rock and was rubbing the whet rock on it. We took it away from him and when we went to Battle Ground we turned it over and Mr. Thompson got the knife from Mr. Holland." I heard her tell this same story later on the witness stand.

IN connection with the knife, E. D. Meade, clerk in a Battle Ground store, told me, and later testified to the same effect at the trial, that he had sold a knife of the same type recovered at the scene of the crime, to Eddie Whitfield. On the witness stand Mr. Meade was unshaken in his testimony. The knife was passed up to him for examination. He identified it as one of the kind he had sold to the accused murderer because it was the product of a well-known manufacturer at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

This knife was turned over to Doctor Robert Benson to test it for traces of blood. He reported: "I soaked this for over twenty-four hours in a salt solution, and with this salt solution that I obtained in that way I made a test for blood. I found that this material gave a test for blood, and then I made a further test to determine whether or not this was human blood, and I found that it gave in a very strong degree the test of human blood."

Another link in the chain of evidence which impressed me was Doctor Benson's examination of the clothes worn by Eddie Whitfield on the night of the crime.

Recall the accusing bits of fir needle taken from the bodies of Whitfield and little Anna Nosko. These had been given into the keeping of Luke S. May, criminologist extraordinary, by Sheriff Thompson.

I sat in the crowded court room where Eddie Whitfield was on trial for his life. I saw Luke S. May, a dignified gentleman with the face of a thinker, take the

stand. He swore to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Upon question of counsel he told the court that he lived in Seattle, that his occupation was investigator of criminal cases. He said he had been at the work for the past fifteen years. He was President of an International Secret Service and President of the Sheriffs and Police International Association. He told the court that he had been making microscopic examinations of small articles of evidence for the past fifteen years, and that he maintained a laboratory for that purpose. In this laboratory he had a number of microscopes and measurement instruments for the examination of blood, blood stains, hairs, fibers and articles that may pertain to the investigation of criminal cases and their identity.

THE investigator testified to receiving bits of fir needle from Sheriff Thompson, some particles taken from Whitfield and some from the body of little Anna Nosko. He said: "I made micro-photographs of the particles and studied them to see whether they were of the same structure. There were two different types of fir needle but the micro-photographs showed that they were of the same structure, the same size and of the same general nature. More, the micro-photographs of the fir needles showed them beyond question of doubt to be particles from two needles. And bits of each of the two needles had been taken from Whitfield's body and bits of each of the two needles from the body of little Anna Nosko."

Enlarged photographs of the particles of fir needles were submitted in evidence at this time. They showed plainly that the two sets of particles if joined would make two complete needles.

A sigh seemed to run through the court room when this testimony was given. The jury sat tensed in their chairs. Their faces showed that the testimony of Luke S. May and his enlarged fir needle photographs had broken down their last doubt as to the guilt of the prisoner at the bar.

The jury found him guilty, and Judge George B. Simpson sentenced him to be hanged. There was an appeal, but the Supreme Court upheld the conviction and sentence of the lower court.

On June 19, 1924, at Walla Walla, Washington, Whitfield walked with firm tread to the gallows. He died without making a statement about his crime.

Why I Killed My 22 Wives

(Continued from page 45)

on the surface. And what a world of life throbbed beneath! Her face glowed with a rare blending of mental power, of strong emotion and vivid imagination.

Her dress, a traveling gown, was simple in material, but it was made in a fashion that was a delight to the eye. Ah! and diamonds, too, sparkled in her ears and on her fingers.

The porter brought her luggage to my section. I rose to my feet, arranged my bags, and bowed, smiling, with the remark: "We are to be neighbors."

She answered in a soft, rich contralto: "And agreeable."

She had that intrepid manner of one who felt perfectly secure. She picked up a book and began reading, now and then remarking on something she read.

Presently I engaged her in conversation, introducing myself as Harvey Newton, an attorney of Little Rock, Arkansas.

She answered that her name was Miss Olive Greenlee and that she was a novelty saleswoman, traveling out of Peoria, Illinois.

"Is it not a rather hard struggle," I questioned, "for a beautiful young woman to sell goods and endure the hardships of travel?"

"Not if she is steadfast in purpose," she answered impulsively. "Women are really not so unfitted for the battles of life as men are apt to think. You are a Southerner, and it is the instinct in a Southern gentleman of fine nature to wish to protect a woman from rough contact with the general rabble."

"Yes," and I laughed, "it is a true quality in a Southerner. Do you admire the Southern man?" I asked.

"No, not more than any other," returned Olive, not catching the drift of my question. "They are chivalrous, of course, but there is scarcely any man in whom I would have faith."

I WAS conscious of a feeling of relief in discovering that Olive Greenlee was heart-free.

"Scarcely anyone," I murmured, looking into her eyes. "Yet it leaves room for one who might not fail you."

She looked at me half-wistfully, half-searchingly. I met her look with a steadfast, hypnotic gaze.

"You doubt me?" I asked.

She colored a little and laughed.

"Men flatter and use conventional phrases that mean nothing," she said.

It came time to retire.

"If this dream could only last," I whispered to her as I rose. "You will breakfast with me?"

"Yes. You have been very kind, Mr. Newton."

"Good night," I murmured, lingering over the parting words, my clasp tightening over her hand which I held. "Thank you for the delightful evening, Miss Greenlee."

I dropped her hand and went to the smoker. While the train was winding its way, like a jointed reptile, through the country, I was scheming. She wore diamonds worth at least \$1,500. I concluded she must have money. I knew that my attention and fascinating ways had made an impression.

One week later we were married in Chicago. I folded Olive in my arms and pressed my lips on hers.

"My precious wife," I breathed.

"Harvey, you have crowned me with glory and honor, and I love you."

We made our home at the Southern. I told Olive I had several important cases in the Federal courts, and we would remain in Chicago for several weeks, then take a honeymoon jaunt through the South. Three days later I said to Olive, "I must leave you, my darling, for a week, on an urgent legal matter."

A loving embrace and a lingering kiss and I left her and returned to St. Louis, where I at once secured a license to wed Mrs. Marshall. I gave my true name, Joseph Gillam, place of residence, St. Louis. The next day we were married in the large living-room of Mrs. Borden, with the latter acting as bridesmaid and Doctor Norman as my best man.

Two days after my marriage to Mrs. Marshall, I left for Chicago to meet Olive. Already I knew what I should do with her.



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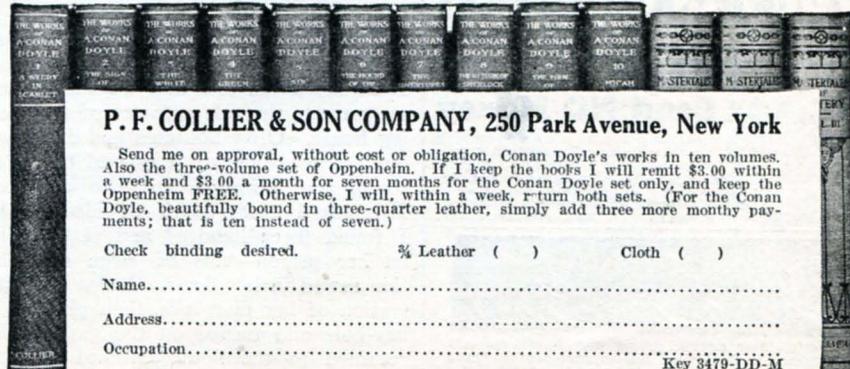
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I LEFT the hotel and disguised myself as a tough character of the underworld. In the worst section of Chicago I engaged a room for a week, informing the landlord that the room was for my girl. I spent several hours in the room, plugging all the cracks about the windows and arranging for a "suicide."

I changed clothes, repacked the handbag I carried, and presented myself at the door of Olive's room at the Southern.

"Oh, Harvey!" she cried, as I held her in my close embrace. "I didn't expect you so soon!"

The cue of safe commonplaces was given, and I managed to take it up.

"Dear, I could endure the separation no longer. I dropped business and hastened back."

"You are so wonderfully unselfish!" she exclaimed. "Not a bit like most men. You have the quick intuition that women admire. Men are generally such blunderers. It would indeed be a singularly perverse woman who couldn't be happy with you."

"You're an enthusiast and a flatterer," and I smiled.

"I might be an enthusiast," she exclaimed, laughing, "but you have the sort of personal fascination that is a rare quality."

"A dangerous one," I interrupted, "if possessed by one unprincipled."

She crossed over to a table and raised a sketch.

"Look!" she cried. "I drew this of you, but it does scant justice to the original. It was a study for my psychology."

"You must have found it a baffling study! And so you are an artist?" I observed.

"Not a practical artist, but I know good work when I see it."

THE next day we planned our honeymoon journey and a few days of sightseeing in Chicago. That evening at dinner I was unusually bright and amusing, entertaining Olive with humorous anecdotes of the South and eating my dinner with a relish. More and more fascinated became Olive with my charming manner. She felt that she had found a wonderful lover and a true husband. To her I revealed the Southern romantic lover. As we sat there at her last meal, I quoted verses from Byron and recited Shakespeare.

She sat listening, entranced at the soft cadence of my musical voice, all unconscious that death was near.

Presently I suggested the theater and then a slumming trip. She was delighted and readily assented.

After the show we entered a taxi and rode about in the slum district. Finally I dismissed the taxi and we walked until we came to the side entrance of the rooming house. Olive hesitated and drew back, but I forced her in. I carried her to the room, and before I left she was dead. I removed every mark of identification. I found three hundred and sixty dollars on her person—bills of large denomination sewed in her dress. I also took possession of her diamonds, then plugged the key-hole and turned on the gas. I then returned to the hotel, checked out, and departed for St. Louis.

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Two days later I read in a Chicago paper a brief account of a girl who had committed suicide at a rooming house, giving the number of the house where I had left Olive.

After my return to St. Louis, my wife and I lived together at Mrs. Borden's for three weeks. Then I found a very nicely furnished flat for a moderate sum, in which we started housekeeping. My wife placed her money in the bank to my credit.

I STARTED in business for myself, renting offices in one of the large office buildings and furnishing them luxuriously. I employed capable assistants and was launched again, in what proved to be a very remunerative business. In a short time my affairs became very prosperous. I started a brokerage business in connection with a mercantile and adjustment office and rented a suite of rooms, furnishing them as luxuriously as possible. I then selected a young fellow of pleasing personality, who knew the game, and placed him in charge of the brokerage office.

The largest part of my work was done with women who were desirous of playing the market without the knowledge of their friends. Money seemed to roll in. I purchased a car and two fine, blooded mares, as I always liked horses, and in the afternoons my wife and I enjoyed many exhilarating spins up and down the boulevards. Later we took up our residence in a large, attractive-looking house in the suburbs and had two servants—a maid and a cook. There was only one fly in the ointment—the woman who invariably lost and made a "holler" as the term goes.

I have always found women to be poor gamblers, except in matters of love. Then they are the greatest gamblers on earth.

This amazing criminal continues the story of his life in the December issue, on the news stands November Fifteenth. Read how he ran afoul of the law—and by a singular quirk of fate the part a woman played in bringing him close to justice. What follows is one of the most daring exploits in the life-story of Bluebeard Watson.

"I Killed Mike Rogavoy"

(Continued from page 29)

"No! No! No! He was going to marry me to-day. He had had a stroke and the doctors told him he was going paralyzed. It was what I'd been waiting for all these years."

HER manner was convincing. But I was firm. I went on:

"You know, though, who killed him?" She hesitated.

"Then why didn't you report this?" I asked. From the drawer of my desk I drew the knife with which Rogavoy had been killed. "You knew this was in the bureau drawer of the apartment, and yet you never said a word. Now whose knife is this? Tell me!"

She began to shriek.

"Put her in a cell in the woman's section, solitary," I told the Sergeant. "Don't let anyone talk to her."

Flynn arrived with Mrs. Morse, whose



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That is how my husband felt when I showed him an ad telling about a new way to learn music. But how I *hated* to give up my new hope of learning to play the piano. When I heard others playing, I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me. For *they* could entertain their friends and family . . . *they* were musicians. I had to be satisfied with only hearing music.

I was so disappointed. I felt very bitter as I put away the magazine containing the advertisement. For a week I resisted the temptation to look at it again, but finally I couldn't keep from "peaking" at it. It fascinated me so much that finally half-frightened, half-enthusiastic I wrote to the U. S. School of Music—without letting my husband know.

Imagine my joy when the course arrived and I found that it was as easy as A. B. C. Why, a mere child could master it!

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One day not long after my husband came to me and said, "Mary, don't laugh, but I want to try learning to play the violin by that wonderful method. You certainly proved to me that it is a good way to learn music."

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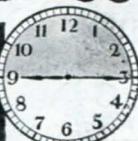
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flat adjoined that of Harry Williams on the third floor of the house on Macedon Street. I had her sit down, and talked to her quietly. I said:

"I want you to tell me everything that you remember about the Williams family on last Thursday."

She gradually got up steam. She rambled on about how worried Mrs. Williams was over little Mike's stumbling and general weakness, and how she took him to the best doctors. She said that Mrs. Williams was worried after she came back from Doctor Wardmann, and, instead of telling Mrs. Morse what the doctor said, she shut up like a clam and looked sad. And when she, Mrs. Morse, asked Mrs. Williams if Doctor Wardmann didn't think he could help little Mike to get better, she cried. She told how Mrs. Williams told her what a nuisance it was to have Dan in the house on account of the extra work and not having enough room—I cut her story short and asked:

"What did you notice at night?"

"I wasn't home at night," Mrs. Morse said. "I came down-town to the theater with Mr. Morse, and after the show we went to the Orleans Club for supper."

I REACHED in the drawer and pulled out the knife. Mrs. Morse's eyes popped open.

"Ever see this?" I asked.

She shrieked.

"Where?" I demanded.

Her voice fell to a whisper: "It's their good carving knife!"

"Whose good carving knife?"

"The Williams'!"

"Now, Mrs. Morse," I said, "if you'll give me your word that you won't breathe a word of what you've told me, I'll let you go home. But if you don't give me your solemn assurance, I'll have to send you to the House of Detention as a material witness."

She gave me her word and I let her go. I sounded the buzzer for the general detective call.

"Now, men," I said, "we're getting somewhere. I want Harry Williams brought here at once. A lot of you know him by sight. I want his brother Dan picked up and taken to the St. George Street Station. If they're together, separate them at once. Hold Dan at St. George Street without letting him telephone anyone. Don't mind any threat Harry may make. Both men are wanted for murder, and I think we've got enough to hang them already."

I telephoned the Trocadero and got Mike's manager, Vic Burke.

"You know Harry and Dan Williams, Vic," I said. "Did you see either of them the night of the murder?"

"Sure," said Vic. "I saw Harry at half-past eleven, maybe quarter after eleven. He came in and bought a drink and asked if Mike was around. I told him Mike was busy in the back room and wouldn't be out in the cabaret before midnight."

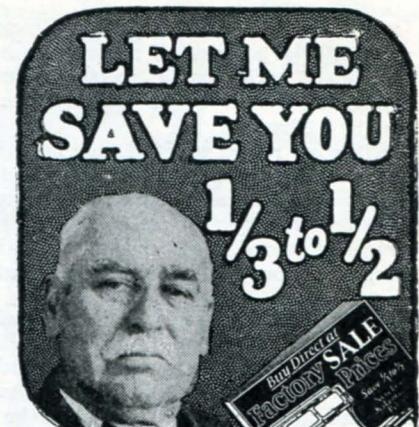
"WHAT did he say?" I asked, on the qui vive.

"I guess I won't disturb him then."

"How did Harry act, Vic?" I continued.

"Maybe a little bit nervous, but you know he's always been a steady drinker."

"Keep this talk to yourself, Vic," I cautioned.



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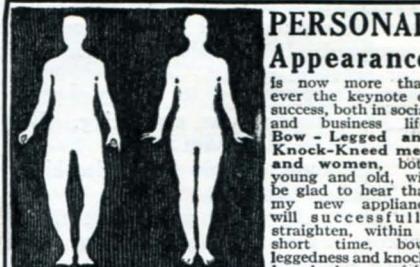
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Detective Wilson telephoned a few minutes later.

"I can't bring in Dan Williams," he said. "But I've got him spotted and he can't get away."

"Where is he?" I asked.

"In the accident ward at McKinley Hospital. He got hit by an automobile at Burton and Kosciusko Streets Thursday night."

"When was he admitted?" I asked.

"Eleven o'clock Thursday night."

That was three-quarters of an hour before the murder. Well, even then Dan might be an accessory before the fact. From what I knew it looked sure that he and Harry had planned to kill Mike, but after the accident Harry had gone through with it alone. Harry couldn't spring any alibi, since Vic had seen him at the Trocadero a few minutes before the killing. As an ex-bartender there, he knew the place; he had made sure Mike was in the office; the bloody knife had been identified as his property. The behavior of Evelyn Garnett indicated that she knew all along he was the murderer.

Lieutenant Flynn brought in Harry Williams just before midnight.

"What am I charged with?" he asked.

"Murder in the first degree," I told him.

"SEND for Horace Somerville," he demanded, naming the most famous criminal lawyer at the Great Lakes City Bar.

"Somerville'll do you no good," I said. "We've got you on the spot, and we've got the knife you killed him with. We've got the motive and everything."

Harry Williams squared his shoulders and spread his feet.

"Send for Horace Somerville," he repeated. "I'm a public official, and I won't stand for any nonsense from a policeman. You have no right to keep me here. I insist that you book me on the blotter and take me to a cell. Don't try any of your police tricks on me. I call on these men to witness that I have demanded that Horace Somerville be sent for."

"Don't get so gay, Williams!" I admonished. "You forget the State law that gives us the right to hold incommunicado for forty-eight hours any prisoner charged with homicide. You can't see Somerville till the day after to-morrow."

"Well, I won't talk, so you might as well have me sent to my cell."

"Give him that nice damp one down on the south end of the corridor," I directed.

As soon as he was led away, I said:

"Get that Maneuvel rat out of here quick. Take him up to the East Side Prison and book him as Percy Smithers, arrested on suspicion of having escaped from the Athabasca State Hospital for the Insane. Keep him full of hop and don't let anyone talk to him."

I WOKE the Mayor out of bed. I told him what Vic Burke had said, that Mrs. Morse had identified the knife, that Maneuvel had supplied the motive. The Mayor directed:

"Send for the newspaper men and give them the story. I guess you've got the right man. I think this'll show the voters that we enforce the law without fear or favor."

I rang the buzzer.

"Get the newspaper boys out of the

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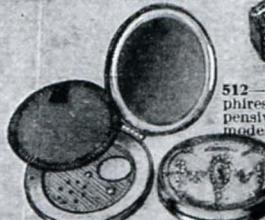
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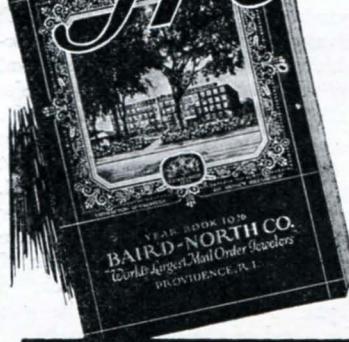


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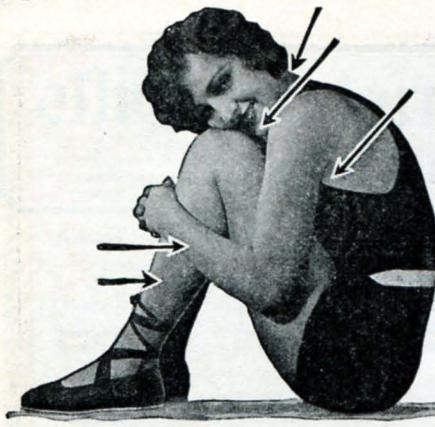
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shack across the street," I said. "Tell 'em I've got a good story for them."

I let them photograph the knife. I ended by refusing to let them talk to Harry Williams. They wanted to know where Dan Williams was, but I only replied that I had him under guard as an accessory before the fact.

The next morning the newspapers were full of the story. It was the biggest murder clean-up in the history of Great Lakes City. Somerville came storming to Headquarters with demands to see Harry Williams. I had him barred. The reporters chronicled the calm with which I barred him. The newspapers which had criticized the Mayor and the police so severely, carried editorials which praised us for the quick solution of the killing.

And shortly after noon, Mrs. Williams came to Headquarters. I admitted her at once.

"Chief," she said, "are you sure Harry killed Mike? Does it really look so bad for him as the newspapers say? Have they really got enough to hang him on?"

"Mrs. WILLIAMS," I protested, "don't ask me things like that. I have a duty to perform, a very disagreeable duty. I don't want to give you any pain. I've only done what I had to do. I'm sorry I had to build up the evidence against your husband. But I couldn't think of that consequence. Please see Mr. Somerville and have him tell you what you asked me."

"I did see Mr. Somerville," she said. "He told me you had a complete case and you'd hang Harry, but I thought he was trying to frighten me to get money out of me. I see now that he spoke the truth. Harry is in danger. You wouldn't talk like that unless you could hang him. But he's not guilty!"

Her sorrow touched me, and I tried to comfort her. She went on:

"I know you wouldn't scare me. Let me see him. I must talk to him!"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Williams," I said, "but I would be breaking the law if I did. You'll have to wait till the day after tomorrow."

She got up and faced me resolutely. Then came the most startling revelation on the case so far.

"I killed Mike Rogavoy!" she said. "I killed him on my boy's account! I killed him because Doctor Wardmann told me that my boy's illness was hereditary. That made me realize for the first time that he was Mike's boy and not Harry's. I got crazy. I thought how Mike took advantage of me when I came there to the Trocadero with my sister to sing and dance in his cabaret. I thought of everything, how he hurried me into a marriage with Harry to avoid trouble with his wife, and how I ruined my sister's life after his wife died. The thought that my son was cursed because of him was too much for me. I killed him."

It sounded real, but I checked my belief. "You don't believe me?" she said. "Then look at this."

She held up a lode charm. I recognized it as one that Mike always wore.

"I took it off his watch chain after I killed him. It was the emblem of my father's lodge. Because Mike wore it when I first met him, I trusted him. I couldn't leave it on his body. He wasn't worthy of it!"

She handed the charm to me. It was engraved with Mike's initials. I went to the safe where we kept the jewelry taken from Mike's body the night of the murder. I opened it and took out the chain. Sure enough, the charm was missing. I sat down in my chair and dreamed.

"Aren't you going to lock me up?" asked Mrs. Williams.

"I suppose I'll have to," I said.

And so the case ended—one of the most amazing in my long experience as a detective.

Love Letters of Death

(Continued from page 41)

hands hanging at his sides but held away from him just enough to keep them from touching his thighs. He came crookedly, wavering from side to side.

To Miller it seemed that the slow journey would never end. His dry tongue made a rasping sound against his dry lips. He had his gun out now, holding it before him below the window ledge with both hands.

TEN yards from the window Galbraith halted again and made curious inspection of his hands. He looked down at them, moving all the fingers slightly while he studied first the palms and then the backs of them. He did not once glance at the window or the house. He might have thought himself alone in the world. Miller, with only the foreshortened view of his face, thought that its dead white features were set and stiff. The look of them multiplied his fears, so much so that his palsied hands knocked the gun against the wood of the window casing.

Although the sound of it must have carried to Galbraith, he gave no sign of hearing it. But, instead of continuing his

uncertain progress to the front porch, he moved off on a tangent toward the back of the house. As he dropped his hands and took the first wavering step, he uttered an indistinguishable sound that had in it a note of despair. His hands were again a little away from his thighs.

Before the astonished Miller had moved, Galbraith's footsteps were heard going up the short flight of back-porch steps to the kitchen. The dining-room lay between the living-room and the kitchen, but all the connecting doors were open, and Miller, stepping back from the window, heard the clink of a pan and the rush of water from an open faucet.

The sound of the water galvanized him into movement. Swift comprehension came to him. He started for the kitchen, a new and rat-like courage possessing him.

When he reached the doorway between dining-room and kitchen, Galbraith had turned off the faucet and plunged both hands into a tin basin that stood in the sink.

"Put your han's up!" Miller ordered shrilly.

ALBRAITH, looking over his shoulder at him, hesitated, his hands gently laying each other in the water.

"If you don't, I'll shoot sure!" Miller threatened.

There was no doubt of his sincerity.

Galbraith, turning to face him fully, put up his dripping hands, the water making rivulets down his wrists and arms. His features were stiffened, his face a mask of sorrow. His movements were heavy, like a drugged man's.

"Now, stan' back 'gainst that wall! Put your face to the wall!"

Galbraith obeyed, slowly. Miller, keeping him covered, went up behind him and drew a revolver from the first hip pocket he touched. Dropping it into the left-side pocket of his coat, he backed off until he reached the sink, where he shot a swift glance at the water in the basin. It was discolored, a faint pink.

"I knew it!" he said in a voice that was a squeal. "Blood! Blood in this water! I knew it! You've killed her! You've killed my wife!"

Galbraith said nothing, made no move.

Miller shook so that his extended arm holding the gun was like a bough whipped by wind. His shallow, rapid breathing was noisy, stertorous.

The paroxysm left him as suddenly as it had seized him. It gave way to a cold, more vicious hate. He sneered, lips drawn back from his sharp, irregular teeth.

"Turn aroun'!" he ordered.

Galbraith made the half-turn slowly, and looked at him steadily. And once again Miller got the distant impression that this man was thinking neither of him nor himself, but entirely of Ethel Miller. He sensed in Galbraith a great mourning, a grief past all expression whether by word or by feature. The feeling of futility it gave him fed his wrath. It was like storming against a stone wall.

"YOU'VE killed her!" he repeated the accusation. "Don't say you didn't!"

Galbraith, eyes still meeting the other's, said nothing, making a slight gesture with his hand, an involuntary sign of utter weariness.

"You wait!" Miller taunted him.

Keeping Galbraith covered with the gun, he put out his left hand, lifted the basin of bloody water to a shelf over the sink and inverted a bowl over it.

"Now go in the livin'-room. March!"

Galbraith went. Unprotesting and quiet though he was, Miller could not get away from the menace in his inertness. Suspense squeezed Miller's heart. A cold damp came out on his bony forehead.

"Stan' there, in that corner," he instructed Galbraith in the living-room. "You c'n put your han's down, but keep 'em still!"

With the width of the room between them, he sat down at the desk telephone and, keeping eyes and gun on Galbraith, jiggled the receiver hook to call the operator.

He was in a hurry. Galbraith might come out of that abstraction at any moment, might risk a bullet and spring at him. He shook the hook savagely, glaring at Galbraith who stood there like a man in another world. It was as if grief had stunned him, or made all this fuming and squealing of no importance. Miller

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swallowed, his throat making an unpleasant sound.

The operator answered at last.

"Mr. Patterson!" he told her. "Tom Patterson! Sheriff Patterson! Get him, quick!"

The Sheriff answered the call promptly.

"MEET me in that patch of woods just south of Beaver Creek on Ed Galbraith's place!" Miller instructed him. "Somethin's happened to my wife! Somethin' awful! Bring somebody with you. . . . Yes. Galbraith. . . . Come on! For God's sake!"

He replaced the receiver and rose.

"Now," he told Galbraith, "march out of that door an' down to the glade. March! An' don't look back!"

Galbraith without a word turned slowly and went out of the house, Miller ten feet behind him. He went with the same slow, uncertain stride that had been his gait coming back from the creek.

They stepped down into the bed of the creek, entered the wood and gained the glade, Miller now scarcely a yard behind.

Near the opposite edge of the circular little clearing, about twelve yards in diameter, lay the body of a woman.

Catching sight of the prostrate figure, Miller, keeping always behind Galbraith, emitted a sound that was like a man's involuntary response to a heavy blow between the shoulders. There followed a full half-minute of silence, Galbraith's glance high, as if he preferred to take no knowledge of what was on the ground.

"So!" Miller broke the silence. "You did it to—" He spoke whimperingly, with gasping breaths that cut his words apart. "You did it—to keep me from havin'—her!"

He shook like a reed, saying terrible things, overcome by jealous rage at what his own unbelievable words pictured.

"Stan' there, with your face to that tree!"

HE stuck the muzzle of the revolver into the small of Galbraith's back, guiding him to a giant oak a few feet on the right of where they had come into the glade.

"Now," he said, and swore revoltingly. "We'll wait for 'em."

Sheriff Patterson, Lucy Patterson's husband, was the first to break through the bushes close to where Galbraith still stood, face to the oak. He took a step into the little clearing before he saw Ethel Miller's body.

"My God!" he said in a low, wondering tone.

Behind him grouped those who had joined his rush to answer Ben Miller's call, eight men and women, Lucy Patterson, old man Fentress and his daughter, Mollie Benton. They all saw what the Sheriff had seen, and a keen, quick sound, like a sudden wind in green leaves, came from them. These were people to whom religion was life. They believed damnation and card-playing synonymous. And to see murder—they knew it for murder on the instant—here on this Sunday afternoon was for them a horror that paralyzed them.

All except Lucy Patterson. With a shriek she brushed aside her husband's restraining arm and, flinging herself down

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on the ground beside the body, felt wrist and neck and loosened the clothing, all the time with little broken moans and croonings.

"Who did it?" Patterson demanded.

Miller's reply was swift, his sentences broken.

"I foun' out what was going on—tween her and that skunk, Ed Galbraith," he said, a whimper in his voice. "He met her here yes'day. I followed her here. An' I taxed her with it—las' night. She said 'twasn't so. All night long I tried to—get it out of her! I tol' her she had got to confess what she'd been doing—with that—with him! And she wouldn't! She—she wouldn't!"

HE paused, heaving for breath, and, like automatons moved by the same string, the faces of the group turned to Ed Galbraith. The inertness that had terrified Miller was upon him yet. His grave and unreadable eyes met the Sheriff's glance. He said nothing, did nothing.

"When she wouldn't admit anythin'," Miller took up the accusation, "I tol' her she had to put a stop to the sin and misery of what she was doin'. Oh, my God!" he said on a note that was a scream. "Why I didn't kill her, I don't know. And I tol' her I'd make her tell Galbraith herself—tell him he had to keep away from her. So I went there to his house a little while ago and tol' him he had fifteen minutes to put an end to it. Tol' him she—she was waitin' for him down here. He didn't say a word. Just sorter staggered out of the house and down the hill to the creek. An' five minutes later he came out of here with blood on his han's—her blood on his han's! The bowl of water he washed 'em in—bloody water!—is up there right now—on a shelf in the kitchen."

The muscles of his neck writhed. He tossed his head once from side to side, like a man choking, and uttered a long, squealing note.

"He—he shot her down!" he cried.

"Killed her to—to keep her away from me! The—"

The light of mania came into his eyes. He stiffened, as if about to leap at Galbraith. His hand gripped his gun.

Lucy Patterson, looking up that moment from futile ministrations to her dead sister, saw the murderous glare in Miller's eyes. And in that fraction of a second the whole story came to her mind.

"TELL me, Ed Galbraith," she cried out, "has Ben taken anything from Ethel since—from Ethel's body since he brought you down here?"

"He hasn't been near the body," Galbraith replied in a slow-rumbling voice.

"Then he killed her!" Lucy declared. "Ben Miller's the murderer!"

The Sheriff was unimpressed by his wife's accusation.

"What are you talking about?" he asked roughly.

She jumped up and before the petrified Miller knew what she was about, she slipped her hand into the inside breast pocket of his coat and drew forth an oblong, flat tin box—the box containing those love letters of death!

"There!" she said, holding it aloft. "Ed Galbraith's letters are in that box. It was inside Ethel's dress when she turned off the road to come here through the woods and Ben went on up the road to Ed's place! Oh, don't you see what he did? After I watched him go over the hill—I was in the living-room of his house—he cut back through the woods and shot Ethel to death! His gun's got a silencer on it. Then he went to Galbraith and, to put the blame on Galbraith, sent him to say good-by to a woman already dead! He'd planned the whole thing!"

Guilt, like an obscene nakedness, twisted Miller's white face.

But it was Galbraith who spoke.

"And at the last I doubted her!" he said sorrowfully. "I thought she had gone by her own hand."



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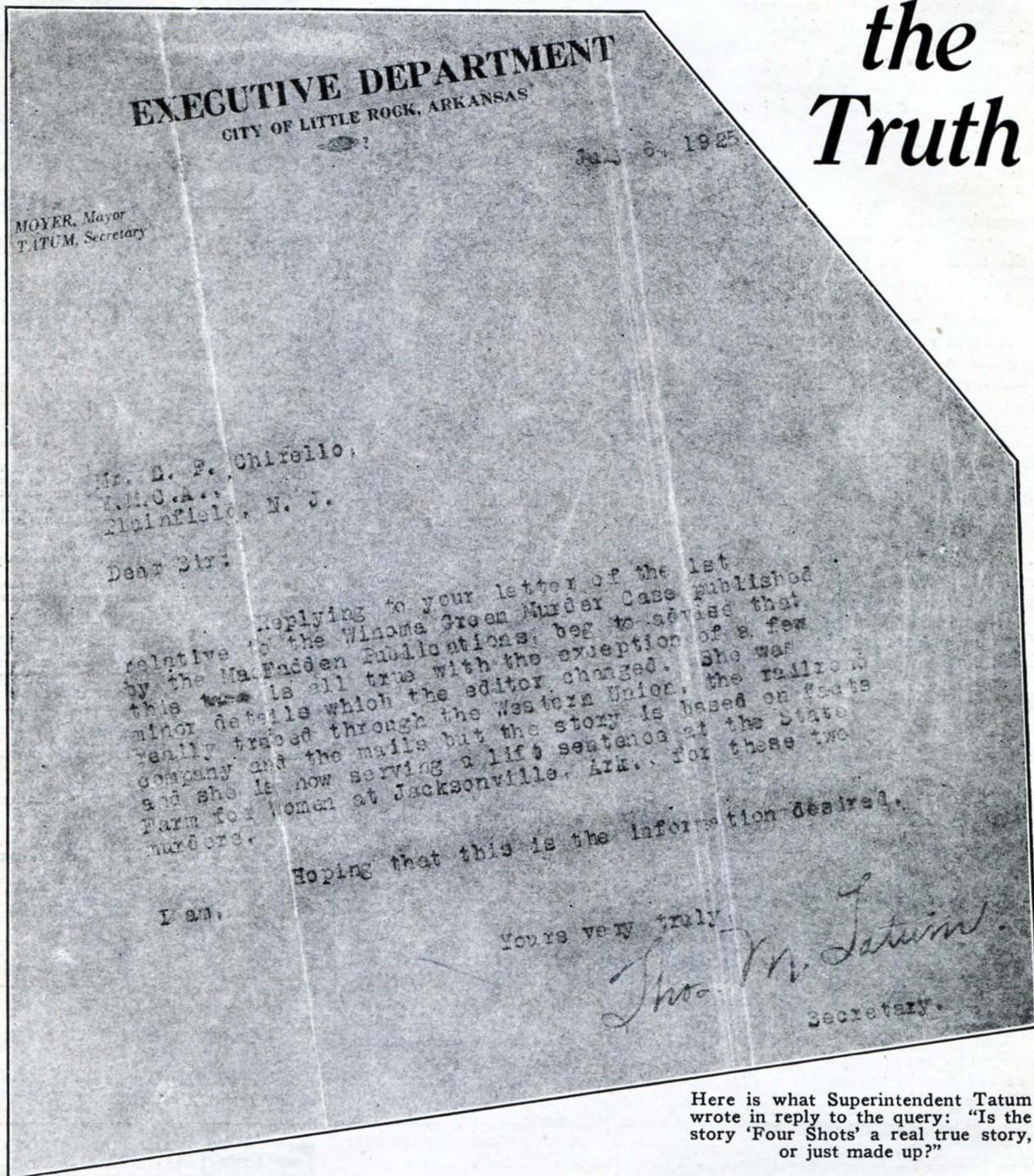
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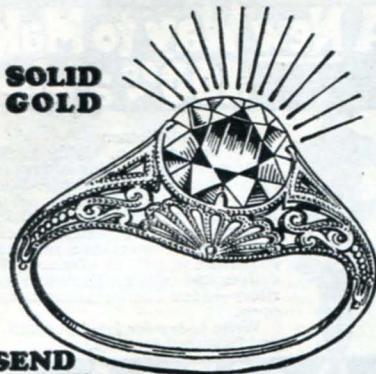
Here is what Superintendent Tatum wrote in reply to the query: "Is the story 'Four Shots' a real true story, or just made up?"

IN the July issue of *TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES* Magazine we published the true story of the investigation of a double murder in and around Little Rock, Arkansas. "Four Shots" was the title of the story.

When the issue containing this story appeared on the news-stands, a member of the Plainfield, New Jersey, Young Men's Christian Association, discussed with many of his friends the probability that the story was fiction, manufactured out of whole cloth. To verify or dispel his doubts, he wrote to the author of the story at the address we published in the magazine. It was Mr. Thomas M. Tatum, Superintendent, Bureau of Identification, Police Department, at Little Rock. We are reproducing Mr. Tatum's reply above. It speaks for itself.

Any other Doubting Thomases are welcome to challenge the truth at any time!

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sweetheart." She sighed. "I've always longed to see New York."

"When I go East you must give me her address," I said. "I'll be in New York about a month from now and I'd be glad to meet Helen and her boy friend. They say it's a mighty lonely city if a fellow doesn't know anybody."

But she didn't volunteer the information then, and two weeks elapsed before I ascertained Anna Hamilton's address in New York City. Then I had to steal it. I sneaked into Helen's room one afternoon while she was out shopping and rifled her bureau drawer where I found three letters from Anna Hamilton, who was living on West Ninety-fifth Street.

When I got this I lost no time in beating it out of Pomona for the journey across the continent to New York City. Helen, I'm sure, was just a little bit disturbed at my sudden departure, but I told her I had to leave immediately to meet a rich uncle who was returning from Ireland and that I would endeavor to persuade him to come back to California with me.

"I'd like to call on Miss Hamilton when I get in New York if you'll give me her address," I said to her just before I got ready to leave the house.

"I lost her address, Tommy," she replied, "but maybe I'll hear from her. Send me a telegram from New York and then I'll wire you the address."

NOW I knew very well that she had the address and I wondered why she refused to give it to me. There certainly was no suspicion in her mind that I was other than what I had represented myself to be, namely, a scenario writer. I was positive that she never for a moment entertained the thought that I was a detective. I hadn't said or done anything that would justify such a suspicion.

The only reason for her refusal that my mind could possibly offer was that Anna Hamilton was none other than Skinny Freeman's girl. Being a clever girl, she probably had cautioned Helen never to give her address to anybody. Furthermore, I was more or less of the opinion that Helen was an ex-underworld woman, and I was not so sure but that she and Anna might have been old friends from the stretches of Subterranea.

Helen's refusal to give me Anna's New York address stimulated a lot of thought on the way across the continent. Before I got to New York City I found myself dominated with the premonition that Helen was wise to me, knew that I was a detective on the trail of Skinny Freeman and his girl Anna. From Chicago on I just couldn't shake off the idea that Helen was a clever dame who had handed me a lovely double-cross and that when I arrived in New York I would find that Miss Hamilton had left the Ninety-fifth Street address for parts unknown. What a long trip that was from Chicago to New York!

I didn't go to a hotel when I arrived. I checked my bag and beat it as fast as a taxi would carry me up to the Ninety-fifth street address. When I saw that it was an apartment house I went up the street and looked up the telephone number. Then I phoned, asking the operator if there was anybody living in the house by

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the name of Hambelton. I purposely used a similar name knowing that if anybody lived there by the name of Hamilton that the operator would be struck by the similarity of the two names and just automatically would mention Hamilton. And that is just what she did.

"Hambelton? Did you say Hambelton or Hamilton?" she exclaimed.

WHEN she uttered the name Hamilton I knew at once that the lady for whom I was looking lived there, so I said:

"Hambelton, Arthur Hambelton and wife."

"No," the operator replied, "we haven't got anybody here by the name of Hambelton. We have a Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton here."

How happy I was when that news came over the wire! The end of the chase was in sight!

I had a very good description of Skinny's girl, Anna. I was sure that I could pick her out by that description if I saw her. And as for Skinny, I could single him out of a throng.

I didn't see either one of them the first afternoon that I covered the house, but about nine o'clock the following morning out came Skinny Freeman! I didn't expect to see him so early in the morning because burglars invariably sleep all day and prowl all night. He walked up Ninety-fifth Street to the Broadway subway station. I took my gun out of my hip pocket and carried it in my overcoat. I followed him into the subway and just as he breezed up to the ticket agent's window I stepped in front of him.

"Put your hands in the air, Skinny!" I shoved my gun up against his stomach. "Don't make a bad move or I'll pull the trigger!"

He submitted. I slipped the cuffs over his right wrist.

"What's the rap?" he said.

"That Baltimore affair," I replied.

"Baltimore affair? What do you mean?" "Prowling the house where you killed Louisville Shine," I told him. "We got your finger-prints on the windows and I've been after you ever since. Tell me the story of that killing, Skinny, will you?"

"Want to send me to the chair?"

"No, nothing like that," I assured him. "Just the burglary charge."

WELL, he began, "I was prowling the joint when suddenly I heard a noise. I ducked over behind some portières to get out of the way. I no sooner got behind them when I heard the window raised and in came a big negro. I didn't know what to do and while I was trying to make up my mind what to do a lady came up the stairs and into the room. The negro grabbed her and began to strangle her. I drew my gun and croaked him. I couldn't stand there and see him assaulting a white woman."

Skinny went back to Maryland to serve a three-year term after which he was extradited to California to complete his sentence in the Folsom prison. His girl, Anna Hamilton, quit him later on and Skinny was killed while prowling a house in Chester, Pennsylvania, a year ago.

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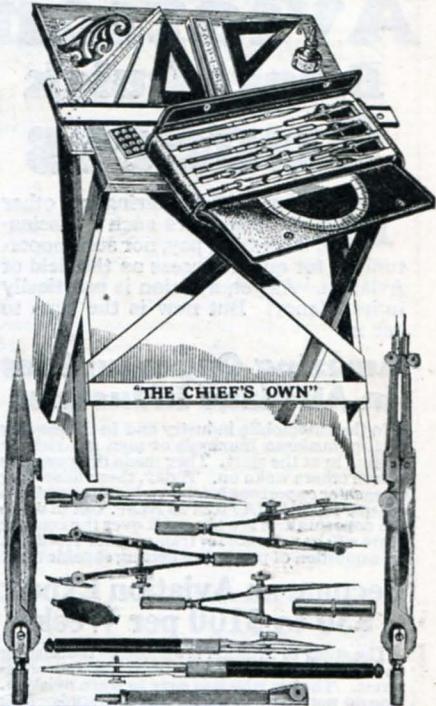
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The Man Who Owned Manhattan Island

(Continued from page 25)

But I had declared myself. I had put myself on record as considering the scheme crooked and Peyton a crook, and I was just thick enough to go through with it and try to prove my contention regardless of all set-backs. At the same time, I had to admit to myself that the chances of making a fool of myself looked rather bright. If I spent a lot of time and money on this case and it eventually developed that I had been trying to prove a prominent attorney guilty of fraud when he was winning the biggest battle of his career, I'd be kidded to death by other detectives, and my reputation with the public would suffer. However, young Grossmeyer was confident that our man was a crook and swindler, and readily agreed to bear the expenses of further investigation. I decided to go after Peyton and sweat him down until I had satisfied myself whether he was on the level or not.

I STARTED out again to trace him from the day he left Lancaster. I located the chauffeur who had regularly driven him on his daily trips out from Lancaster.

"He was a slick customer," the chauffeur volunteered. "I always watched him closely because I never trusted him. He had a funny laugh, and only for those whom he was trying to impress. He never laughed when alone with me and at no time did he laugh real hearty like a regular fellow. I was always afraid he'd get away sometime owing me money, and he did just that little thing, even with me doing my best to keep cases on him. The day he left Lancaster I drove him to Philadelphia. There he left me waiting outside a corner drug store. He said he wanted to buy a tooth brush. But it was a stall to beat me out of my bill. I waited about an hour and then went into the store and inquired about him. They told me he had gone out the side door, without stopping to make a purchase."

This encouraged me to keep after him, as it satisfied me he was a crook. I searched Philadelphia and tried to trace him through railroad and steamboat offices, but the trail was too cold.

My description of Peyton was perfect: Age, forty; height, five feet ten inches; weight, one hundred and ninety pounds; brown hair, slightly gray at temples; brown eyes; good teeth, which he displayed when he used his educated laugh. He was a neat dresser, convincing talker and a good mixer.

I gave the description to the police of Philadelphia and all neighboring towns. Then, disgusted with myself and the world in general, I returned to New York.

THE next day I telegraphed young Grossmeyer at his home in Lancaster, advising him that my trip had been fruitless, that I had searched for clues but could not trace my man beyond Philadelphia.

Then I determined to try to trace Peyton through his New York office, or his home. It was possible he had returned, feeling confident that he had shaken off his pursuers or anyone who would want to trail him.

A phone call to his office elicited the information that "Mr. Peyton is not in his office to-day. We expect him in to-morrow."

I thought this latter statement was a stall, and I decided to go to his home after him. He might possibly be hiding out there.

Grogan had learned that he lived on a nice estate down on Long Island, and I drove down. The whole way I was planning what method I would use to gain admission to his home and ascertain whether or not he was actually there. I was confident his servants would say he was not at home and would shut the door against me. I had no warrant or authority to arrest him, but I was determined that if I found him I'd not permit him to get away from me until I discovered the truth. And I could have kicked myself for not thinking of this method before. While I was wasting days hunting him in Philadelphia, he probably was resting comfortably at home. This thought made me still more sore at him, and I groused whenever Grogan or my chauffeur spoke to me.

REACHING the village in which he lived, I made inquiry and learned that he was the occupant of a beautiful estate just on the edge of town. We drove on and soon came in sight of the place.

Leaving Grogan and the chauffeur with the car, I walked up the drive to the front door of the mansion, for it was nothing less. I rang the bell, and in reply to my inquiry the servant informed me that Mr. Peyton never transacted any business at his home. "You'll have to call at his office during business hours. Mr. Peyton receives only his social acquaintances here," the flunkey told me.

I was fit to be tied.

"Just tell him I want to see him on very important business. He'll get nowhere by high-hatting me," I insisted.

Then the door closed in my face.

And as I stood there debating what was to be done, two bulldogs came trotting around from back of the house some place and discovered my presence. Fortunately I discovered theirs about the same time—and while they were still some distance from me. I sprinted for the gate—and the dogs sprinted for me. Luckily the start I had on them was sufficient to enable me to win a close decision. The gate shut behind me just as one of the dogs sprang for my coat-tail—and missed.

I don't know whether the dogs were sicked on me or just chanced on the scene when they did, but I rather inclined to the belief that Peyton was in the house and had sicked the brutes on me. Why should his dogs come at me if he were not hiding out in the house?

BUT this incident gave me an idea. So I left Grogan to cover the house while I ordered the chauffeur to drive me down the Merrick Road. I was now determined to make that man show himself, or else I'd take a chance and swear out a warrant before the afternoon was over.

About five miles down the road I

stopped at a place which I had noticed on various occasions when driving down that way. It was a hospital and boarding home for dogs. And the veterinary who ran the place had dogs for sale.

I stopped and bought a vicious bulldog for fifty dollars—the most vicious animal I could get. I didn't like the idea of spending so much money, but it had to be done. And I was actually afraid of the brute. However, we took him into the car with us and returned to the gate of the Peyton domicile.

It was my intention to fight fire with fire.

I ordered Grogan to open the gate and step inside the yard. He stood for several minutes and it seemed that nothing would happen, when suddenly the bulldogs put in an appearance. Grogan stepped to safety outside and the dogs rushed up to the gate. That was my cue.

I picked up my recent purchase and with a whispered "Good luck, Bulldog," I dropped him over the carefully trimmed hedge fence!

Then the fight started! It was two to one, but my dog was a scrapper, and we were soon absorbed in watching a real dog fight.

The next thing we knew, a little old gentleman rushed out of the house and straight toward the entangled dogs. He was closely attended by the servant who had closed the door in my face.

They each grabbed a dog.

"Come in here and hold that dog, if he belongs to you, or I'll turn mine loose and permit them to kill him!" shouted the old gentleman, struggling to keep his victim under control.

I WASN'T so sure I could handle my dog, but this was just what I had been waiting for. I walked boldly in.

When we had the dogs under control I explained to the old gentleman that I wanted to see Mr. Peyton. I told him I had staged the dog fight with the thought in mind that Mr. Peyton would rush out to the aid of his pets when he heard the sound of battle.

"Well, you guessed just right that time, my man," the old gentleman replied patronizingly. "I think a great deal of my dogs. They're both blue-ribbon winners and I wouldn't stand by and see them hurt."

"Yes, but why didn't your son come out to separate them?" I asked, taking a long chance. "He's bigger and stronger than you."

"My son was killed in France. Member of the Foreign Legion," replied the old gentleman with a tone of mingled pride and sadness. "I'm the only Peyton left."

From his manner and the tone of his voice I knew he spoke the truth. You could have knocked me over with a feather!

So I explained matters fully. Of course, I knew he was not the man I was after, and there was nothing left for me to do but to withdraw as gracefully as possible.

"The rascal you describe has used my name on at least one other occasion," volunteered this Mr. Peyton as I turned to go. "He knows about my office on Madison Avenue and a number of other details as well. A warrant is out for his

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arrest, but he has managed to evade it. He is represented at times by a shyster lawyer by the name of Stein, I think, and they are a shrewd and unscrupulous pair. I hope you succeed in landing them both for they've caused me no end of annoyance."

I TOOK my dog and departed. He had proved his gameness and I liked him. Still have him.

I wasted no more time on the Peyton case. I was after my man now in dead earnest. I was sure of my ground.

Back in town, I looked up the Steins listed in the telephone book as lawyers. I found several and picked one with an office in a building on Forty-second Street near Broadway. Until a few years ago many fly-by-night concerns had offices in this section, and the Stein I wanted would take offices in just such a building.

As events later proved, I guessed right.

I went to more expense to trace Peyton through Stein, but at this stage of the hunt I couldn't stop at expense. Peyton might be on his way to Europe, or planning to go to Hawaii. I didn't know. I had to act quickly. I rented an office in the Forty-second Street building, on the same floor with Stein.

When I was settled there, I sent Grogan in to see Stein.

"How can I get in touch with Peyton?" he asked. I had planned this direct approach to cut preliminaries.

"Peyton? Peyton?" stalled Stein, a fat, sleek-looking character.

"Sure! I've located some boobs who have a lot of jack, and I don't know anyone else who can take it away from them as nicely as Peyton can," glibly lied Grogan.

Stein thawed out a bit.

"What's your name, may I ask?"

"My name's 'Soup' Rawlins," answered Grogan. "I'm a box man." (A safe-blower in underworld parlance.) "This con stuff ain't in my line, and I want Peyton to turn the trick for me."

"I never heard of you," protested Stein, plainly suspicious, and at the same time afraid of letting something good get away. "Suppose you come back in three or four days and have a talk with me."

THUS without in any way committing himself, Stein let Grogan know that he wanted to communicate with Peyton. My idea was that Peyton was known to his pals and to Stein by a different name, and that was why Stein would not commit himself.

Things this time worked out just as I anticipated. Stein wrote to Peyton. And Peyton immediately replied.

The letter carrier arrived on his first delivery each morning before Stein or his clerk arrived. The mail was dropped through a chute in the door. Some fell to the floor, while others stayed in the opening.

I was watching from my temporary office, and as soon as the letter carrier was out of sight I opened the door of Stein's office with a skeleton key I possessed, and gathered up all his mail. I knew I could be sent to State's prison for doing this, but I had to take the chance.

Returning to my office I used a blow-

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pipe, inserting the end of it under the flap of each envelope and then blowing sharply, thereby opening the envelopes in such a way as to leave no trace. I soon found the letter I wanted.

"That bird Rawlins must be a bull," Peyton wrote. "No one up there knows me as Peyton. Tell him I'm in China and if he wants to see me he can go to Pekin and wait until I arrive. He'll have some wait. I'm laying low over here. Just found a more comfortable place to stay, as I'll have to hide out here for a few months. My new address is 360 Bank Street, Trenton, New Jersey."

I RESEALED all the other envelopes and after the mucilage had dried I dropped them through the chute into Stein's office.

Grogan and I got busy and rushed over to Trenton. With the aid of the

local police we arrested Peyton. He fought extradition, but we took him back to Pennsylvania, where his crime had been committed.

When we checked up his description, finger-prints and record, we identified him as George Preston, a high-class confidence man. He had done time once, years ago, but of late years had been so slick that he always evaded punishment. He began to think he was immune. He had made a lot of money, and had plenty when arrested. But the lawyers got most of it for trying to keep him out of jail.

They were unsuccessful. And Peyton was a financial and physical wreck when I watched them take him away to serve the ten years' sentence which was handed out to him.

For once the man with the educated laugh could not even smile.

My Life in the Underworld

(Continued from page 53)

have to see me, dearie, unless you want to. I don't care very much about seeing you. The only thing I want to see you about is a small bill that is coming to me, a matter of eighteen hundred dollars for a fur coat. Remember the fur coat I got you in Chicago?"

"Yes," I admitted, recalling the two coats she had stolen for us, "but how do you figure that I owe you eighteen hundred for that coat?"

"WELL, you don't exactly owe it to me, dearie, but I'm going to tip you off to the police unless you come across with the money. You get me, don't you?"

"Blackmail—is that what you mean?"

"That's what I mean! Now when can I get the dough?"

"You'll never get a nickel from me," I said, "not a nickel."

"Then you don't care whether or not your nice husband knows anything about your record as a thief and a murderer, do you?"

"My husband knows it."

"He knows it?" She laughed heartily. "He knows it? What a chump you must think I am to swallow that bunk! I know you haven't told him, and I will if you don't get that eighteen hundred dollars to me within the next forty-eight hours!"

I slammed up the receiver. She called me back, and when I recognized her voice I hung up the receiver once more. She called and called, but I never talked with her again that day.

When Jack came home that night he told me that a woman by the name of Jane had phoned him at his office.

"She said that I should tell you that she had located me and that if you didn't comply with the instructions she gave you over the phone to-day, she would drop into the office to see me to-morrow."

"What did you say to her?" I asked Jack.

"What could I say, except that I would be glad to see her to-morrow? I didn't know what she was referring to when she told me to deliver the message to you."

"She's Nifty Jane, the Chicago blackmailer with whom I was convicted and

about whom I told you. Remember her now?"

THEN I told my husband what she had referred to.

"Well, wait until she calls me again or comes to see me. I'll tell her a thing or two, honey."

The next morning she phoned me again. "I'm getting anxious about the money, dearie," she said. "I'd like to know if I can get it to-morrow in time to make the Twentieth Century for Chicago?"

"If you never go to Chicago on the Twentieth Century until you go on my money, I'm afraid you'll never get there," I answered.

She interrupted me.

"I'm going to call on your husband this afternoon if I don't hear from you by two o'clock."

"Don't wait until two o'clock," I said. "Go right down to his office now and see him."

I hung up the receiver, cutting her off in the middle of a violent outburst of profanity. I knew that she would call on Jack as she had threatened to do, for the very good reason that she didn't believe that I had told him about my underworld career. And she did. He told me about her visit after he had put her out of his office.

But she was not to be denied. She phoned me after she left Jack to tell me she still had "another ace in the hole." Detective Jimmy Costello, she informed me, was now a member of the Detective Bureau and no longer just a private dick.

"I lost out with your husband, dearie," she said in a sarcastic tone of voice, "and now I'm on my way to the Detective Bureau to see our old friend Jimmy Costello, unless you want me to keep away from him."

I HAD cause for alarm now. Costello probably was sore at me for slipping away from him on the occasion of my meeting with him. I had a premonition that he might welcome the opportunity to press the Chicago coat theft against me regardless of the fact that I was now living a lawful life. The old feeling of



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depression took possession of me once again. I phoned my husband after I had told Jane to call me in an hour.

"Pay no attention to her threats. Let her go as far as she likes," Jack said. "If Costello comes to the house or phones you, don't talk with him. Send him to me."

Still I was apprehensive about the publicity which might ensue if he arrested me. Nobody knows how sick I was about this time. I didn't care so much about myself as I did about my husband and our little three-year-old daughter. I had a feeling that he might lose his position if it got out that he had married a thief and a murderer. I was on the verge of ending it all. I had tired of the continual persecution to which I had been subjected. I was near the end of the rope. My patience was exhausted and I didn't care what happened to me, for the incessant hounding had made me desperate.

I was back almost to the state of mind I was in before I lost my reason. I wanted to have the slate wiped clean for all time, or I wanted to pass out of life altogether. You may think that this is all tommy-rot, written for the sake of effect, but I assure you it's true. I really was on the verge of taking my life when Nifty Jane told me that she was going over to the Detective Bureau to talk with Detective Costello!

JACK and I were sitting at the dinner table when the phone rang that evening. I felt in my heart that Costello was calling.

I went to the phone, trembling like a leaf. I recognized his voice instantly, even though I hadn't heard it for several years.

He asked for my husband, when I answered.

"Who is—calling?" I managed to stammer.

"Detective Costello."

Jack went to the phone. He was livid with rage.

"I know what you're going to talk about, Detective Costello," he began, "and it's a matter that cannot very well be discussed over the telephone. You may come to the house right now, to-night, or to my office in the morning, whichever you prefer."

Costello said he would call on us after dinner. In the meantime Jack phoned his attorney, who consented to come over and hear what Costello had to say and to advise us what to do.

He was there when Costello arrived at the house.

My husband insisted upon my not taking any part in the discussion at the investigation of the attorney, but I was in the next room where I could overhear what was said.

"I've come here on a rather delicate mission, gentlemen," Costello began.

"Very well," the attorney said, "what's the mission?"

"It concerns the wife of this man, whom I have known for several years. I—"

"Now, Mr. Costello," the attorney interrupted him, "get down to the nature of your mission. Never mind how long you've known her and what you know about her history. We're interested in the nature of your visit."

"Well," he went on, "there's an old charge still standing against her in Chi-

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cago for which I have a warrant for her arrest and—”

“When was the crime committed?” the attorney asked.

“About eight years ago.”

“Then you’re wasting your time,” the attorney told him. “You’re four years too late. One cannot be prosecuted for a larceny offense that’s eight years old, and no Governor in the United States would honor a requisition for a woman who has lived decently for all these years and is married and is a mother. I should think that your time as a detective could be more profitably spent looking after hardened law-breakers than persecuting a woman who is trying to live down the mistakes of the past. I have an idea you’ll realize it tomorrow morning when I take this matter before the District Attorney.”

Then Costello shifted from an attitude of defiance to one of apology.

“I don’t think you get my line, gents,” he said. “I’m not crazy about pressing this charge so long as she’s living on the level. To show you that I’m not, here goes the warrant for her arrest!” He tore the warrant to pieces.

The last shadow passed with the tearing of the warrant. Detective Costello never bothered me after that night. The curtain had been hoisted and my life ever since has been free and untrammelled. The stress and strains of life, the moments of frenzied fear and mental torture and periods of maniacal depression that I endured during the years that I kept my secret to myself, have gone into oblivion never to return! God knows how thankful I am!

I was what I was simply because I was left a heritage that was bad, and I am what I am to-day simply because I was given a chance to expiate. I shall continue to be what I am to-day because I love the finest man in the world and he loves me. If I have learned anything at all in life it is simply this: Regardless of how low a person may fall, there is still hope!

THE END

The Mystery of the Blue Car

(Continued from page 16)

“You and Mary must have a holiday; here take her to the theater to-night and dinner down-town.” He thrust a ten-dollar bill into Sullivan’s pocket, and to avoid the latter’s fervent thanks, asked, as he pressed down the starter: “Do we need alcohol in the radiator?”

“No, sor, I added some.” Sullivan’s eyes sparkled as the engine started instantly. “You’ve got a good car, sor, nary a doubt of that; I tried her out three hours ago and she just purred along.”

“You are an enthusiast, Sullivan,” replied Terry, smiling. The smile was of the lips only; his eyes were cold and watchful. “Have a good time to-night,” and he glided off.

IT was approaching noon and the up-town streets were fairly empty of passing vehicles, but as Terry turned into Pennsylvania Avenue he encountered long lines of passenger-cars carrying the citizens of Washington, prominent members of the Diplomatic Corps and officials of the Government, to the White House to



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As the traffic officer, his time of duty over at the intersection of Fourteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, reached the curb, Terry stepped out and accosted him.

"Is the District Building open?" he asked as the officer halted at his hail.

The officer shook his head. "Holiday," he replied. "All the Government offices are closed; that is, unless you are looking for Police Headquarters."

Terry showed his fine white teeth in an expansive smile. "Only the Traffic Department," he admitted genially. "And—that will keep until to-morrow. Happy New Year!" With a friendly wave of his hand, he re-entered his coupé. But before he closed the door, the traffic cop stepped to the side of the car.

"Summoned?" he asked, and not waiting for a reply added: "If so, you go to the Police Court, Sixth and D Streets."

"Not summoned this time," replied Terry; he produced his cigarette case and offered it to the officer. "I was wondering if it would be hard to trace a car with last year's license tags."

THE officer laughed as he used the electric cigarette lighter on the dash. "Only people courting trouble are still sporting 1924 tags," he said. "They are faced with immediate arrest."

"I thought some leeway was allowed—"

"Not this year. The Police Commissioner gave 'em ample time to get the tags before and during the holidays." He shot a keen look at Terry. "Your tags all right?"

"Sure." Terry threw the car in gear, preparatory to starting. "A friend of mine mentioned over the phone that his car had been stolen—"

"Has he reported the theft?"

"To me, yes; I represent his insurance

company. The car had its 1924 tags still on it."

The traffic cop shook his head. "They will prove no clue," he said. "No thief would dare use 'em. Now," taking out his note-book, "can you give me the engine number?"

"No; my friend is sending all such detailed information to me. He was on his way, immediately after he phoned me, to see Captain Hadley of the Traffic Squad. Much obliged for your courtesy, Officer," and Terry nodded a cheery farewell as he drove away from the curb.

New Jersey Avenue and N Street, Southeast, presented a comparatively deserted appearance, and Terry's car, moving noiselessly over the snow-covered pavements, did not disturb the Sunday calm which prevailed. Before stopping at his destination he circled the block, then drove up to the front door of "Whitney's Folly," as the Colonial mansion set in its terraced gardens, was called by denizens of that section of the Federal City.

THE four-story and brick mansion, built shortly before the Revolutionary War by no less a personage than George Washington, had changed hands but once in its long and eventful history. Purchased in the early part of the nineteenth century by Josiah Whitney, a retired sea captain, from the Washington heirs, it had descended from father to son and finally by inheritance fallen into the hands of Commodore James Whitney, United States Navy, retired, the last of his name, but of a collateral line of Whitneys.

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First making sure that the coupé was securely locked, Terry slowly mounted the terraced steps, graded in three groups of four each, to the circular portico which gave entrance to the mansion. From be-

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hind one of the huge white Corinthian columns which supported the roof of the portico, a small man observed Terry's progress upward, but it was not until the latter was about to cross the stone flagging toward the door-bell that he stepped fully into view and addressed Terry.

"It's not necessary to ring," he said civilly. "The door is unlocked. Walk in, sir."

TERRY favored him with a surprised stare and a slight uplift of his eyebrows. A turn of the knob of the front door proved the stranger spoke truly, and with a briefly spoken "Thanks," Terry stepped inside the mansion, into a square hall of large dimensions. Long, heavy portières obscured the daylight, drawn as they were across four wide doorways, one at the back of the hall which gave access to the dining-room and the others leading to library, drawing-room, and anteroom respectively. In the dim illumination afforded by the fanlight over the broad Colonial doorway, Terry made out a wide staircase, its highly polished mahogany rail in dark contrast to the spotlessly white posts of the balustrades, and a tall Grandfather clock standing toward the back of the hall in the bend of the staircase. On Terry's right, but midway down the hall, was a leather-covered davenport. Seated upon it was a blue-coated policeman. At Terry's entrance the latter arose.

"Yes, sir?" he inquired interrogatively, as Terry stopped by the hall table and placed his hat upon it.

"Where is Mose?" Terry asked, tapping his fingers impatiently on the back of a hall chair; and, observing no lighting of the policeman's stolid countenance, added, with a touch of irritation: "Commodore Whitney's body-servant, I mean. Where is he?"

"Below stairs." The policeman came closer. "Do you wish to speak with him?"

"Yes. Kindly call him for me—"

Instead of complying, the policeman remained where he was, his eyes resting inquiringly on the unobtrusive stranger who had followed Terry into the mansion and paused at his elbow. He drew the tips of his fingers across his clean-shaven mouth and dropped his hand to his side—the motion was lightninglike in its swiftness and Terry barely caught it as he partly turned to face the little man.

"You can see Miss Whitney," the latter stated; "without having to interview the servant."

TERRY regarded the little man attentively for a minute before speaking. Slightly under middle size, his suit of gray clothes hanging in misfit fashion on his angular frame, he was in striking contrast to Terry and the latter's well-cut Scottish tweeds. The man's face, thin-lipped, pale, with high cheek-bones, presented nothing out of the ordinary, but his dark eyes of peculiar brilliance arrested Terry's attention. Where had he encountered that penetrating gaze before?

"May I ask who you are?" Terry bowed courteously as he put the question. "And"—with a wave of his hand—"why is this policeman here?"

"I am Barlow of the Central Office." The detective turned over the lapel of his

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coat and displayed his badge. "Miss Whitney will tell you the circumstances necessitating our presence here. She is awaiting you in her uncle's study."

Terry's glance strayed toward the staircase, then swept swiftly back to Barlow, and his foot, lifted imperceptibly to take a step, sank back into its original position.

"The study?" he questioned. "Where is it?"

Barlow's thin lips compressed themselves, then separated into a curious grimace. "The study," the detective explained, "is on the second floor, front, Mr., eh, Terry"—he held Terry's gaze. "Are you familiar with the architectural arrangements of this house?"

"Moderately so"—Terry slipped his hands in his pockets; "with this floor only, however. Will you notify Miss Whitney that I am here?"

HIS voice, slightly raised, carried in the stillness up the staircase and reached the ears of a young girl standing in the doorway of the study. Before Barlow had time to comply with Terry's request, the sound of light feet running down the uncarpeted stairs, caused both men to whirl around. Paying no attention to Barlow she passed him and stopped in front of the younger man.

"Mr. Terry!" she exclaimed, hands outflung. Then as she saw him more distinctly, her expression altered to one of utter consternation. "Why, you cannot be—Mr. Terry!"

"Terry, Junior"—his smile was very winning. Taking her cold hands in his, he pressed them warmly. "My father is at present enjoying a well-deserved rest in Europe with my mother. I have come to serve you in his stead."

"Oh, if you will!" She returned the pressure of his hand with a strength that suggested nerves strung to the breaking point. "Your father was Uncle Jim's lawyer and I met him once years ago, so my thoughts turned to him when—when—" she paused to steady her voice—"when I learned Uncle Jim was dead in—in the library."

"And when was that, Miss Whitney?" Barlow, who had edged nearer, put the question with such abruptness that what little color her unexpected meeting with Terry had brought to Harriet's cheeks, faded utterly. It was fully a second before she answered.

"Mose discovered the body and broke the news to me—"

"At what hour?" persisted Barlow as she faltered.

"About ten this morning, or a little later." She rested her hand on the back of a chair and stopped to steady her voice once more. "I—I—only got here yesterday afternoon, and slept late this morning. Mose," she glanced directly at the detective for the first time, "telephoned to my uncle's physician and to Police Headquarters. Mose knows everything."

BARLOW chuckled softly. "Not everything. No, Miss Whitney, not everything; for instance, why have you refused to go to your uncle?"

Her sharp intake of breath was audible to both men. Terry felt a glow of reluctant admiration at the quickness with which she mastered her emotion.



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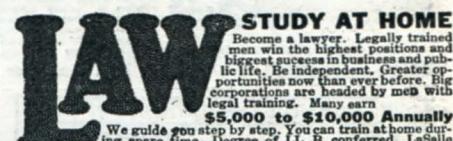


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"I could not enter the library alone," she admitted, faintly. "Mose was terrified and his terror communicated itself to me. Now, with you here"—she braced herself, and her eyes, with pupils distended, held Terry's fascinated gaze—"I am not afraid to go."

"Come!" said Barlow. The single word, snapped out, cut through the tense atmosphere like a whip-lash. Pausing for a brief word with the policeman, who had taken up his station at the front door, Barlow crossed the hall and drew back the portières before the wide library door. "Come," he repeated.

HARDLY conscious of what she did, Harriet placed her hand timidly on Terry's arm and together they entered the library. Heavy brocaded curtains completely covered the long French window alcoves, giving entrance into the old-fashioned gardens, and Barlow, before following the others across the threshold, switched on the electric lights which were located in the hall on the wall at the side of the library door.

The library, which ran the depth of the house and was broad in proportion, might also have borne the name of museum. Many valuable art treasures, as well as rare "first editions," were crowded within the four walls, but only one object centered the attention of Harriet and her companions.

Before the fireplace lay stretched the body of a man clothed in velvet smoking jacket and dark trousers. Over the jacket and once white shirt ran an ever-widening red stain. The body twisted into grotesque shape, with outflung hand, gave mute testimony to a spasmodic contortion in dying moments, but the face, handsome in life, had gained an added dignity in the majesty of death.

With a cry which startled even the detective, Harriet flung herself on her knees beside her uncle and bowed her head in silent grief. Suddenly, before either man could guess her intention, she bent forward and pressed her lips to his forehead. As she straightened up, a long string of ivory beads worn about her neck, caught in the upright handle of a dagger protruding from Whitney's chest.

"Let me help you." And as Terry's hand came in contact with hers, Harriet glanced up, startled by the icy touch.

"One moment"—and Barlow, in turn, bent over. "Don't either of you handle the dagger—it is to be tested for fingerprints."

HARRIET sank down upon the floor and gazed fearfully up at the detective.

"You will find mine on the dagger," she half whispered. "I was obliged to touch it to disentangle my beads without breaking the string."

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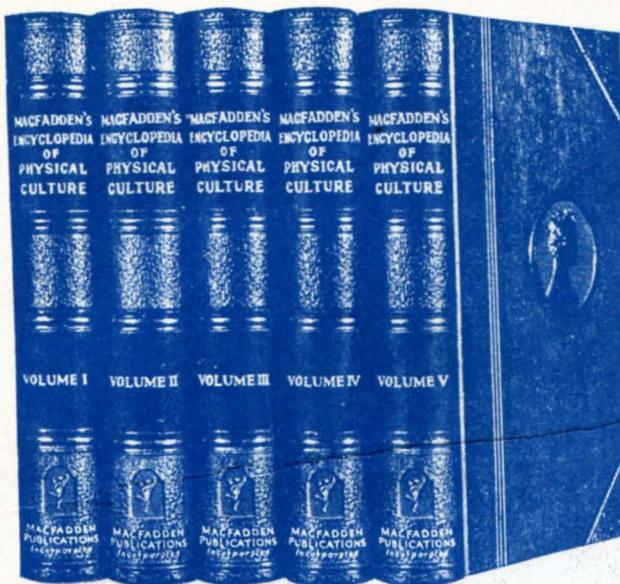
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